Classic Poetry Series

Emily Dickinson

- poems -

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Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, the daughter of a lawyer. She was educated at Amherst Academy (1834-47) and Mount Holyoake (1847-8). In her early years she appears to have been a bright and sociable young scholar, but in her twenties she began to withdraw from the outside world. By her forties she had become a complete recluse, refusing to leave her house and shunning all contact with strangers. A mystic by inclination, she wrote much in secret, producing over two thousand poems, only seven of which are known to have been published in her lifetime.

Her personal life remains something of a mystery although there is the possibility that her seclusion might have been prompted by a failed love affair. Her work certainly reflects a deep inner struggle spanning many years and her verse is full of powerful allusions to storms, volcanic eruptions and imprisonment.

"Arcturus" is his other name

70

"Arcturus" is his other name—
I'd rather call him "Star."
It's very mean of Science
To go and interfere!

I slew a worm the other day—
A "Savant" passing by
Murmured "Resurgam"—"Centipede"!
"Oh Lord—how frail are we"!

I pull a flower from the woods—
A monster with a glass
Computes the stamens in a breath—
And has her in a "class"!

Whereas I took the Butterfly
Aforetime in my hat—
He sits erect in "Cabinets"—
The Clover bells forgot.

What once was "Heaven"
Is "Zenith" now—
Where I proposed to go
When Time's brief masquerade was done
Is mapped and charted too.

What if the poles should frisk about
And stand upon their heads!
I hope I'm ready for "the worst"—
Whatever prank betides!

Perhaps the "Kingdom of Heaven's" changed—
I hope the "Children" there Won't be "new fashioned" when I come—
And laugh at me—and stare—

I hope the Father in the skies
Will lift his little girl—
Old fashioned—naught—everything—
Over the stile of "Pearl."

Emily Dickinson

"Faith" is a fine invention

185

"Faith" is a fine invention
When Gentlemen can see—
But Microscopes are prudent
In an Emergency.

Emily Dickinson

"Heaven" has different Signs—to me

575

"Heaven" has different Signs—to me—
Sometimes, I think that Noon
Is but a symbol of the Place—
And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World
And settles in the Hills—
An Awe if it should be like that
Upon the Ignorance steals—

The Orchard, when the Sun is on—
The Triumph of the Birds
When they together Victory make—
Some Carnivals of Clouds—

The Rapture of a finished Day—
Returning to the West—
All these—remind us of the place
That Men call "paradise"—

Itself be fairer—we suppose—
But how Ourself, shall be
Adorned, for a Superior Grace—
Not yet, our eyes can see—

Emily Dickinson

"Heaven"—is what I cannot reach!

239

"Heaven"—is what I cannot reach!
The Apple on the Tree—
Provided it do hopeless—hang—
That—"Heaven" is—to Me!

The Color, on the Cruising Cloud—
The interdicted Land—
Behind the Hill—the House behind—
There—Paradise—is found!

Her teasing Purples—Afternoons—
The credulous—decoy—
Enamored—of the Conjuror—
That spurned us—Yesterday!

Emily Dickinson

"Hope" is the thing with feathers

254

"Hope" is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chillest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb—of Me.

Emily Dickinson

"Houses"—so the Wise Men tell me

127

"Houses"—so the Wise Men tell me—
"Mansions"! Mansions must be warm!
Mansions cannot let the tears in,
Mansions must exclude the storm!

"Many Mansions," by "his Father,"
I don't know him; snugly built!
Could the Children find the way there—
Some, would even trudge tonight!

Emily Dickinson

"I want"—it pleaded—All its life

731

"I want"—it pleaded—All its life—
I want—was chief it said
When Skill entreated it—the last—
And when so newly dead—

I could not deem it late—to hear
That single—steadfast sigh—
The lips had placed as with a "Please"
Toward Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

"Morning"—means "Milking"—to the Farmer

300

"Morning"—means "Milking"—to the Farmer—
Dawn—to the Teneriffe—
Dice—to the Maid—
Morning means just Risk—to the Lover—
Just revelation—to the Beloved—

Epicures—date a Breakfast—by it—
Brides—an Apocalypse—
Worlds—a Flood—
Faint-going Lives—Their Lapse from Sighing—
Faith—The Experiment of Our Lord

Emily Dickinson

"Nature" is what we see

668

"Nature" is what we see—
The Hill—the Afternoon—
Squirrel—Eclipse—the Bumble bee—
Nay—Nature is Heaven—
Nature is what we hear—
The Bobolink—the Sea—
Thunder—the Cricket—
Nay—Nature is Harmony—
Nature is what we know—
Yet have no art to say—
So impotent Our Wisdom is
To her Simplicity.

Emily Dickinson

"Speech"—is a prank of Parliament

688

"Speech"—is a prank of Parliament—
"Tears"—is a trick of the nerve—
But the Heart with the heaviest freight on—
Doesn't—always—move—

Emily Dickinson

"They have not chosen me," he said

85

"They have not chosen me," he said,
"But I have chosen them!"
Brave—Broken hearted statement—
Uttered in Bethlehem!

I could not have told it,
But since Jesus dared—
Sovereign! Know a Daisy
They dishonor shared!

Emily Dickinson

"Unto Me?" I do not know you

964

"Unto Me?" I do not know you—
Where may be your House?

"I am Jesus—Late of Judea—
Now—of Paradise"—

Wagons—have you—to convey me?
This is far from Thence—

"Arms of Mine—sufficient Phaeton—
Trust Omnipotence"—

I am spotted—"I am Pardon"—
I am small—"The Least
Is esteemed in Heaven the Chiefest—
Occupy my House"—

Emily Dickinson

"Why do I love" You, Sir?

480

"Why do I love" You, Sir?
Because—
The Wind does not require the Grass
To answer—Wherefore when He pass
She cannot keep Her place.

Because He knows—and
Do not You—
And We know not—
Enough for Us
The Wisdom it be so—

The Lightning—never asked an Eye
Wherefore it shut—when He was by—
Because He knows it cannot speak—
And reasons not contained—
—Of Talk—
There be—preferred by Daintier Folk—

The Sunrise—Sire—compelleth Me—
Because He's Sunrise—and I see—
Therefore—Then—
I love Thee—

Emily Dickinson

A Bird Came Down

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad,--
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

Emily Dickinson

A Bird came down the Walk

328

A Bird came down the Walk—
He did not know I saw—
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroa—
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam—
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,
Leap, plashless as they swim.

Emily Dickinson

A Book

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

Emily Dickinson

A Burdock—clawed my Gown

229

A Burdock—clawed my Gown—
Not Burdock's—blame—
But mine—
Who went too near
The Burdock's Den—

A Bog—affronts my shoe—
What else have Bogs—to do—
The only Trade they know—
The splashing Men!
Ah, pity—then!

'Tis Minnows can despise!
The Elephant's—calm eyes
Look further on!

Emily Dickinson

A Burdock—clawed my Gown

229

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But mine—
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The Burdock's Den—

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'Tis Minnows can despise!
The Elephant's—calm eyes
Look further on!

Emily Dickinson

A Charm invests a face

421

A Charm invests a face
Imperfectly beheld—
The Lady date not lift her Veil
For fear it be dispelled—

But peers beyond her mesh—
And wishes—and denies—
Lest Interview—annul a want
That Image—satisfies—

Emily Dickinson

A Clock stopped

287

A Clock stopped—
Not the Mantel's—
Geneva's farthest skill
Can't put the puppet bowing—
That just now dangled still—

An awe came on the Trinket!
The Figures hunched, with pain—
Then quivered out of Decimals—
Into Degreeless Noon—

It will not stir for Doctors—
This Pendulum of snow—
This Shopman importunes it—
While cool—concernless No—

Nods from the Gilded pointers—
Nods from the Seconds slim—
Decades of Arrogance between
The Dial life—
And Him—

Emily Dickinson

A Clock Stopped -- Not The Mantel's

A clock stopped -- not the mantel's
   Geneva's farthest skill
Can't put the puppet bowing
   That just now dangled still.

An awe came on the trinket!
   The figures hunched with pain,
Then quivered out of decimals
   Into degreeless noon.

It will not stir for doctors,
   This pendulum of snow;
The shopman importunes it,
   While cool, concernless No

Nods from the gilded pointers,
   Nods from seconds slim,
Decades of arrogance between
   The dial life and him.

Emily Dickinson

A Cloud withdrew from the Sky

895

A Cloud withdrew from the Sky
Superior Glory be
But that Cloud and its Auxiliaries
Are forever lost to me

Had I but further scanned
Had I secured the Glow
In an Hermetic Memory
It had availed me now.

Never to pass the Angel
With a glance and a Bow
Till I am firm in Heaven
Is my intention now.

Emily Dickinson

A Coffin—is a small Domain

943

A Coffin—is a small Domain,
Yet able to contain
A Citizen of Paradise
In it diminished Plane.

A Grave—is a restricted Breadth—
Yet ampler than the Sun—
And all the Seas He populates
And Lands He looks upon

To Him who on its small Repose
Bestows a single Friend—
Circumference without Relief—
Or Estimate—or End—

Emily Dickinson

A Coffin—is a small Domain

943

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Emily Dickinson

A darting fear—a pomp—a tear

87

A darting fear—a pomp—a tear—
A waking on a morn
To find that what one waked for,
Inhales the different dawn.

Emily Dickinson

A darting fear—a pomp—a tear

87

A darting fear—a pomp—a tear—
A waking on a morn
To find that what one waked for,
Inhales the different dawn.

Emily Dickinson

A Day! Help! Help! Another Day!

42

A Day! Help! Help! Another Day!
Your prayers, oh Passer by!
From such a common ball as this
Might date a Victory!
From marshallings as simple
The flags of nations swang.
Steady—my soul: What issues
Upon thine arrow hang!

Emily Dickinson

A Death blow is a Life blow to Some

816

A Death blow is a Life blow to Some
Who till they died, did not alive become—
Who had they lived, had died but when
They died, Vitality begun.

Emily Dickinson

A door just opened on a street

A door just opened on a street--
   I, lost, was passing by--
An instant's width of warmth disclosed
   And wealth, and company.

The door as sudden shut, and I,
   I, lost, was passing by,--
Lost doubly, but by contrast most,
   Enlightening misery.

Emily Dickinson

A doubt if it be Us

859

A doubt if it be Us
Assists the staggering Mind
In an extremer Anguish
Until it footing find.

An Unreality is lent,
A merciful Mirage
That makes the living possible
While it suspends the lives.

Emily Dickinson

A drop fell on the apple tree

A drop fell on the apple tree
Another on the roof;
A half a dozen kissed the eaves,
And made the gables laugh.

A few went out to help the brook,
That went to help the sea.
Myself conjectured, Were they pearls,
What necklaces could be!

The dust replaced in hoisted roa
The birds jocoser sung;
The sunshine threw his hat away,
The orchards spangles hung.

The breezes brought dejected
And bathed them in the glee;
The East put out a single flag,
And signed the fete away.

Emily Dickinson

A Dying Tiger—moaned for Drink

566

A Dying Tiger—moaned for Drink—
I hunted all the Sand—
I caught the Dripping of a Rock
And bore it in my Hand—

His Mighty Balls—in death were thick—
But searching—I could see
A Vision on the Retina
Of Water—and of me—

'Twas not my blame—who sped too slow—
'Twas not his blame—who died
While I was reaching him—
But 'twas—the fact that He was dead—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

A feather from the Whippoorwill

161

A feather from the Whippoorwill
That everlasting—sings!
Whose galleries—are Sunrise—
Whose Opera—the Springs—
Whose Emerald Nest the Ages spin
Of mellow—murmuring thread—
Whose Beryl Egg, what Schoolboys hunt
In "Recess"—Overhead!

Emily Dickinson

A first Mute Coming

702

A first Mute Coming—
In the Stranger's House—
A first fair Going—
When the Bells rejoice—

A first Exchange—of
What hath mingled—been—
For Lot—exhibited to
Faith—alone—

Emily Dickinson

A fuzzy fellow, without feet

173

A fuzzy fellow, without feet,
Yet doth exceeding run!
Of velvet, is his Countenance,
And his Complexion, dun!

Sometime, he dwelleth in the grass!
Sometime, upon a bough,
From which he doth descend in plush
Upon the Passer-by!

All this in summer.
But when winds alarm the Forest Folk,
He taketh Damask Residence—
And struts in sewing silk!

Then, finer than a Lady,
Emerges in the spring!
A Feather on each shoulder!
You'd scarce recognize him!

By Men, yclept Caterpillar!
By me! But who am I,
To tell the pretty secret
Of the Butterfly!

Emily Dickinson

A happy lip—breaks sudden

353

A happy lip—breaks sudden—
It doesn't state you how
It contemplated—smiling—
Just consummated—now—
But this one, wears its merriment
So patient—like a pain—
Fresh gilded—to elude the eyes
Unqualified, to scan—

Emily Dickinson

A happy lip—breaks sudden

353

A happy lip—breaks sudden—
It doesn't state you how
It contemplated—smiling—
Just consummated—now—
But this one, wears its merriment
So patient—like a pain—
Fresh gilded—to elude the eyes
Unqualified, to scan—

Emily Dickinson

A House upon the Height

399

A House upon the Height—
That Wagon never reached—
No Dead, were ever carried down—
No Peddler's Cart—approached—

Whose Chimney never smoked—
Whose Windows—Night and Morn—
Caught Sunrise first—and Sunset—last—
Then—held an Empty Pane—

Whose fate—Conjecture knew—
No other neighbor—did—
And what it was—we never lisped—
Because He—never told—

Emily Dickinson

A Lady red—amid the Hill

74

A Lady red—amid the Hill
Her annual secret keeps!
A Lady white, within the Field
In placid Lily sleeps!

The tidy Breezes, with their Brooms—
Sweep vale—and hill—and tree!
Prithee, My pretty Housewives!
Who may expected be?

The Neighbors do not yet suspect!
The Woods exchange a smile!
Orchard, and Buttercup, and Bird—
In such a little while!

And yet, how still the Landscape stands!
How nonchalant the Hedge!
As if the "Resurrection"
Were nothing very strange!

Emily Dickinson

A Lady red—amid the Hill

74

A Lady red—amid the Hill
Her annual secret keeps!
A Lady white, within the Field
In placid Lily sleeps!

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How nonchalant the Hedge!
As if the "Resurrection"
Were nothing very strange!

Emily Dickinson

A light exists in spring

A light exists in spring
   Not present on the year
At any other period.
   When March is scarcely here

A color stands abroad
   On solitary hills
That science cannot overtake,
   But human naturefeels.

It waits upon the lawn;
   It shows the furthest tree
Upon the furthest slope we know;
   It almost speaks to me.

Then, as horizons step,
   Or noons report away,
Without the formula of sound,
   It passes, and we stay:

A quality of loss
   Affecting our content,
As trade had suddenly encroached
   Upon a sacrament.

Emily Dickinson

A little bread—a crust—a crumb

159

A little bread—a crust—a crumb—
A little trust—a demijohn—
Can keep the soul alive—
Not portly, mind! but breathing—warm—
Conscious—as old Napoleon,
The night before the Crown!

A modest lot—A fame petite—
A brief Campaign of sting and sweet
Is plenty! Is enough!
A Sailor's business is the shore!
A Soldier's—balls! Who asketh more,
Must seek the neighboring life!

Emily Dickinson

A little bread—a crust—a crumb

159

A little bread—a crust—a crumb—
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Emily Dickinson

A little East of Jordan

59

A little East of Jordan,
Evangelists record,
A Gymnast and an Angel
Did wrestle long and hard—

Till morning touching mountain—
And Jacob, waxing strong,
The Angel begged permission
To Breakfast—to return—

Not so, said cunning Jacob!
"I will not let thee go
Except thou bless me"—Stranger!
The which acceded to—

Light swung the silver fleeces
"Peniel" Hills beyond,
And the bewildered Gymnast
Found he had worsted God!

Emily Dickinson

A little road not made man

A little road not made of man,
Enabled of the eye,
Accessible to thill of bee,
Or cart of butterfly.

If town it have, beyond itself,
'T is that I cannot say;
I only sigh,--no vehicle
Bears me along that way.

Emily Dickinson

A little Road—not made of Man

647

A little Road—not made of Man—
Enabled of the Eye—
Accessible to Thill of Bee—
Or Cart of Butterfly—

If Town it have—beyond itself—
'Tis that—I cannot say—
I only know—no Curricle that rumble there
Bear Me—

Emily Dickinson

A little Road—not made of Man

A little Road—not made of Man—
Enabled of the Eye—
Accessible to Thill of Bee—
Or Cart of Butterfly—

If Town it have—beyond itself—
'Tis that—I cannot say—
I only know—no Curricle that rumble there
Bear Me—

Emily Dickinson

A long—long Sleep—A famous—Sleep

654

A long—long Sleep—A famous—Sleep—
That makes no show for Morn—
By Stretch of Limb—or stir of Lid—
An independent One—

Was ever idleness like This?
Upon a Bank of Stone
To bask the Centuries away—
Nor once look up—for Noon?

Emily Dickinson

A long, long sleep, a famous sleep

A long, long sleep, a famous sleep
That makes no show for dawn
By strech of limb or stir of lid, --
An independent one.

Was ever idleness like this?
Within a hut of stone
To bask the centuries away
Nor once look up for noon?

Emily Dickinson

A loss of something ever felt I

959

A loss of something ever felt I—
The first that I could recollect
Bereft I was—of what I knew not
Too young that any should suspect

A Mourner walked among the children
I notwithstanding went about
As one bemoaning a Dominion
Itself the only Prince cast out—

Elder, Today, a session wiser
And fainter, too, as Wiseness is—
I find myself still softly searching
For my Delinguent Palaces—

And a Suspicion, like a Finger
Touches my Forehead now and then
That I am looking oppositely
For the site of the Kingdom of Heaven—

Emily Dickinson

A Man may make a Remark

952

A Man may make a Remark—
In itself—a quiet thing
That may furnish the Fuse unto a Spark
In dormant nature—lain—

Let us deport—with skill—
Let us discourse—with care—
Powder exists in Charcoal—
Before it exists in Fire.

Emily Dickinson

A Mien to move a Queen

283

A Mien to move a Queen—
Half Child—Half Heroine—
An Orleans in the Eye
That puts its manner by
For humbler Company
When none are near
Even a Tear—
Its frequent Visitor—

A Bonnet like a Duke—
And yet a Wren's Peruke
Were not so shy
Of Goer by—
And Hands—so slight—
They would elate a Sprite
With Merriment—

A Voice that Alters—Low
And on the Ear can go
Like Let of Snow—
Or shift supreme—
As tone of Realm
On Subjects Diadem—

Too small—to fear—
Too distant—to endear—
And so Men Compromise
And just—revere—

Emily Dickinson

A Moth the hue of this

841

A Moth the hue of this
Haunts Candles in Brazil.
Nature's Experience would make
Our Reddest Second pale.

Nature is fond, I sometimes think,
Of Trinkets, as a Girl.

Emily Dickinson

A Murmur in the Trees—to note

416

A Murmur in the Trees—to note—
Not loud enough—for Wind—
A Star—not far enough to seek—
Nor near enough—to find—

A long—long Yellow—on the Lawn—
A Hubbub—as of feet—
Not audible—as Ours—to Us—
But dapperer—More Sweet—

A Hurrying Home of little Men
To Houses unperceived—
All this—and more—if I should tell—
Would never be believed—

Of Robins in the Trundle bed
How many I espy
Whose Nightgowns could not hide the Wings—
Although I heard them try—

But then I promised ne'er to tell—
How could I break My Word?
So go your Way—and I'll go Mine—
No fear you'll miss the Road.

Emily Dickinson

A Murmur in the Trees—to note

416

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Emily Dickinson

A narrow fellow in the grass

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him,--did you not,
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun,--
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

Emily Dickinson

A nearness to Tremendousness

963

A nearness to Tremendousness—
An Agony procures—
Affliction ranges Boundlessness—
Vicinity to Laws

Contentment's quiet Suburb—
Affliction cannot stay
In Acres—Its Location
Is Illocality—

Emily Dickinson

A Night—there lay the Days between

471

A Night—there lay the Days between—
The Day that was Before—
And Day that was Behind—were one—
And now—'twas Night—was here—

Slow—Night—that must be watched away—
As Grains upon a shore—
Too imperceptible to note—
Till it be night—no more—

Emily Dickinson

A Night—there lay the Days between

471

A Night—there lay the Days between—
The Day that was Before—
And Day that was Behind—were one—
And now—'twas Night—was here—

Slow—Night—that must be watched away—
As Grains upon a shore—
Too imperceptible to note—
Till it be night—no more—

Emily Dickinson

A Planted Life—diversified

806

A Planted Life—diversified
With Gold and Silver Pain
To prove the presence of the Ore
In Particles—'tis when

A Value struggle—it exist—
A Power—will proclaim
Although Annihilation pile
Whole Chaoses on Him—

Emily Dickinson

A Planted Life—diversified

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Whole Chaoses on Him—

Emily Dickinson

A poor—torn heart—a tattered heart

78

A poor—torn heart—a tattered heart—
That sat it down to rest—
Nor noticed that the Ebbing Day
Flowed silver to the West—
Nor noticed Night did soft descend—
Nor Constellation burn—
Intent upon the vision
Of latitudes unknown.

The angels—happening that way
This dusty heart espied—
Tenderly took it up from toil
And carried it to God—
There—sandals for the Barefoot—
There—gathered from the gales—
Do the blue havens by the hand
Lead the wandering Sails.

Emily Dickinson

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Lead the wandering Sails.

Emily Dickinson

A precious—mouldering pleasure

371

A precious—mouldering pleasure—'tis—
To meet an Antique Book—
In just the Dress his Century wore—
A privilege—I think—

His venerable Hand to take—
And warming in our own—
A passage back—or two—to make—
To Times when he—was young—

His quaint opinions—to inspect—
His thought to ascertain
On Themes concern our mutual mind—
The Literature of Man—

What interested Scholars—most—
What Competitions ran—
When Plato—was a Certainty—
And Sophocles—a Man—

When Sappho—was a living Girl—
And Beatrice wore
The Gown that Dante—deified—
Facts Centuries before

He traverses—familiar—
As One should come to Town—
And tell you all your Dreams—were true—
He lived—where Dreams were born—

His presence is Enchantment—
You beg him not to go—
Old Volume shake their Vellum Heads
And tantalize—just so—

Emily Dickinson

A precious—mouldering pleasure

371

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Emily Dickinson

A Prison gets to be a friend

652

A Prison gets to be a friend—
Between its Ponderous face
And Ours—a Kinsmanship express—
And in its narrow Eyes—

We come to look with gratitude
For the appointed Beam
It deal us—stated as our food—
And hungered for—the same—

We learn to know the Planks—
That answer to Our feet—
So miserable a sound—at first—
Nor ever now—so sweet—

As plashing in the Pools—
When Memory was a Boy—
But a Demurer Circuit—
A Geometric Joy—

The Posture of the Key
That interrupt the Day
To Our Endeavor—Not so real
The Check of Liberty—

As this Phantasm Steel—
Whose features—Day and Night—
Are present to us—as Our Own—
And as escapeless—quite—

The narrow Round—the Stint—
The slow exchange of Hope—
For something passiver—Content
Too steep for lookinp up—

The Liberty we knew
Avoided—like a Dream—
Too wide for any Night but Heaven—
If That—indeed—redeem—

Emily Dickinson

A Route of Evanescence

A Route of Evanescence
With a revolving Wheel--
A Resonance of Emerald--
A Rush of Cochineal--
And every Blossom on the Bush
Adjusts its tumbled Head--
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy Morning's Ride--

Emily Dickinson

A science—so the Savants say

100

A science—so the Savants say,
"Comparative Anatomy"—
By which a single bone—
Is made a secret to unfold
Of some rare tenant of the mold,
Else perished in the stone—

So to the eye prospective led,
This meekest flower of the mead
Upon a winter's day,
Stands representative in gold
Of Rose and Lily, manifold,
And countless Butterfly!

Emily Dickinson

A science—so the Savants say

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Emily Dickinson

A Secret told

381

A Secret told—
Ceases to be a Secret—then—
A Secret—kept—
That—can appal but One—

Better of it—continual be afraid—
Than it—
And Whom you told it to—beside—

Emily Dickinson

A sepal, petal, and a thorn

19

A sepal, petal, and a thorn
Upon a common summer's morn—
A flask of Dew—A Bee or two—
A Breeze—a caper in the trees—
And I'm a Rose!

Emily Dickinson

A Shade upon the mind there passes

882

A Shade upon the mind there passes
As when on Noon
A Cloud the mighty Sun encloses
Remembering

That some there be too numb to notice
Oh God
Why give if Thou must take away
The Loved?

Emily Dickinson

A shady friend for torrid days

A shady friend for torrid days
Is easier to find
Than one of higher temperature
For frigid hour of mind.

The vane a little to the east
Scares muslin souls away;
If broadcloth breasts are firmer
Than those of organdy,

Who is to blame? The weaver?
Ah! the bewildering thread!
The tapestries of paradise!
So notelessly are made!

Emily Dickinson

A shady friend—for Torrid days

278

A shady friend—for Torrid days—
Is easier to find—
Than one of higher temperature
For Frigid—hour of Mind—

The Vane a little to the East—
Scares Muslin souls—away—
If Broadcloth Hearts are firmer—
Than those of Organdy—

Who is to blame? The Weaver?
Ah, the bewildering thread!
The Tapestries of Paradise
So notelessly—are made!

Emily Dickinson

A single Screw of Flesh

263

Is all that pins the Soul
That stands for Deity, to Mine,
Upon my side the Veil—

Once witnessed of the Gauze—
Its name is put away
As far from mine, as if no plight
Had printed yesterday,

In tender—solemn Alphabet,
My eyes just turned to see,
When it was smuggled by my sight
Into Eternity—

More Hands—to hold—These are but Two—
One more new-mailed Nerve
Just granted, for the Peril's sake—
Some striding—Giant—Love—

So greater than the Gods can show,
They slink before the Clay,
That not for all their Heaven can boast
Will let its Keepsake—go

Emily Dickinson

A slash of Blue

204

A slash of Blue—
A sweep of Gray—
Some scarlet patches on the way,
Compose an Evening Sky—
A little purple—slipped between—
Some Ruby Trousers hurried on—
A Wave of Gold—
A Bank of Day—
This just makes out the Morning Sky.

Emily Dickinson

A Solemn thing within the Soul

483

A Solemn thing within the Soul
To feel itself get ripe—
And golden hang—while farther up—
The Maker's Ladders stop—
And in the Orchard far below—
You hear a Being—drop—

A Wonderful—to feel the Sun
Still toiling at the Cheek
You thought was finished—
Cool of eye, and critical of Work—
He shifts the stem—a little—
To give your Core—a look—

But solemnest—to know
Your chance in Harvest moves
A little nearer—Every Sun
The Single—to some lives.

Emily Dickinson

A solemn thing—it was—I said

271

A solemn thing—it was—I said—
A woman—white—to be—
And wear—if God should count me fit—
Her blameless mystery—

A hallowed thing—to drop a life
Into the purple well—
Too plummetless—that it return—
Eternity—until—

I pondered how the bliss would look—
And would it feel as big—
When I could take it in my hand—
As hovering—seen—through fog—

And then—the size of this "small" life—
The Sages—call it small—
Swelled—like Horizons—in my vest—
And I sneered—softly—"small"!

Emily Dickinson

A solemn thing—it was—I said

271

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Emily Dickinson

A something in a summer's Day

122

A something in a summer's Day
As slow her flambeaux burn away
Which solemnizes me.

A something in a summer's noon—
A depth—an Azure—a perfume—
Transcending ecstasy.

And still within a summer's night
A something so transporting bright
I clap my hands to see—

Then veil my too inspecting face
Lets such a subtle—shimmering grace
Flutter too far for me—

The wizard fingers never rest—
The purple brook within the breast
Still chafes it narrow bed—

Still rears the East her amber Flag—
Guides still the sun along the Crag
His Caravan of Red—

So looking on—the night—the morn
Conclude the wonder gay—
And I meet, coming thro' the dews
Another summer's Day!

Emily Dickinson

A South Wind—has a pathos

719

A South Wind—has a pathos
Of individual Voice—
As One detect on Landings
An Emigrant's address.

A Hint of Ports and Peoples—
And much not understood—
The fairer—for the farness—
And for the foreignhood.

Emily Dickinson

A South Wind—has a pathos

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And for the foreignhood.

Emily Dickinson

A still—Volcano—Life

601

A still—Volcano—Life—
That flickered in the night—
When it was dark enough to do
Without erasing sight—

A quiet—Earthquake Style—
Too subtle to suspect
By natures this side Naples—
The North cannot detect

The Solemn—Torrid—Symbol—
The lips that never lie—
Whose hissing Corals part—and shut—
And Cities—ooze away—

Emily Dickinson

A still—Volcano—Life

601

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The lips that never lie—
Whose hissing Corals part—and shut—
And Cities—ooze away—

Emily Dickinson

A Thought went up my mind today

701

A Thought went up my mind today—
That I have had before—
But did not finish—some way back—
I could not fix the Year—

Nor where it went—nor why it came
The second time to me—
Nor definitely, what it was—
Have I the Art to say—

But somewhere—in my Soul—I know—
I've met the Thing before—
It just reminded me—'twas all—
And came my way no more—

Emily Dickinson

A thought went up my mind to-day

A thought went up my mind to-day
That I have had before,
But did not finish,--some way back,
I could not fix the year,

Nor where it went, nor why it came
The second time to me,
Nor definitely what it was,
Have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul, I know
I've met the thing before;
It just reminded me--'t was all--
And came my way no more.

Emily Dickinson

A throe upon the features

71

A throe upon the features—
A hurry in the breath—
An ecstasy of parting
Denominated "Death"—

An anguish at the mention
Which when to patience grown,
I've known permission given
To rejoin its own.

Emily Dickinson

A toad can die of light!

A toad can die of light!
   Death is the common right
     Of toads and men,--
   Of earl and midge
   The privilege.
     Why swagger then?
   The gnat's supremacy
   Is large as thine.

Emily Dickinson

A Toad, can die of Light

583

A Toad, can die of Light—
Death is the Common Right
Of Toads and Men—
Of Earl and Midge
The privilege—
Why swagger, then?
The Gnat's supremacy is large as Thine—

Life—is a different Thing—
So measure Wine—
Naked of Flask—Naked of Cask—
Bare Rhine—
Which Ruby's mine?

Emily Dickinson

A Tongue—to tell Him I am true!

400

A Tongue—to tell Him I am true!
Its fee—to be of Gold—
Had Nature—in Her monstrous House
A single Ragged Child—

To earn a Mine—would run
That Interdicted Way,
And tell Him—Charge thee speak it plain—
That so far—Truth is True?

And answer What I do—
Beginning with the Day
That Night—begun—
Nay—Midnight—'twas—
Since Midnight—happened—say—

If once more—Pardon—Boy—
The Magnitude thou may
Enlarge my Message—If too vast
Another Lad—help thee—

Thy Pay—in Diamonds—be—
And His—in solid Gold—
Say Rubies—if He hesitate—
My Message—must be told—

Say—last I said—was This—
That when the Hills—come down—
And hold no higher than the Plain—
My Bond—have just begun—

And when the Heavens—disband—
And Deity conclude—
Then—look for me. Be sure you say—
Least Figure—on the Road—

Emily Dickinson

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And Deity conclude—
Then—look for me. Be sure you say—
Least Figure—on the Road—

Emily Dickinson

A Tooth upon Our Peace

459

A Tooth upon Our Peace
The Peace cannot deface—
Then Wherefore be the Tooth?
To vitalize the Grace—

The Heaven hath a Hell—
Itself to signalize—
And every sign before the Place
Is Gilt with Sacrifice—

Emily Dickinson

A transport one cannot contain

184

A transport one cannot contain
May yet a transport be—
Though God forbid it lift the lid—
Unto its Ecstasy!

A Diagram—of Rapture!
A sixpence at a Show—
With Holy Ghosts in Cages!
The Universe would go!

Emily Dickinson

A Visitor in Marl

391

A Visitor in Marl—
Who influences Flowers—
Till they are orderly as Busts—
And Elegant—as Glass—

Who visits in the Night—
And just before the Sun—
Concludes his glistening interview—
Caresses—and is gone—

But whom his fingers touched—
And where his feet have run—
And whatsoever Mouth be kissed—
Is as it had not been—

Emily Dickinson

A Weight with Needles on the pounds

264

A Weight with Needles on the pounds—
To push, and pierce, besides—
That if the Flesh resist the Heft—
The puncture—coolly tries—

That not a pore be overlooked
Of all this Compound Frame—
As manifold for Anguish—
As Species—be—for name—

Emily Dickinson

A Wife—at daybreak I shall be

461

A Wife—at daybreak I shall be—
Sunrise—Hast thou a Flag for me?
At Midnight, I am but a Maid,
How short it takes to make a Bride—
Then—Midnight, I have passed from thee
Unto the East, and Victory—

Midnight—Good Night! I hear them call,
The Angels bustle in the Hall—
Softly my Future climbs the Stair,
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer
So soon to be a Child no more—
Eternity, I'm coming—Sire,
Savior—I've seen the face—before!

Emily Dickinson

A Wife—at daybreak I shall be

461

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Eternity, I'm coming—Sire,
Savior—I've seen the face—before!

Emily Dickinson

A Wounded Deer—leaps highest

165

A Wounded Deer—leaps highest—
I've heard the Hunter tell—
'Tis but the Ecstasy of death—
And then the Brake is still!

The Smitten Rock that gushes!
The trampled Steel that springs!
A Cheek is always redder
Just where the Hectic stings!

Mirth is the Mail of Anguish
In which it Cautious Arm,
Lest anybody spy the blood
And "you're hurt" exclaim!

Emily Dickinson

A Wounded Deer—leaps highest

165

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Lest anybody spy the blood
And "you're hurt" exclaim!

Emily Dickinson

Abraham to Kill Him

Abraham to kill him
Was distinctly told—
Isaac was an Urchin—
Abraham was old—

Not a hesitation—
Abraham complied—
Flattered by Obeisance
Tyranny demurred—

Isaac—to his children
Lived to tell the tale—
Moral—with a mastiff
Manners may prevail.

Emily Dickinson

Absence disembodies—so does Death

860

Absence disembodies—so does Death
Hiding individuals from the Earth
Superposition helps, as well as love—
Tenderness decreases as we prove—

Emily Dickinson

Absence disembodies—so does Death

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Hiding individuals from the Earth
Superposition helps, as well as love—
Tenderness decreases as we prove—

Emily Dickinson

Absent Place—an April Day

927

Absent Place—an April Day—
Daffodils a-blow
Homesick curiosity
To the Souls that snow—

Drift may block within it
Deeper than without—
Daffodil delight but
Him it duplicate—

Emily Dickinson

Absent Place—an April Day

927

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Homesick curiosity
To the Souls that snow—

Drift may block within it
Deeper than without—
Daffodil delight but
Him it duplicate—

Emily Dickinson

Adrift! A little boat adrift!

30

Adrift! A little boat adrift!
And night is coming down!
Will no one guide a little boat
Unto the nearest town?

So Sailors say—on yesterday—
Just as the dusk was brown
One little boat gave up its strife
And gurgled down and down.

So angels say—on yesterday—
Just as the dawn was red
One little boat—o'erspent with gales—
Retrimmed its masts—redecked its sails—
And shot—exultant on!

Emily Dickinson

Afraid! Of whom am I afraid?

608

Afraid! Of whom am I afraid?
Not Death—for who is He?
The Porter of my Father's Lodge
As much abasheth me!

Of Life? 'Twere odd I fear [a] thing
That comprehendeth me
In one or two existences—
As Deity decree—

Of Resurrection? Is the East
Afraid to trust the Morn
With her fastidious forehead?
As soon impeach my Crown!

Emily Dickinson

After a hundred years

After a hundred years
Nobody knows the place,--
Agony, that enacted there,
Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged,
Strangers strolled and spelled
At the lone orthography
Of the elder dead.

Winds of summer fields
Recollect the way,--
Instinct picking up the key
Dropped by memory.

Emily Dickinson

After Great Pain, A Formal Feeling Comes

After great pain, a formal feeling comes--
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Toombs--
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round--
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought--
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone--

This is the Hour of Lead--
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons recollect the Snow--
First--Chill--then Stupor--then the letting go--

Emily Dickinson

After great pain, a formal feeling comes -- (341)

After great pain, a formal feeling comes --
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs
The stiff Heart questions, was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

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A Quartz contentment, like a stone --

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As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow --
First -- Chill -- then Stupor -- then the letting go --

Emily Dickinson

Again—his voice is at the door

663

Again—his voice is at the door—
I feel the old Degree—
I hear him ask the servant
For such an one—as me—

I take a flower—as I go—
My face to justify—
He never saw me—in this life—
I might surprise his eye!

I cross the Hall with mingled steps—
I—silent—pass the door—
I look on all this world contains—
Just his face—nothing more!

We talk in careless—and it toss—
A kind of plummet strain—
Each—sounding—shyly—
Just—how—deep—
The other's one—had been—

We walk—I leave my Dog—at home—
A tender—thoughtful Moon—
Goes with us—just a little way—
And—then—we are alone—

Alone—if Angels are "alone"—
First time they try the sky!
Alone—if those "veiled faces"—be—
We cannot count—on High!

I'd give—to live that hour—again—
The purple—in my Vein—
But He must count the drops—himself—
My price for every stain!

Emily Dickinson

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But He must count the drops—himself—
My price for every stain!

Emily Dickinson

Ah, Moon—and Star!

240

Ah, Moon—and Star!
You are very far—
But were no one
Farther than you—
Do you think I'd stop
For a Firmament—
Or a Cubit—or so?

I could borrow a Bonnet
Of the Lark—
And a Chamois' Silver Boot—
And a stirrup of an Antelope—
And be with you—Tonight!

But, Moon, and Star,
Though you're very far—
There is one—farther than you—
He—is more than a firmament—from Me—
So I can never go!

Emily Dickinson

Ah, Moon—and Star!

240

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But were no one
Farther than you—
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For a Firmament—
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And be with you—Tonight!

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Though you're very far—
There is one—farther than you—
He—is more than a firmament—from Me—
So I can never go!

Emily Dickinson

Ah, Necromancy Sweet!

177

Ah, Necromancy Sweet!
Ah, Wizard erudite!
Teach me the skill,

That I instil the pain
Surgeons assuage in vain,
Nor Herb of all the plain
Can Heal!

Emily Dickinson

Ah, Teneriffe!

666

Ah, Teneriffe!
Retreating Mountain!
Purples of Ages—pause for you—
Sunset—reviews her Sapphire Regiment—
Day—drops you her Red Adieu!

Still—Clad in your Mail of ices—
Thigh of Granite—and thew—of Steel—
Heedless—alike—of pomp—or parting

Ah, Teneriffe!
I'm kneeling—still—

Emily Dickinson

All but Death, can be Adjusted

749

All but Death, can be Adjusted—
Dynasties repaired—
Systems—settled in their Sockets—
Citadels—dissolved—

Wastes of Lives—resown with Colors
By Succeeding Springs—
Death—unto itself—Exception—
Is exempt from Change—

Emily Dickinson

All Circumstances are the Frame

820

All Circumstances are the Frame
In which His Face is set—
All Latitudes exist for His
Sufficient Continent—

The Light His Action, and the Dark
The Leisure of His Will—
In Him Existence serve or set
A Force illegible.

Emily Dickinson

All forgot for recollecting

966

All forgot for recollecting
Just a paltry One—
All forsook, for just a Stranger's
New Accompanying—

Grace of Wealth, and Grace of Station
Less accounted than
An unknown Esteem possessing—
Estimate—Who can—

Home effaced—Her faces dwindled—
Nature—altered small—
Sun—if shone—or Storm—if shattered—
Overlooked I all—

Dropped—my fate—a timid Pebble—
In thy bolder Sea—
Prove—me—Sweet—if I regret it—
Prove Myself—of Thee—

Emily Dickinson

All I may, if small

819

All I may, if small,
Do it not display
Larger for the Totalness—
'Tis Economy

To bestow a World
And withhold a Star—
Utmost, is Munificence—
Less, tho' larger, poor.

Emily Dickinson

All overgrown by cunning moss

148

All overgrown by cunning moss,
All interspersed with weed,
The little cage of "Currer Bell"
In quiet "Haworth" laid.

Gathered from many wanderings—
Gethsemane can tell
Thro' what transporting anguish
She reached the Asphodel!

Soft falls the sounds of Eden
Upon her puzzled ear—
Oh what an afternoon for Heaven,
When "Bronte" entered there!

Emily Dickinson

All the letters I can write

334

All the letters I can write
Are not fair as this—
Syllables of Velvet—
Sentences of Plush,
Depths of Ruby, undrained,
Hid, Lip, for Thee—
Play it were a Humming Bird—
And just sipped—me—

Emily Dickinson

All these my banners be

22

All these my banners be.
I sow my pageantry
In May—
It rises train by train—
Then sleeps in state again—
My chancel—all the plain
    Today.

To lose—if one can find again—
To miss—if one shall meet—
The Burglar cannot rob—then—
The Broker cannot cheat.
So build the hillocks gaily
Thou little spade of mine
Leaving nooks for Daisy
And for Columbine—
You and I the secret
Of the Crocus know—
Let us chant it softly—
"There is no more snow!"

To him who keeps an Orchis' heart—
The swamps are pink with June.

Emily Dickinson

Alone, I cannot be

298

Alone, I cannot be—
For Hosts—do visit me—
Recordless Company—
Who baffle Key—

They have no Robes, nor Names—
No Almanacs—nor Climes—
But general Homes
Like Gnomes—

Their Coming, may be known
By Couriers within—
Their going—is not—
For they've never gone—

Emily Dickinson

Alter! When the Hills do

729

Alter! When the Hills do—
Falter! When the Sun
Question if His Glory
Be the Perfect One—

Surfeit! When the Daffodil
Doth of the Dew—
Even as Herself—Sir—
I will—of You—

Emily Dickinson

Although I put away his life

366

Although I put away his life—
An Ornament too grand
For Forehead low as mine, to wear,
This might have been the Hand

That sowed the flower, he preferred—
Or smoothed a homely pain,
Or pushed the pebble from his path—
Or played his chosen tune—

On Lute the least—the latest—
But just his Ear could know
That whatsoe'er delighted it,
I never would let go—

The foot to bear his errand—
A little Boot I know—
Would leap abroad like Antelope—
With just the grant to do—

His weariest Commandment—
A sweeter to obey,
Than "Hide and Seek"—
Or skip to Flutes—
Or all Day, chase the Bee—

Your Servant, Sir, will weary—
The Surgeon, will not come—
The World, will have its own—to do—
The Dust, will vex your Fame—

The Cold will force your tightest door
Some February Day,
But say my apron bring the sticks
To make your Cottage gay—

That I may take that promise
To Paradise, with me—
To teach the Angels, avarice,
You, Sir, taught first—to me.

Emily Dickinson

Always Mine!

839

Always Mine!
No more Vacation!
Term of Light this Day begun!
Failless as the fair rotation
Of the Seasons and the Sun.

Old the Grace, but new the Subjects—
Old, indeed, the East,
Yet upon His Purple Programme
Every Dawn, is first.

Emily Dickinson

Ambition cannot find him

68

Ambition cannot find him.
Affection doesn't know
How many leagues of nowhere
Lie between them now.

Yesterday, undistinguished!
Eminent Today
For our mutual hone, Immortality!

Emily Dickinson

Ample make this Bed

829

Ample make this Bed—
Make this Bed with Awe—
In it wait till Judgment break
Excellent and Fair.

Be its Mattress straight—
Be its Pillow round—
Let no Sunrise' yellow noise
Interrupt this Ground—

Emily Dickinson

Ample make this bed.

Ample make this bed.
Make this bed with awe;
In it wait till judgment break
Excellent and fair.

Be its mattress straight,
Be its pillow round;
Let no sunrise' yellow noise
Interrupt this ground.

Emily Dickinson

An altered look about the hills

140

An altered look about the hills—
A Tyrian light the village fills—
A wider sunrise in the morn—
A deeper twilight on the lawn—
A print of a vermillion foot—
A purple finger on the slope—
A flippant fly upon the pane—
A spider at his trade again—
An added strut in Chanticleer—
A flower expected everywhere—
An axe shrill singing in the woods—
Fern odors on untravelled roads—
All this and more I cannot tell—
A furtive look you know as well—
And Nicodemus' Mystery
Receives its annual reply!

Emily Dickinson

An awful Tempest mashed the air

198

An awful Tempest mashed the air—
The clouds were gaunt, and few—
A Black—as of a Spectre's Cloak
Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs—
And whistled in the air—
And shook their fists—
And gnashed their teeth—
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit—the Birds arose—
The Monster's faded eyes
Turned slowly to his native coast—
And peace—was Paradise!

Emily Dickinson

An English Breeze

UP with the sun, the breeze arose,
Across the talking corn she goes,
And smooth she rustles far and wide
Through all the voiceful countryside.

Through all the land her tale she tells;
She spins, she tosses, she compels
The kites, the clouds, the windmill sails
And all the trees in all the dales.

God calls us, and the day prepares
With nimble, gay and gracious airs:
And from Penzance to Maidenhead
The roads last night He watered.

God calls us from inglorious ease,
Forth and to travel with the breeze
While, swift and singing, smooth and strong
She gallops by the fields along.

Emily Dickinson

An everywhere of silver

An everywhere of silver,
With ropes of sand
To keep it from effacing
The track called land.

Emily Dickinson

An everywhere of silver,

An everywhere of silver,
With ropes of sand
To keep it from effacing
The track called land.

Emily Dickinson

An Hour is a Sea

825

An Hour is a Sea
Between a few, and me—
With them would Harbor be—

Emily Dickinson

An ignorance a Sunset

552

An ignorance a Sunset
Confer upon the Eye—
Of Territory—Color—
Circumference—Decay—

Its Amber Revelation
Exhilirate—Debase—
Omnipotence' inspection
Of Our inferior face—

And when the solemn features
Confirm—in Victory—
We start—as if detected
In Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

And this of all my Hopes

913

And this of all my Hopes
This, is the silent end
Bountiful colored, my Morning rose
Early and sere, its end

Never Bud from a Stem
Stepped with so gay a Foot
Never a Worm so confident
Bored at so brave a Root

Emily Dickinson

Angels, in the early morning

94

Angels, in the early morning
May be seen the Dews among,
Stooping—plucking—smiling—flying—
Do the Buds to them belong?

Angels, when the sun is hottest
May be seen the sands among,
Stooping—plucking—sighing—flying—
Parched the flowers they bear along.

Emily Dickinson

Answer July

386

Answer July—
Where is the Bee—
Where is the Blush—
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July—
Where is the Seed—
Where is the Bud—
Where is the May—
Answer Thee—Me—

Nay—said the May—
Show me the Snow—
Show me the Bells—
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay—
Where be the Maize—
Where be the Haze—
Where be the Bur?
Here—said the Year—

Emily Dickinson

Apology for Her

852

Apology for Her
Be rendered by the Bee—
Herself, without a Parliament
Apology for Me.

Emily Dickinson

Apparently with no Surprise

Apparently with no surprise,
To any happy flower,
The frost beheads it at its play,
In accidental power.
The blond assassin passes on.
The sun proceeds unmoved,
To measure off another day,
For an approving God.

Emily Dickinson

Arcturus

"Arcturus" is his other name—
I'd rather call him "Star."
It's very mean of Science
To go and interfere!

I slew a worm the other day—
A "Savant" passing by
Murmured "Resurgam"—"Centipede"!
"Oh Lord—how frail are we"!

I pull a flower from the woods—
A monster with a glass
Computes the stamens in a breath—
And has her in a "class"!

Whereas I took the Butterfly
Aforetime in my hat—
He sits erect in "Cabinets"—
The Clover bells forgot.

What once was "Heaven"
Is "Zenith" now—
Where I proposed to go
When Time's brief masquerade was done
Is mapped and charted too.

What if the poles should frisk about
And stand upon their heads!
I hope I'm ready for "the worst"—
Whatever prank betides!

Perhaps the "Kingdom of Heaven's" changed—
I hope the "Children" there Won't be "new fashioned" when I come—
And laugh at me—and stare—

I hope the Father in the skies
Will lift his little girl—
Old fashioned—naught—everything—
Over the stile of "Pearl."

Emily Dickinson

Artists wrestled here!

110

Artists wrestled here!
Lo, a tint Cashmere!
Lo, a Rose!
Student of the Year!
For the easel here
Say Repose!

Emily Dickinson

As by the dead we love to sit

88

As by the dead we love to sit,
Become so wondrous dear—
As for the lost we grapple
Tho' all the rest are here—

In broken mathematics
We estimate our prize
Vast—in its fading ration
To our penurious eyes!

Emily Dickinson

As Children bid the Guest

133

As Children bid the Guest "Good Night"
And then reluctant turn—
My flowers raise their pretty lips—
Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake
Merry that it is Morn—
My flowers from a hundred cribs
Will peep, and prance again.

Emily Dickinson

As Children bid the Guest "Good Night"

133

As Children bid the Guest "Good Night"
And then reluctant turn—
My flowers raise their pretty lips—
Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake
Merry that it is Morn—
My flowers from a hundred cribs
Will peep, and prance again.

Emily Dickinson

As Everywhere of Silver

884

As Everywhere of Silver
With Ropes of Sand
To keep it from effacing
The Track called Land.

Emily Dickinson

As far from pity, as complaint

496

As far from pity, as complaint—
As cool to speech—as stone—
As numb to Revelation
As if my Trade were Bone—

As far from time—as History—
As near yourself—Today—
As Children, to the Rainbow's scarf—
Or Sunset's Yellow play

To eyelids in the Sepulchre—
How dumb the Dancer lies—
While Color's Revelations break—
And blaze—the Butterflies!

Emily Dickinson

As Frost is best conceived

951

As Frost is best conceived
By force of its Result—
Affliction is inferred
By subsequent effect—

If when the sun reveal,
The Garden keep the Gash—
If as the Days resume
The wilted countenance

Cannot correct the crease
Or counteract the stain—
Presumption is Vitality
Was somewhere put in twain.

Emily Dickinson

As if I asked a common Alms

323

As if I asked a common Alms,
And in my wondering hand
A Stranger pressed a Kingdom,
And I, bewildered, stand—
As if I asked the Orient
Had it for me a Morn—
And it should lift its purple Dikes,
And shatter me with Dawn!

Emily Dickinson

As if some little Arctic flower

180

As if some little Arctic flower
Upon the polar hem—
Went wandering down the Latitudes
Until it puzzled came
To continents of summer—
To firmaments of sun—
To strange, bright crowds of flowers—
And birds, of foreign tongue!
I say, As if this little flower
To Eden, wandered in—
What then? Why nothing,
Only, your inference therefrom!

Emily Dickinson

As if the Sea should part

695

As if the Sea should part
And show a further Sea—
And that—a further—and the Three
But a presumption be—

Of Periods of Seas—
Unvisited of Shores—
Themselves the Verge of Seas to be—
Eternity—is Those—

Emily Dickinson

As imperceptibly as Grief

1540

As imperceptibly as Grief
The Summer lapsed away—
Too imperceptible at last
To seem like Perfidy—
A Quietness distilled
As Twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered Afternoon—
The Dusk drew earlier in—
The Morning foreign shone—
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,
As Guest, that would be gone—
And thus, without a Wing
Or service of a Keel
Our Summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.

Emily Dickinson

As One does Sickness over

957

As One does Sickness over
In convalescent Mind,
His scrutiny of Chances
By blessed Health obscured—

As One rewalks a Precipice
And whittles at the Twig
That held Him from Perdition
Sown sidewise in the Crag

A Custom of the Soul
Far after suffering
Identity to question
For evidence't has been—

Emily Dickinson

As plan for Noon and plan for Night

960

As plan for Noon and plan for Night
So differ Life and Death
In positive Prospective—
The Foot upon the Earth

At Distance, and Achievement, strains,
The Foot upon the Grave
Makes effort at conclusion
Assisted faint of Love.

Emily Dickinson

As Sleigh Bells seem in summer

981

As Sleigh Bells seem in summer
Or Bees, at Christmas show—
So fairy—so fictitious
The individuals do
Repealed from observation—
A Party that we knew—
More distant in an instant
Than Dawn in Timbuctoo.

Emily Dickinson

As the Starved Maelstrom laps the Navies

872

As the Starved Maelstrom laps the Navies
As the Vulture teased
Forces the Broods in lonely Valleys
As the Tiger eased

By but a Crumb of Blood, fasts Scarlet
Till he meet a Man
Dainty adorned with Veins and Tissues
And partakes—his Tongue

Cooled by the Morsel for a moment
Grows a fiercer thing
Till he esteem his Dates and Cocoa
A Nutrition mean

I, of a finer Famine
Deem my Supper dry
For but a Berry of Domingo
And a Torrid Eye.

Emily Dickinson

As Watchers hang upon the East

121

As Watchers hang upon the East,
As Beggars revel at a feast
By savory Fancy spread—
As brooks in deserts babble sweet
On ear too far for the delight,
Heaven beguiles the tired.

As that same watcher, when the East
Opens the lid of Amethyst
And lets the morning go—
That Beggar, when an honored Guest,
Those thirsty lips to flagons pressed,
Heaven to us, if true.

Emily Dickinson

At last, to be identified!

174

At last, to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side
The rest of Life to see!

Past Midnight! Past the Morning Star!
Past Sunrise!
Ah, What leagues there were
Between our feet, and Day!

Emily Dickinson

At least—to pray—is left—is left

502

At least—to pray—is left—is left—
Oh Jesus—in the Air—
I know not which thy chamber is—
I'm knocking—everywhere—

Thou settest Earthquake in the South—
And Maelstrom, in the Sea—
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth—
Hast thou no Arm for Me?

Emily Dickinson

At least—to pray—is left—is left

502

At least—to pray—is left—is left—
Oh Jesus—in the Air—
I know not which thy chamber is—
I'm knocking—everywhere—

Thou settest Earthquake in the South—
And Maelstrom, in the Sea—
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth—
Hast thou no Arm for Me?

Emily Dickinson

At leisure is the Soul

618

At leisure is the Soul
That gets a Staggering Blow—
The Width of Life—before it spreads
Without a thing to do—

It begs you give it Work—
But just the placing Pins—
Or humblest Patchwork—Children do—
To Help its Vacant Hands—

Emily Dickinson

Autumn—overlooked my Knitting

748

Autumn—overlooked my Knitting—
Dyes—said He—have I—
Could disparage a Flamingo—
Show Me them—said I—

Cochineal—I chose—for deeming
It resemble Thee—
And the little Border—Dusker—
For resembling Me—

Emily Dickinson

Autumn—overlooked my Knitting

748

Autumn—overlooked my Knitting—
Dyes—said He—have I—
Could disparage a Flamingo—
Show Me them—said I—

Cochineal—I chose—for deeming
It resemble Thee—
And the little Border—Dusker—
For resembling Me—

Emily Dickinson

Awake ye muses nine, sing me a strain divine

1

Awake ye muses nine, sing me a strain divine,
Unwind the solemn twine, and tie my Valentine!

Oh the Earth was made for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain,
For sighing, and gentle whispering, and unity made of twain.
All things do go a courting, in earth, or sea, or air,
God hath made nothing single but thee in His world so fair!
The bride, and then the bridegroom, the two, and then the one,
Adam, and Eve, his consort, the moon, and then the sun;
The life doth prove the precept, who obey shall happy be,
Who will not serve the sovereign, be hanged on fatal tree.
The high do seek the lowly, the great do seek the small,
None cannot find who seeketh, on this terrestrial ball;
The bee doth court the flower, the flower his suit receives,
And they make merry wedding, whose guests are hundred leaves;
The wind doth woo the branches, the branches they are won,
And the father fond demandeth the maiden for his son.
The storm doth walk the seashore humming a mournful tune,
The wave with eye so pensive, looketh to see the moon,
Their spirits meet together, they make their solemn vows,
No more he singeth mournful, her sadness she doth lose.
The worm doth woo the mortal, death claims a living bride,
Night unto day is married, morn unto eventide;
Earth is a merry damsel, and heaven a knight so true,
And Earth is quite coquettish, and beseemeth in vain to sue.
Now to the application, to the reading of the roll,
To bringing thee to justice, and marshalling thy soul:
Thou art a human solo, a being cold, and lone,
Wilt have no kind companion, thou reap'st what thou hast sown.
Hast never silent hours, and minutes all too long,
And a deal of sad reflection, and wailing instead of song?
There's Sarah, and Eliza, and Emeline so fair,
And Harriet, and Susan, and she with curling hair!
Thine eyes are sadly blinded, but yet thou mayest see
Six true, and comely maidens sitting upon the tree;
Approach that tree with caution, then up it boldly climb,
And seize the one thou lovest, nor care for space, or time!
Then bear her to the greenwood, and build for her a bower,
And give her what she asketh, jewel, or bird, or flower—
And bring the fife, and trumpet, and beat upon the drum—
And bid the world Goodmorrow, and go to glory home!

Emily Dickinson

Away from Home are some and I—

821

Away from Home are some and I—
An Emigrant to be
In a Metropolis of Homes
Is easy, possibly—

The Habit of a Foreign Sky
We—difficult—acquire
As Children, who remain in Face
The more their Feet retire.

Emily Dickinson

Away from Home are some and I—

821

Away from Home are some and I—
An Emigrant to be
In a Metropolis of Homes
Is easy, possibly—

The Habit of a Foreign Sky
We—difficult—acquire
As Children, who remain in Face
The more their Feet retire.

Emily Dickinson

Baffled for just a day or two

17

Baffled for just a day or two—
Embarrassed—not afraid—
Encounter in my garden
An unexpected Maid.

She beckons, and the woods start—
She nods, and all begin—
Surely, such a country
I was never in!

Emily Dickinson

Banish Air from Air—

854

Banish Air from Air—
Divide Light if you dare—
They'll meet
While Cubes in a Drop
Or Pellets of Shape
Fit
Films cannot annul
Odors return whole
Force Flame
And with a Blonde push
Over your impotence
Flits Steam.

Emily Dickinson

Banish Air from Air—

854

Banish Air from Air—
Divide Light if you dare—
They'll meet
While Cubes in a Drop
Or Pellets of Shape
Fit
Films cannot annul
Odors return whole
Force Flame
And with a Blonde push
Over your impotence
Flits Steam.

Emily Dickinson

Be Mine the Doom—

845

Be Mine the Doom—
Sufficient Fame—
To perish in Her Hand!

Emily Dickinson

Beauty—be not caused—It Is

516

Beauty—be not caused—It Is—
Chase it, and it ceases—
Chase it not, and it abides—

Overtake the Creases

In the Meadow—when the Wind
Runs his fingers thro' it—
Deity will see to it
That You never do it—

Emily Dickinson

Beauty—be not caused—It Is

516

Beauty—be not caused—It Is—
Chase it, and it ceases—
Chase it not, and it abides—

Overtake the Creases

In the Meadow—when the Wind
Runs his fingers thro' it—
Deity will see to it
That You never do it—

Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death

Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of grazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death (712)

Because I could not stop for Death--
He kindly stopped for me--
The Carriage held but just Ourselves--
And Immortality.

We slowly drove--He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility--

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess--in the Ring--
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain--
We passed the Setting Sun--

Or rather--He passed us--
The Dews drew quivering and chill--
For only Gossamer, my Gown--
My Tippet--only Tulle--

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground--
The Roof was scarcely visible--
The Cornice--in the Ground--

Since then--'tis Centuries--and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity--

Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death,

Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Emily Dickinson

Because the Bee may blameless hum

869

Because the Bee may blameless hum
For Thee a Bee do I become
List even unto Me.

Because the Flowers unafraid
May lift a look on thine, a Maid
Alway a Flower would be.

Nor Robins, Robins need not hide
When Thou upon their Crypts intrude
So Wings bestow on Me
Or Petals, or a Dower of Buzz
That Bee to ride, or Flower of Furze
I that way worship Thee.

Emily Dickinson

Beclouded

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

Emily Dickinson

Bee! I'm expecting you!

1035

Bee! I'm expecting you!
Was saying Yesterday
To Somebody you know
That you were due—

The Frogs got Home last Week—
Are settled, and at work—
Birds, mostly back—
The Clover warm and thick—

You'll get my Letter by
The seventeenth; Reply
Or better, be with me—
Yours, Fly.

Emily Dickinson

Before He comes we weigh the Time!

834

Before He comes we weigh the Time!
'Tis Heavy and 'tis Light.
When He depart, an Emptiness
Is the prevailing Freight.

Emily Dickinson

Before I got my eye put out

327

Before I got my eye put out
I liked as well to see—
As other Creatures, that have Eyes
And know no other way—

But were it told to me—Today—
That I might have the sky
For mine—I tell you that my Heart
Would split, for size of me—

The Meadows—mine—
The Mountains—mine—
All Forests—Stintless Stars—
As much of Noon as I could take
Between my finite eyes—

The Motions of the Dipping Birds—
The Morning's Amber Road—
For mine—to look at when I liked—
The News would strike me dead—

So safer—guess—with just my soul
Upon the Window pane—
Where other Creatures put their eyes—
Incautious—of the Sun—

Emily Dickinson

Before the ice is in the pools

37

Before the ice is in the pools—
Before the skaters go,
Or any check at nightfall
Is tarnished by the snow—

Before the fields have finished,
Before the Christmas tree,
Wonder upon wonder
Will arrive to me!

What we touch the hems of
On a summer's day—
What is only walking
Just a bridge away—

That which sings so—speaks so—
When there's no one here—
Will the frock I wept in
Answer me to wear?

Emily Dickinson

Before you thought of spring,

Before you thought of spring,
Except as a surmise,
You see, God bless his suddenness,
A fellow in the skies
Of independent hues,
A little weather-worn,
Inspiriting habiliments
Of indigo and brown.

With specimens of song,
As if for you to choose,
Discretion in the interval,
With gay delays he goes
To some superior tree
Without a single leaf,
And shouts for joy to nobody
But his seraphic self!

Emily Dickinson

Behind Me—dips Eternity

721

Behind Me—dips Eternity—
Before Me—Immortality—
Myself—the Term between—
Death but the Drift of Eastern Gray,
Dissolving into Dawn away,
Before the West begin—

'Tis Kingdoms—afterward—they say—
In perfect—pauseless Monarchy—
Whose Prince—is Son of None—
Himself—His Dateless Dynasty—
Himself—Himself diversify—
In Duplicate divine—

'Tis Miracle before Me—then—
'Tis Miracle behind—between—
A Crescent in the Sea—
With Midnight to the North of Her—
And Midnight to the South of Her—
And Maelstrom—in the Sky—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Bereaved of all, I went abroad

784

Bereaved of all, I went abroad—
No less bereaved was I
Upon a New Peninsula—
The Grave preceded me—

Obtained my Lodgings, ere myself—
And when I sought my Bed—
The Grave it was reposed upon
The Pillow for my Head—

I waked to find it first awake—
I rose—It followed me—
I tried to drop it in the Crowd—
To lose it in the Sea—

In Cups of artificial Drowse
To steep its shape away—
The Grave—was finished—but the Spade
Remained in Memory—

Emily Dickinson

Bereavement in their death to feel

645

Bereavement in their death to feel
Whom We have never seen—
A Vital Kinsmanship import
Our Soul and theirs—between—

For Stranger—Strangers do not mourn—
There be Immortal friends
Whom Death see first—'tis news of this
That paralyze Ourselves—

Who, vital only to Our Thought—
Such Presence bear away
In dying—'tis as if Our Souls
Absconded—suddenly—

Emily Dickinson

Besides the Autumn poets sing

131

Besides the Autumn poets sing
A few prosaic days
A little this side of the snow
And that side of the Haze—

A few incisive Mornings—
A few Ascetic Eves—
Gone—Mr. Bryant's "Golden Rod"—
And Mr. Thomson's "sheaves."

Still, is the bustle in the Brook—
Sealed are the spicy valves—
Mesmeric fingers softly touch
The Eyes of many Elves—

Perhaps a squirrel may remain—
My sentiments to share—
Grant me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind—
Thy windy will to bear!

Emily Dickinson

Besides this May

977

Besides this May
We know
There is Another—
How fair
Our Speculations of the Foreigner!

Some know Him whom We knew—
Sweet Wonder—
A Nature be
Where Saints, and our plain going Neighbor
Keep May!

Emily Dickinson

Best Gains—must have the Losses' Test

684

Best Gains—must have the Losses' Test—
To constitute them—Gains—

Emily Dickinson

Best Gains—must have the Losses' Test

684

Best Gains—must have the Losses' Test—
To constitute them—Gains—

Emily Dickinson

Best Things dwell out of Sight

998

Best Things dwell out of Sight
The Pearl—the Just—Our Thought.

Most shun the Public Air
Legitimate, and Rare—

The Capsule of the Wind
The Capsule of the Mind

Exhibit here, as doth a Burr—
Germ's Germ be where?

Emily Dickinson

Better—than Music! For I—who heard it

503

Better—than Music! For I—who heard it—
I was used—to the Birds—before—
This—was different—'Twas Translation—
Of all tunes I knew—and more—

'Twasn't contained—like other stanza—
No one could play it—the second time—
But the Composer—perfect Mozart—
Perish with him—that Keyless Rhyme!

So—Children—told how Brooks in Eden—
Bubbled a better—Melody—
Quaintly infer—Eve's great surrender—
Urging the feet—that would—not—fly—

Children—matured—are wiser—mostly—
Eden—a legend—dimly told—
Eve—and the Anguish—Grandame's story—
But—I was telling a tune—I heard—

Not such a strain—the Church—baptizes—
When the last Saint—goes up the Aisles—
Not such a stanza splits the silence—
When the Redemption strikes her Bells—

Let me not spill—its smallest cadence—
Humming—for promise—when alone—
Humming—until my faint Rehearsal—
Drop into tune—around the Throne—

Emily Dickinson

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Humming—until my faint Rehearsal—
Drop into tune—around the Throne—

Emily Dickinson

Between My Country—and the Others

905

Between My Country—and the Others—
There is a Sea—
But Flowers—negotiate between us—
As Ministry.

Emily Dickinson

Between My Country—and the Others

Between My Country—and the Others—
There is a Sea—
But Flowers—negotiate between us—
As Ministry.

Emily Dickinson

Bird

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And the hopped sideways to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad, -
They looked like frightened beads, I thought
He stirred his velvet head.

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rolled him softer home

Then oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, plashless, as they swim.

Emily Dickinson

Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple

228

Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple
Leaping like Leopards to the Sky
Then at the feet of the old Horizon
Laying her spotted Face to die
Stooping as low as the Otter's Window
Touching the Roof and tinting the Barn
Kissing her Bonnet to the Meadow
And the Juggler of Day is gone

Emily Dickinson

Bless God, he went as soldiers

147

Bless God, he went as soldiers,
His musket on his breast—
Grant God, he charge the bravest
Of all the martial blest!

Please God, might I behold him
In epauletted white—
I should not fear the foe then—
I should not fear the fight!

Emily Dickinson

Bloom upon the Mountain—stated

667

Bloom upon the Mountain—stated—
Blameless of a Name—
Efflorescence of a Sunset—
Reproduced—the same—

Seed, had I, my Purple Sowing
Should endow the Day—
Not a Topic of a Twilight—
Show itself away—

Who for tilling—to the Mountain
Come, and disappear—
Whose be Her Renown, or fading,
Witness, is not here—

While I state—the Solemn Petals,
Far as North—and East,
Far as South and West—expanding—
Culminate—in Rest—

And the Mountain to the Evening
Fit His Countenance—
Indicating, by no Muscle—
The Experience—

Emily Dickinson

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Indicating, by no Muscle—
The Experience—

Emily Dickinson

Bound—a trouble

269

Bound—a trouble—
And lives can bear it!
Limit—how deep a bleeding go!
So—many—drops—of vital scarlet—
Deal with the soul
As with Algebra!

Tell it the Ages—to a cypher—
And it will ache—contented—on—
Sing—at its pain—as any Workman—
Notching the fall of the Even Sun!

Emily Dickinson

Bound—a trouble

269

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Deal with the soul
As with Algebra!

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And it will ache—contented—on—
Sing—at its pain—as any Workman—
Notching the fall of the Even Sun!

Emily Dickinson

braind within its groove, The

The brain within its groove
Runs evenly and true;
But let a splinter swerve,
'T were easier for you
To put the water back
When floods have slit the hills,
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,
And blotted out the mills!

Emily Dickinson

Bring me the sunset in a cup

128

Bring me the sunset in a cup,
Reckon the morning's flagons up
And say how many Dew,
Tell me how far the morning leaps—
Tell me what time the weaver sleeps
Who spun the breadth of blue!

Write me how many notes there be
In the new Robin's ecstasy
Among astonished boughs—
How many trips the Tortoise makes—
How many cups the Bee partakes,
The Debauchee of Dews!

Also, who laid the Rainbow's piers,
Also, who leads the docile spheres
By withes of supple blue?
Whose fingers string the stalactite—
Who counts the wampum of the night
To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban House
And shut the windows down so close
My spirit cannot see?
Who'll let me out some gala day
With implements to fly away,
Passing Pomposity?

Emily Dickinson

bustle in a house, The

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth,--

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

Emily Dickinson

But little Carmine hath her face

558

But little Carmine hath her face—
Of Emerald scant—her Gown—
Her Beauty—is the love she doth—
Itself—exhibit—Mine—

Emily Dickinson

By a flower—By a letter

109

By a flower—By a letter—
By a nimble love—
If I weld the Rivet faster—
Final fast—above—

Never mind my breathless Anvil!
Never mind Repose!
Never mind the sooty faces
Tugging at the Forge!

Emily Dickinson

By a flower—By a letter

109

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By a nimble love—
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Never mind my breathless Anvil!
Never mind Repose!
Never mind the sooty faces
Tugging at the Forge!

Emily Dickinson

By Chivalries as tiny

55

By Chivalries as tiny,
A Blossom, or a Book,
The seeds of smiles are planted—
Which blossom in the dark.

Emily Dickinson

By my Window have I for Scenery

797

By my Window have I for Scenery
Just a Sea—with a Stem—
If the Bird and the Farmer—deem it a "Pine"—
The Opinion will serve—for them—

It has no Port, nor a "Line"—but the Jays—
That split their route to the Sky—
Or a Squirrel, whose giddy Peninsula
May be easier reached—this way—

For Inlands—the Earth is the under side—
And the upper side—is the Sun—
And its Commerce—if Commerce it have—
Of Spice—I infer from the Odors borne—

Of its Voice—to affirm—when the Wind is within—
Can the Dumb—define the Divine?
The Definition of Melody—is—
That Definition is none—

It—suggests to our Faith—
They—suggest to our Sight—
When the latter—is put away
I shall meet with Conviction I somewhere met
That Immortality—

Was the Pine at my Window a "Fellow
Of the Royal" Infinity?
Apprehensions—are God's introductions—
To be hallowed—accordingly—

Emily Dickinson

By such and such an offering

38

By such and such an offering
To Mr. So and So,
The web of live woven—
So martyrs albums show!

Emily Dickinson

By The Sea

I started early, took my dog,
And visited the sea;
The mermaids in the basement
Came out to look at me.

And frigates in the upper floor
Extended hempen hands,
Presuming me to be a mouse
Aground, upon the sands.

But no man moved me till the tide
Went past my simple shoe,
And past my apron and my belt,
And past my bodice too,

And made as he would eat me up
As wholly as a dew
Upon a dandelion's sleeve -
And then I started too.

And he - he followed close behind;
I felt his silver heel
Upon my ankle, - then my shoes
Would overflow with pearl.

Until we met the solid town,
No man he seemed to know;
And bowing with a mighty look
At me, the sea withdrew.

Emily Dickinson

Cat

She sights a Bird - she chuckles -
She flattens - then she crawls -
She runs without the look of feet -
Her eyes increase to Balls -

Her Jaws stir - twitching - hungry -
Her Teeth can hardly stand -
She leaps, but Robin leaped the first -
Ah, Pussy, of the Sand,

The Hopes so juicy ripening -
You almost bathed your Tongue -
When Bliss disclosed a hundred Toes -
And fled with every one -

Emily Dickinson

Chartless

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet now I know how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson

Civilization—spurns—the Leopard!

492

Civilization—spurns—the Leopard!
Was the Leopard—bold?
Deserts—never rebuked her Satin—
Ethiop—her Gold—
Tawny—her Customs—
She was Conscious—
Spotted—her Dun Gown—
This was the Leopard's nature—Signor—
Need—a keeper—frown?

Pity—the Pard—that left her Asia—
Memories—of Palm—
Cannot be stifled—with Narcotic—
Nor suppressed—with Balm—

Emily Dickinson

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492

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Emily Dickinson

Cocoon above! Cocoon below!

129

Cocoon above! Cocoon below!
Stealthy Cocoon, why hide you so
What all the world suspect?
An hour, and gay on every tree
Your secret, perched in ecstasy
Defies imprisonment!

An hour in Chrysalis to pass,
Then gay above receding grass
A Butterfly to go!
A moment to interrogate,
Then wiser than a "Surrogate,"
The Universe to know!

Emily Dickinson

Color—Caste—Denomination

970

Color—Caste—Denomination—
These—are Time's Affair—
Death's diviner Classifying
Does not know they are—

As in sleep—All Hue forgotten—
Tenets—put behind—
Death's large—Democratic fingers
Rub away the Brand—

If Circassian—He is careless—
If He put away
Chrysalis of Blonde—or Umber—
Equal Butterfly—

They emerge from His Obscuring—
What Death—knows so well—
Our minuter intuitions—
Deem unplausible—

Emily Dickinson

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970

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Equal Butterfly—

They emerge from His Obscuring—
What Death—knows so well—
Our minuter intuitions—
Deem unplausible—

Emily Dickinson

Come Slowly

Come slowly,
Eden
Lips unused to thee.
Bashful, sip thy jasmines,
As the fainting bee,
Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums,
Counts his nectars -alights,
And is lost in balms!

Emily Dickinson

Come slowly—Eden!

211

Come slowly—Eden!
Lips unused to Thee—
Bashful—sip thy Jessamines—
As the fainting Bee—

Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums—
Counts his nectars—
Enters—and is lost in Balms.

Emily Dickinson

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Bashful—sip thy Jessamines—
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Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums—
Counts his nectars—
Enters—and is lost in Balms.

Emily Dickinson

Conjecturing a Climate

562

Conjecturing a Climate
Of unsuspended Suns—
Adds poignancy to Winter—
The Shivering Fancy turns

To a fictitious Country
To palliate a Cold—
Not obviated of Degree—
Nor erased—of Latitude—

Emily Dickinson

Conscious am I in my Chamber

679

Conscious am I in my Chamber,
Of a shapeless friend—
He doth not attest by Posture—
Nor Confirm—by Word—

Neither Place—need I present Him—
Fitter Courtesy
Hospitable intuition
Of His Company—

Presence—is His furthest license—
Neither He to Me
Nor Myself to Him—by Accent—
Forfeit Probity—

Weariness of Him, were quainter
Than Monotony
Knew a Particle—of Space's
Vast Society

Neither if He visit Other—
Do He dwell—or Nay—know I—
But Instinct esteem Him
Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

Could I but ride indefinite

661

Could I but ride indefinite
As doth the Meadow Bee
And visit only where I liked
And No one visit me

And flirt all Day with Buttercups
And marry whom I may
And dwell a little everywhere
Or better, run away

With no Police to follow
Or chase Him if He do
Till He should jump Peninsulas
To get away from me—

I said "But just to be a Bee"
Upon a Raft of Air
And row in Nowhere all Day long
And anchor "off the Bar"

What Liberty! So Captives deem
Who tight in Dungeons are.

Emily Dickinson

Could I—then—shut the door

220

Could I—then—shut the door—
Lest my beseeching face—at last—
Rejected—be—of Her?

Emily Dickinson

Could I—then—shut the door

220

Could I—then—shut the door—
Lest my beseeching face—at last—
Rejected—be—of Her?

Emily Dickinson

Could live—did live

43

Could live—did live—
Could die—did die—
Could smile upon the whole
Through faith in one he met not,
To introduce his soul.

Could go from scene familiar
To an untraversed spot—
Could contemplate the journey
With unpuzzled heart—

Such trust had one among us,
Among us not today—
We who saw the launching
Never sailed the Bay!

Emily Dickinson

Could live—did live

43

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Could die—did die—
Could smile upon the whole
Through faith in one he met not,
To introduce his soul.

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To an untraversed spot—
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With unpuzzled heart—

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Among us not today—
We who saw the launching
Never sailed the Bay!

Emily Dickinson

Could—I do more—for Thee

447

Could—I do more—for Thee—
Wert Thou a Bumble Bee—
Since for the Queen, have I—
Nought but Bouquet?

Emily Dickinson

Could—I do more—for Thee

447

Could—I do more—for Thee—
Wert Thou a Bumble Bee—
Since for the Queen, have I—
Nought but Bouquet?

Emily Dickinson

Crisis is a Hair

889

Crisis is a Hair
Toward which the forces creep
Past which forces retrograde
If it come in sleep

To suspend the Breath
Is the most we can
Ignorant is it Life or Death
Nicely balancing.

Let an instant push
Or an Atom press
Or a Circle hesitate
In Circumference

It—may jolt the Hand
That adjusts the Hair
That secures Eternity
From presenting—Here—

Emily Dickinson

Crumbling is not an instant's Act

997

Crumbling is not an instant's Act
A fundamental pause
Dilapidation's processes
Are organized Decays.

'Tis first a Cobweb on the Soul
A Cuticle of Dust
A Borer in the Axis
An Elemental Rust—

Ruin is formal—Devil's work
Consecutive and slow—
Fail in an instant, no man did
Slipping—is Crash's law.

Emily Dickinson

Dare you see a Soul at the White Heat?

365

Dare you see a Soul at the White Heat?
Then crouch within the door—
Red—is the Fire's common tint—
But when the vivid Ore
Has vanquished Flame's conditions,
It quivers from the Forge
Without a color, but the light
Of unanointed Blaze.
Least Village has its Blacksmith
Whose Anvil's even ring
Stands symbol for the finer Forge
That soundless tugs—within—
Refining these impatient Ores
With Hammer, and with Blaze
Until the Designated Light
Repudiate the Forge—

Emily Dickinson

Death is a Dialogue between

976

Death is a Dialogue between
The Spirit and the Dust.
"Dissolve" says Death—The Spirit "Sir
I have another Trust"—

Death doubts it—Argues from the Ground—
The Spirit turns away
Just laying off for evidence
An Overcoat of Clay.

Emily Dickinson

Death is potential to that Man

548

Death is potential to that Man
Who dies—and to his friend—
Beyond that—unconspicuous
To Anyone but God—

Of these Two—God remembers
The longest—for the friend—
Is integral—and therefore
Itself dissolved—of God—

Emily Dickinson

Death leaves Us homesick, who behind

935

Death leaves Us homesick, who behind,
Except that it is gone
Are ignorant of its Concern
As if it were not born.

Through all their former Places, we
Like Individuals go
Who something lost, the seeking for
Is all that's left them, now—

Emily Dickinson

Death sets a thing of signigicant

Death sets a thing significant
The eye had hurried by,
Except a perished creature
Entreat us tenderly

To ponder little workmanships
In crayon or in wool,
With 'This was last her fingers did,'
Industrious until

The thimble weighed too heavy,
The stitches stopped themselves,
And then 't was put among the dust
Upon the closet shelves.

A book I have, a friend gave,
Whose pencil, here and there,
Had notched the place that pleased him,--
At rest his fingers are.

Now, when I read, I read not,
For interrupting tears
Obliterate the etchings
Too costly for repairs.

Emily Dickinson

Death sets a Thing significant

360

Death sets a Thing significant
The Eye had hurried by
Except a perished Creature
Entreat us tenderly

To ponder little Workmanships
In Crayon, or in Wool,
With "This was last Her fingers did"—
Industrious until—

The Thimble weighed too heavy—
The stitches stopped—by themselves—
And then 'twas put among the Dust
Upon the Closet shelves—

A Book I have—a friend gave—
Whose Pencil—here and there—
Had notched the place that pleased Him—
At Rest—His fingers are—

Now—when I read—I read not—
For interrupting Tears—
Obliterate the Etchings
Too Costly for Repairs.

Emily Dickinson

Defrauded I a Butterfly

730

Defrauded I a Butterfly—
The lawful Heir—for Thee—

Emily Dickinson

Delayed till she had ceased to know

58

Delayed till she had ceased to know—
Delayed till in its vest of snow
Her loving bosom lay—
An hour behind the fleeting breath—
Later by just an hour than Death—
Oh lagging Yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it would be—
Could but a crier of the joy
Have climbed the distant hill—
Had not the bliss so slow a pace
Who knows but this surrendered face
Were undefeated still?

Oh if there may departing be
Any forgot by Victory
In her imperial round—
Show them this meek appareled thing
That could not stop to be a king—
Doubtful if it be crowned!

Emily Dickinson

Delight becomes pictorial

Delight becomes pictorial
When viewed through pain,--
More fair, because impossible
That any gain.

The mountaln at a given distance
In amber lies;
Approached, the amber flits a little,--
And that's the skies!

Emily Dickinson

Delight is as the flight

257

Delight is as the flight—
Or in the Ratio of it,
As the Schools would say—
The Rainbow's way—
A Skein
Flung colored, after Rain,
Would suit as bright,
Except that flight
Were Aliment—

"If it would last"
I asked the East,
When that Bent Stripe
Struck up my childish
Firmament—
And I, for glee,
Took Rainbows, as the common way,
And empty Skies
The Eccentricity—

And so with Lives—
And so with Butterflies—
Seen magic—through the fright
That they will cheat the sight—
And Dower latitudes far on—
Some sudden morn—
Our portion—in the fashion—
Done—

Emily Dickinson

Delight—becomes pictorial

572

Delight—becomes pictorial—
When viewed through Pain—
More fair—because impossible
Than any gain—

The Mountain—at a given distance—
In Amber—lies—
Approached—the Amber flits—a little—
And That's—the Skies—

Emily Dickinson

Denial—is the only fact

965

Denial—is the only fact
Perceived by the Denied—
Whose Will—a numb significance—
The Day the Heaven died—

And all the Earth strove common round—
Without Delight, or Beam—
What Comfort was it Wisdom—was—
The spoiler of Our Home?

Emily Dickinson

Denial—is the only fact

965

Denial—is the only fact
Perceived by the Denied—
Whose Will—a numb significance—
The Day the Heaven died—

And all the Earth strove common round—
Without Delight, or Beam—
What Comfort was it Wisdom—was—
The spoiler of Our Home?

Emily Dickinson

Departed to the judgment,

Departed to the judgment,
A mighty afternoon;
Great clouds like ushers leaning,
Creation looking on.

The flesh surrendered, cancelled
The bodiless begun;
Two worlds, like audiences, disperse
And leave the soul alone.

Emily Dickinson

Departed—to the Judgment

524

Departed—to the Judgment—
A Mighty Afternoon—
Great Clouds—like Ushers—learning—
Creation—looking on—

The Flesh—Surrendered—Cancelled—
The Bodiless—begun—
Two Worlds—like Audiences—disperse—
And leave the Soul—alone—

Emily Dickinson

Deprived of other Banquet

773

Deprived of other Banquet,
I entertained Myself—
At first—a scant nutrition—
An insufficient Loaf—

But grown by slender addings
To so esteemed a size
'Tis sumptuous enough for me—
And almost to suffice

A Robin's famine able—
Red Pilgrim, He and I—
A Berry from our table
Reserve—for charity—

Emily Dickinson

Despair's advantage is achieved

799

Despair's advantage is achieved
By suffering—Despair—
To be assisted of Reverse
One must Reverse have bore—

The Worthiness of Suffering like
The Worthiness of Death
Is ascertained by tasting—

As can no other Mouth

Of Savors—make us conscious—
As did ourselves partake—
Affliction feels impalpable
Until Ourselves are struck—

Emily Dickinson

Did Our Best Moment last

393

Did Our Best Moment last—
'Twould supersede the Heaven—
A few—and they by Risk—procure—
So this Sort—are not given—

Except as stimulants—in
Cases of Despair—
Or Stupor—The Reserve—
These Heavenly Moments are—

A Grant of the Divine—
That Certain as it Comes—
Withdraws—and leaves the dazzled Soul
In her unfurnished Rooms

Emily Dickinson

Did the Harebell loose her girdle

213

Did the Harebell loose her girdle
To the lover Bee
Would the Bee the Harebell hallow
Much as formerly?

Did the "Paradise"—persuaded—
Yield her moat of pearl—
Would the Eden be an Eden,
Or the Earl—an Earl?

Emily Dickinson

Did we disobey Him?

267

Did we disobey Him?
Just one time!
Charged us to forget Him—
But we couldn't learn!

Were Himself—such a Dunce—
What would we—do?
Love the dull lad—best—
Oh, wouldn't you?

Emily Dickinson

Did you ever stand in a Cavern's Mouth

590

Did you ever stand in a Cavern's Mouth—
Widths out of the Sun—
And look—and shudder, and block your breath—
And deem to be alone

In such a place, what horror,
How Goblin it would be—
And fly, as 'twere pursuing you?
Then Loneliness—looks so—

Did you ever look in a Cannon's face—
Between whose Yellow eye—
And yours—the Judgment intervened—
The Question of "To die"—

Extemporizing in your ear
As cool as Satyr's Drums—
If you remember, and were saved—
It's liker so—it seems—

Emily Dickinson

Distrustful of the Gentian

20

Distrustful of the Gentian—
And just to turn away,
The fluttering of her fringes
Child my perfidy—
Weary for my—————
I will singing go—
I shall not feel the sleet—then—
I shall not fear the snow.

Flees so the phantom meadow
Before the breathless Bee—
So bubble brooks in deserts
On Ears that dying lie—
Burn so the Evening Spires
To Eyes that Closing go—
Hangs so distant Heaven—
To a hand below.

Emily Dickinson

Do People moulder equally

432

Do People moulder equally,
They bury, in the Grave?
I do believe a Species
As positively live

As I, who testify it
Deny that I—am dead—
And fill my Lungs, for Witness—
From Tanks—above my Head—

I say to you, said Jesus—
That there be standing here—
A Sort, that shall not taste of Death—
If Jesus was sincere—

I need no further Argue—
That statement of the Lord
Is not a controvertible—
He told me, Death was dead—

Emily Dickinson

Don't put up my Thread and Needle

617

Don't put up my Thread and Needle—
I'll begin to Sew
When the Birds begin to whistle—
Better Stitches—so—

These were bent—my sight got crooked—
When my mind—is plain
I'll do seams—a Queen's endeavor
Would not blush to own—

Hems—too fine for Lady's tracing
To the sightless Knot—
Tucks—of dainty interspersion—
Like a dotted Dot—

Leave my Needle in the furrow—
Where I put it down—
I can make the zigzag stitches
Straight—when I am strong—

Till then—dreaming I am sewing
Fetch the seam I missed—
Closer—so I—at my sleeping—
Still surmise I stitch—

Emily Dickinson

Doom is the House without the Door

475

Doom is the House without the Door—
'Tis entered from the Sun—
And then the Ladder's thrown away,
Because Escape—is done—

'Tis varied by the Dream
Of what they do outside—
Where Squirrels play—and Berries die—
And Hemlocks—bow—to God—

Emily Dickinson

Doubt Me! My Dim Companion!

275

Doubt Me! My Dim Companion!
Why, God, would be content
With but a fraction of the Life—
Poured thee, without a stint—
The whole of me—forever—
What more the Woman can,
Say quick, that I may dower thee
With last Delight I own!

It cannot be my Spirit—
For that was thine, before—
I ceded all of Dust I knew—
What Opulence the more
Had I—a freckled Maiden,
Whose farthest of Degree,
Was—that she might—
Some distant Heaven,
Dwell timidly, with thee!

Sift her, from Brow to Barefoot!
Strain till your last Surmise—
Drop, like a Tapestry, away,
Before the Fire's Eyes—
Winnow her finest fondness—
But hallow just the snow
Intact, in Everlasting flake—
Oh, Caviler, for you!

Emily Dickinson

Drab Habitation of Whom?

893

Drab Habitation of Whom?
Tabernacle or Tomb—
Or Dome of Worm—
Or Porch of Gnome—
Or some Elf's Catacomb?

Emily Dickinson

Drama's Vitallest Expression is the Common Day

741

Drama's Vitallest Expression is the Common Day
That arise and set about Us—
Other Tragedy

Perish in the Recitation—
This—the best enact
When the Audience is scattered
And the Boxes shut—

"Hamlet" to Himself were Hamlet—
Had not Shakespeare wrote—
Though the "Romeo" left no Record
Of his Juliet,

It were infinite enacted
In the Human Heart—
Only Theatre recorded
Owner cannot shut—

Emily Dickinson

Dreams—are well—but Waking's better

450

Dreams—are well—but Waking's better,
If One wake at morn—
If One wake at Midnight—better—
Dreaming—of the Dawn—

Sweeter—the Surmising Robins—
Never gladdened Tree—
Than a Solid Dawn—confronting—
Leading to no Day—

Emily Dickinson

Dreams—are well—but Waking's better

450

Dreams—are well—but Waking's better,
If One wake at morn—
If One wake at Midnight—better—
Dreaming—of the Dawn—

Sweeter—the Surmising Robins—
Never gladdened Tree—
Than a Solid Dawn—confronting—
Leading to no Day—

Emily Dickinson

Dropped into the Ether Acre

665

Dropped into the Ether Acre—
Wearing the Sod Gown—
Bonnet of Everlasting Laces—
Brooch—frozen on—

Horses of Blonde—and Coach of Silver—
Baggage a strapped Pearl—
Journey of Down—and Whip of Diamond—
Riding to meet the Earl—

Emily Dickinson

Dust is the only Secret

153

Dust is the only Secret—
Death, the only One
You cannot find out all about
In his "native town."

Nobody know "his Father"—
Never was a Boy—
Hadn't any playmates,
Or "Early history"—

Industrious! Laconic!
Punctual! Sedate!
Bold as a Brigand!
Stiller than a Fleet!

Builds, like a Bird, too!
Christ robs the Nest—
Robin after Robin
Smuggled to Rest!

Emily Dickinson

Dying (I heard a fly buzz when I died)

I heard a fly buzz when I died;
The stillness round my form
Was like the stillness in the air
Between the heaves of storm.
The eyes beside had wrung them dry,
And breaths were gathering sure
For that last onset, when the king
Be witnessed in his power.
I willed my keepsakes, signed away
What portion of me I
Could make assignable, -- and then
There interposed a fly,

With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,
Between the light and me;
And then the windows failed, and then
I could not see to see.

Emily Dickinson

Dying! Dying in the night!

158

Dying! Dying in the night!
Won't somebody bring the light
So I can see which way to go
Into the everlasting snow?

And "Jesus"! Where is Jesus gone?
They said that Jesus—always came—
Perhaps he doesn't know the House—
This way, Jesus, Let him pass!

Somebody run to the great gate
And see if Dollie's coming! Wait!
I hear her feet upon the stair!
Death won't hurt—now Dollie's here!

Emily Dickinson

Dying! To be afraid of thee

831

Dying! To be afraid of thee
One must to thine Artillery
Have left exposed a Friend—
Than thine old Arrow is a Shot
Delivered straighter to the Heart
The leaving Love behind.

Not for itself, the Dust is shy,
But, enemy, Beloved be
Thy Batteries divorce.
Fight sternly in a Dying eye
Two Armies, Love and Certainty
And Love and the Reverse.

Emily Dickinson

Each life converges to some centre

Each life converges to some centre
Expressed or still;
Exists in every human nature
A goal,

Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be,
Too fair
For credibility's temerity
To dare.

Adored with caution, as a brittle heaven,
To reach
Were hopeless as the rainbow's raiment
To touch,

Yet persevered toward, surer for the distance;
How high
Unto the saints' slow diligence
The sky!

Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,
But then,
Eternity enables the endeavoring
Again.

Emily Dickinson

Each Scar I'll keep for Him

877

Each Scar I'll keep for Him
Instead I'll say of Gem
In His long Absence worn
A Costlier one

But every Tear I bore
Were He to count them o'er
His own would fall so more
I'll mis sum them.

Emily Dickinson

Each Second is the last

879

Each Second is the last
Perhaps, recalls the Man
Just measuring unconsciousness
The Sea and Spar between.

To fail within a Chance—
How terribler a thing
Than perish from the Chance's list
Before the Perishing!

Emily Dickinson

Elysium is as far as to

Elysium is as far as to
The very nearest Room
If in that Room a Friend await
Felicity or Doom--

What fortitude the Soul contains
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming Foot--
The opening of a Door--

Emily Dickinson

Embarrassment of one another

662

Embarrassment of one another
And God
Is Revelation's limit,
Aloud
Is nothing that is chief,
But still,
Divinity dwells under a seal.

Emily Dickinson

Empty my Heart, of Thee

587

Empty my Heart, of Thee—
Its single Artery—
Begin, and leave Thee out—
Simply Extinction's Date—

Much Billow hath the Sea—
One Baltic—They—
Subtract Thyself, in play,
And not enough of me
Is left—to put away—
"Myself" meanth Thee—

Erase the Root—no Tree—
Thee—then—no me—
The Heavens stripped—
Eternity's vast pocket, picked—

Emily Dickinson

Endow the Living—with the Tears

521

Endow the Living—with the Tears—
You squander on the Dead,
And They were Men and Women—now,
Around Your Fireside—

Instead of Passive Creatures,
Denied the Cherishing
Till They—the Cherishing deny—
With Death's Ethereal Scron—

Emily Dickinson

Endow the Living—with the Tears

521

Endow the Living—with the Tears—
You squander on the Dead,
And They were Men and Women—now,
Around Your Fireside—

Instead of Passive Creatures,
Denied the Cherishing
Till They—the Cherishing deny—
With Death's Ethereal Scron—

Emily Dickinson

Escaping backward to perceive

867

Escaping backward to perceive
The Sea upon our place—
Escaping forward, to confront
His glittering Embrace—

Retreating up, a Billow's height
Retreating blinded down
Our undermining feet to meet
Instructs to the Divine.

Emily Dickinson

Essential Oils—are wrung

675

Essential Oils—are wrung—
The Attar from the Rose
Be not expressed by Suns—alone—
It is the gift of Screws—

The General Rose—decay—
But this—in Lady's Drawer
Make Summer—When the Lady lie
In Ceaseless Rosemary—

Emily Dickinson

Essential Oils—are wrung

675

Essential Oils—are wrung—
The Attar from the Rose
Be not expressed by Suns—alone—
It is the gift of Screws—

The General Rose—decay—
But this—in Lady's Drawer
Make Summer—When the Lady lie
In Ceaseless Rosemary—

Emily Dickinson

Except the Heaven had come so near

472

Except the Heaven had come so near—
So seemed to choose My Door—
The Distance would not haunt me so—
I had not hoped—before—

But just to hear the Grace depart—
I never thought to see—
Afflicts me with a Double loss—
'Tis lost—and lost to me—

Emily Dickinson

Except to Heaven, she is nought

154

Except to Heaven, she is nought.
Except for Angels—lone.
Except to some wide-wandering Bee
A flower superfluous blown.

Except for winds—provincial.
Except by Butterflies
Unnoticed as a single dew
That on the Acre lies.

The smallest Housewife in the grass,
Yet take her from the Lawn
And somebody has lost the face
That made Existence—Home!

Emily Dickinson

Exclusion (The soul selects her own society)

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.
Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.
I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.

Emily Dickinson

Exhilaration—is within

383

Exhilaration—is within—
There can no Outer Wine
So royally intoxicate
As that diviner Brand

The Soul achieves—Herself—
To drink—or set away
For Visitor—Or Sacrament—
'Tis not of Holiday

To stimulate a Man
Who hath the Ample Rhine
Within his Closet—Best you can
Exhale in offering.

Emily Dickinson

Exhilaration—is within

383

Exhilaration—is within—
There can no Outer Wine
So royally intoxicate
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To drink—or set away
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Who hath the Ample Rhine
Within his Closet—Best you can
Exhale in offering.

Emily Dickinson

Expectation—is Contentment

807

Expectation—is Contentment—
Gain—Satiety—
But Satiety—Conviction
Of Necessity

Of an Austere trait in Pleasure—
Good, without alarm
Is a too established Fortune—
Danger—deepens Sum—

Emily Dickinson

Expectation—is Contentment

807

Expectation—is Contentment—
Gain—Satiety—
But Satiety—Conviction
Of Necessity

Of an Austere trait in Pleasure—
Good, without alarm
Is a too established Fortune—
Danger—deepens Sum—

Emily Dickinson

Experience is the Angled Road

910

Experience is the Angled Road
Preferred against the Mind
By—Paradox—the Mind itself—
Presuming it to lead

Quite Opposite—How Complicate
The Discipline of Man—
Compelling Him to Choose Himself
His Preappointed Pain—

Emily Dickinson

Exultation is the going

76

Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea,
Past the houses—past the headlands—
Into deep Eternity—

Bred as we, among the mountains,
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
Of the first league out from land?

Emily Dickinson

Fairer through Fading—as the Day

938

Fairer through Fading—as the Day
Into the Darkness dips away—
Half Her Complexion of the Sun—
Hindering—Haunting—Perishing—

Rallies Her Glow, like a dying Friend—
Teasing with glittering Amend—
Only to aggravate the Dark
Through an expiring—perfect—look—

Emily Dickinson

Fairer through Fading—as the Day

938

Fairer through Fading—as the Day
Into the Darkness dips away—
Half Her Complexion of the Sun—
Hindering—Haunting—Perishing—

Rallies Her Glow, like a dying Friend—
Teasing with glittering Amend—
Only to aggravate the Dark
Through an expiring—perfect—look—

Emily Dickinson

Faith

"Faith" is a fine invention
When Gentlemen can see—
But Microscopes are prudent
In an Emergency.

Emily Dickinson

Faith—is the Pierless Bridge

915

Faith—is the Pierless Bridge
Supporting what We see
Unto the Scene that We do not—
Too slender for the eye

It bears the Soul as bold
As it were rocked in Steel
With Arms of Steel at either side—
It joins—behind the Veil

To what, could We presume
The Bridge would cease to be
To Our far, vacillating Feet
A first Necessity.

Emily Dickinson

Faith—is the Pierless Bridge

915

Faith—is the Pierless Bridge
Supporting what We see
Unto the Scene that We do not—
Too slender for the eye

It bears the Soul as bold
As it were rocked in Steel
With Arms of Steel at either side—
It joins—behind the Veil

To what, could We presume
The Bridge would cease to be
To Our far, vacillating Feet
A first Necessity.

Emily Dickinson

Fame is a bee

1763

Fame is a bee.
It has a song—
It has a sting—
Ah, too, it has a wing.

Emily Dickinson

Fame is a fickle food

1659

Fame is a fickle food
Upon a shifting plate
Whose table once a
Guest but not
The second time is set.

Whose crumbs the crows inspect
And with ironic caw
Flap past it to the
Farmer's Corn—
Men eat of it and die.

Emily Dickinson

Fame is a fickle food (1659)

Fame is a fickle food
Upon a shifting plate
Whose table once a
Guest but not
The second time is set.

Whose crumbs the crows inspect
And with ironic caw
Flap past it to the Farmer's Corn--
Men eat of it and die.

Emily Dickinson

Fame is the tine that Scholars leave

866

Fame is the tine that Scholars leave
Upon their Setting Names—
The Iris not of Occident
That disappears as comes—

Emily Dickinson

Fame of Myself, to justify

713

Fame of Myself, to justify,
All other Plaudit be
Superfluous—An Incense
Beyond Necessity—

Fame of Myself to lack—Although
My Name be else Supreme—
This were an Honor honorless—
A futile Diadem—

Emily Dickinson

Finding is the first Act

870

Finding is the first Act
The second, loss,
Third, Expedition for
The "Golden Fleece"

Fourth, no Discovery—
Fifth, no Crew—
Finally, no Golden Fleece—
Jason—sham—too.

Emily Dickinson

Finite—to fail, but infinite to Venture

847

Finite—to fail, but infinite to Venture—
For the one ship that struts the shore
Many's the gallant—overwhelmed Creature
Nodding in Navies nevermore—

Emily Dickinson

Finite—to fail, but infinite to Venture

847

Finite—to fail, but infinite to Venture—
For the one ship that struts the shore
Many's the gallant—overwhelmed Creature
Nodding in Navies nevermore—

Emily Dickinson

First Robin

I dreaded that first robin so,
But he is mastered now,
And I'm accustomed to him grown,--
He hurts a little, though.

I thought if I could only live
Till that first shout got by,
Not all pianos in the woods
Had power to mangle me.

I dared not meet the daffodils,
For fear their yellow gown
Would pierce me with a fashion
So foreign to my own.

I wished the grass would hurry,
So when 't was time to see,
He'd be too tall, the tallest one
Could stretch to look at me.

I could not bear the bees should come,
I wished they'd stay away
In those dim countries where they go:
What word had they for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed,
No blossom stayed away
In gentle deference to me,
The Queen of Calvary.

Each one salutes me as he goes,
And I my childish plumes
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment
Of their unthinking drums.

Emily Dickinson

Fitter to see Him, I may be

968

Fitter to see Him, I may be
For the long Hindrance—Grace—to Me—
With Summers, and with Winters, grow,
Some passing Year—A trait bestow

To make Me fairest of the Earth—
The Waiting—then—will seem so worth
I shall impute with half a pain
The blame that I was chosen—then—

Time to anticipate His Gaze—
It's first—Delight—and then—Surprise—
The turning o'er and o'er my face
For Evidence it be the Grace—

He left behind One Day—So less
He seek Conviction, That—be This—

I only must not grow so new
That He'll mistake—and ask for me
Of me—when first unto the Door
I go—to Elsewhere go no more—

I only must not change so fair
He'll sigh—"The Other—She—is Where?"
The Love, tho', will array me right
I shall be perfect—in His sight—

If He perceive the other Truth—
Upon an Excellenter Youth—

How sweet I shall not lack in Vain—
But gain—thro' loss—Through Grief—obtain—
The Beauty that reward Him best—
The Beauty of Demand—at Rest—

Emily Dickinson

Flowers—Well—if anybody

137

Flowers—Well—if anybody
Can the ecstasy define—
Half a transport—half a trouble—
With which flowers humble men:
Anybody find the fountain
From which floods so contra flow—
I will give him all the Daisies
Which upon the hillside blow.

Too much pathos in their faces
For a simple breast like mine—
Butterflies from St. Domingo
Cruising round the purple line—
Have a system of aesthetics—
Far superior to mine.

Emily Dickinson

Flowers—Well—if anybody

137

Flowers—Well—if anybody
Can the ecstasy define—
Half a transport—half a trouble—
With which flowers humble men:
Anybody find the fountain
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Emily Dickinson

For Death—or rather

382

For Death—or rather
For the Things 'twould buy—
This—put away
Life's Opportunity—

The Things that Death will buy
Are Room—
Escape from Circumstances—
And a Name—

With Gifts of Life
How Death's Gifts may compare—
We know not—
For the Rates—lie Here—

Emily Dickinson

For Death—or rather

382

For Death—or rather
For the Things 'twould buy—
This—put away
Life's Opportunity—

The Things that Death will buy
Are Room—
Escape from Circumstances—
And a Name—

With Gifts of Life
How Death's Gifts may compare—
We know not—
For the Rates—lie Here—

Emily Dickinson

For each ecstatic instant

For each ecstatic instant
We must an anguish pay
In keen and quivering ratio
To the ectasty.

For each beloved hour
Sharp pittances of years,
Bitter contested farthings
And coffers heaped with tears.

Emily Dickinson

For every Bird a Nest

143

For every Bird a Nest—
Wherefore in timid quest
Some little Wren goes seeking round—

Wherefore when boughs are free—
Households in every tree—
Pilgrim be found?

Perhaps a home too high—
Ah Aristocracy!
The little Wren desires—

Perhaps of twig so fine—
Of twine e'en superfine,
Her pride aspires—

The Lark is not ashamed
To build upon the ground
Her modest house—

Yet who of all the throng
Dancing around the sun
Does so rejoice?

Emily Dickinson

For largest Woman's Hearth I knew

309

For largest Woman's Hearth I knew—
'Tis little I can do—
And yet the largest Woman's Heart
Could hold an Arrow—too—
And so, instructed by my own,
I tenderer, turn Me to.

Emily Dickinson

For this—accepted Breath

195

For this—accepted Breath—
Through it—compete with Death—
The fellow cannot touch this Crown—
By it—my title take—
Ah, what a royal sake
To my necessity—stooped down!

No Wilderness—can be
Where this attendeth me—
No Desert Noon—
No fear of frost to come
Haunt the perennial bloom—
But Certain June!

Get Gabriel—to tell—the royal syllable—
Get Saints—with new—unsteady tongue—
To say what trance below
Most like their glory show—
Fittest the Crown!

Emily Dickinson

For this—accepted Breath

195

For this—accepted Breath—
Through it—compete with Death—
The fellow cannot touch this Crown—
By it—my title take—
Ah, what a royal sake
To my necessity—stooped down!

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But Certain June!

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Get Saints—with new—unsteady tongue—
To say what trance below
Most like their glory show—
Fittest the Crown!

Emily Dickinson

Forever at His side to walk

246

Forever at His side to walk—
The smaller of the two!
Brain of His Brain—
Blood of His Blood—
Two lives—One Being—now—

Forever of His fate to taste—
If grief—the largest part—
If joy—to put my piece away
For that beloved Heart—

All life—to know each other—
Whom we can never learn—
And bye and bye—a Change—
Called Heaven—
Rapt Neighborhoods of Men—
Just finding out—what puzzled us—
Without the lexicon!

Emily Dickinson

Forever—it composed of Nows

624

Forever—it composed of Nows—
'Tis not a different time—
Except for Infiniteness—
And Latitude of Home—

From this—experienced Here—
Remove the Dates—to These—
Let Months dissolve in further Months—
And Years—exhale in Years—

Without Debate—or Pause—
Or Celebrated Days—
No different Our Years would be
From Anno Domini's—

Emily Dickinson

Forever—it composed of Nows

624

Forever—it composed of Nows—
'Tis not a different time—
Except for Infiniteness—
And Latitude of Home—

From this—experienced Here—
Remove the Dates—to These—
Let Months dissolve in further Months—
And Years—exhale in Years—

Without Debate—or Pause—
Or Celebrated Days—
No different Our Years would be
From Anno Domini's—

Emily Dickinson

Forget! The lady with the Amulet

438

Forget! The lady with the Amulet
Forget she wore it at her Heart
Because she breathed against
Was Treason twixt?

Deny! Did Rose her Bee—
For Privilege of Play
Or Wile of Butterfly
Or Opportunity—Her Lord away?

The lady with the Amulet—will face—
The Bee—in Mausoleum laid—
Discard his Bride—
But longer than the little Rill—
That cooled the Forehead of the Hill—
While Other—went the Sea to fill—
And Other—went to turn the Mill—
I'll do thy Will—

Emily Dickinson

Four Trees—upon a solitary Acre

742

Four Trees—upon a solitary Acre—
Without Design
Or Order, or Apparent Action—
Maintain—

The Sun—upon a Morning meets them—
The Wind—
No nearer Neighbor—have they—
But God—

The Acre gives them—Place—
They—Him—Attention of Passer by—
Of Shadow, or of Squirrel, haply—
Or Boy—

What Deed is Theirs unto the General Nature—
What Plan
They severally—retard—or further—
Unknown—

Emily Dickinson

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They severally—retard—or further—
Unknown—

Emily Dickinson

Frequently the wood are pink

6

Frequently the wood are pink—
Frequently are brown.
Frequently the hills undress
Behind my native town.
Oft a head is crested
I was wont to see—
And as oft a cranny
Where it used to be—
And the Earth— they tell me—
On its Axis turned!
Wonderful Rotation!
By but twelve performed!

Emily Dickinson

From Blank to Blank

761

From Blank to Blank—
A Threadless Way
I pushed Mechanic feet—
To stop—or perish—or advance—
Alike indifferent—

If end I gained
It ends beyond
Indefinite disclosed—
I shut my eyes—and groped as well
'Twas lighter—to be Blind—

Emily Dickinson

From Cocoon forth a Butterfly

354

From Cocoon forth a Butterfly
As Lady from her Door
Emerged—a Summer Afternoon—
Repairing Everywhere—

Without Design—that I could trace
Except to stray abroad
On Miscellaneous Enterprise
The Clovers—understood—

Her pretty Parasol be seen
Contracting in a Field
Where Men made Hay—
Then struggling hard
With an opposing Cloud—

Where Parties—Phantom as Herself—
To Nowhere—seemed to go
In purposeless Circumference—
As 'twere a Tropic Show—

And notwithstanding Bee—that worked—
And Flower—that zealous blew—
This Audience of Idleness
Disdained them, from the Sky—

Till Sundown crept—a steady Tide—
And Men that made the Hay—
And Afternoon—and Butterfly—
Extinguished—in the Sea—

Emily Dickinson

From Us She wandered now a Year

890

From Us She wandered now a Year,
Her tarrying, unknown,
If Wilderness prevent her feet
Or that Ethereal Zone

No eye hath seen and lived
We ignorant must be—
We only know what time of Year
We took the Mystery.

Emily Dickinson

Funny—to be a Century

345

Funny—to be a Century—
And see the People—going by—
I—should die of the Oddity—
But then—I'm not so staid—as He—

He keeps His Secrets safely—very—
Were He to tell—extremely sorry
This Bashful Globe of Ours would be—
So dainty of Publicity—

Emily Dickinson

Funny—to be a Century

345

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Emily Dickinson

Further in Summer than the Birds

1068

Further in Summer than the Birds
Pathetic from the Grass
A minor Nation celebrates
Its unobtrusive Mass.

No Ordinance be seen
So gradual the Grace
A pensive Custom it becomes
Enlarging Loneliness.

Antiquest felt at Noon
When August burning low
Arise this spectral Canticle
Repose to typify

Remit as yet no Grace
No Furrow on the Glow
Yet a Druidic Difference
Enhances Nature now

Emily Dickinson

Garland for Queens, may be

34

Garland for Queens, may be—
Laurels—for rare degree
Of soul or sword.
Ah—but remembering me—
Ah—but remembering thee—
Nature in chivalry—
Nature in charity—
Nature in equity—
This Rose ordained!

Emily Dickinson

Give little Anguish

310

Give little Anguish—
Lives will fret—
Give Avalanches—
And they'll slant—
Straighten—look cautious for their Breath—
But make no syllable—like Death—
Who only shows the Marble Disc—
Sublimer sort—than Speech—

Emily Dickinson

Given in Marriage unto Thee

817

Given in Marriage unto Thee
Oh thou Celestial Host—
Bride of the Father and the Son
Bride of the Holy Ghost.

Other Betrothal shall dissolve—
Wedlock of Will, decay—
Only the Keeper of this Ring
Conquer Mortality—

Emily Dickinson

Glee—The great storm is over

619

Glee—The great storm is over—
Four—have recovered the Land—
Forty—gone down together—
Into the boiling Sand—

Ring—for the Scant Salvation—
Toll—for the bonnie Souls—
Neighbor—and friend—and Bridegroom—
Spinning upon the Shoals—

How they will tell the Story—
When Winter shake the Door—
Till the Children urge—
But the Forty—
Did they—come back no more?

Then a softness—suffuse the Story—
And a silence—the Teller's eye—
And the Children—no further question—
And only the Sea—reply—

Emily Dickinson

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And the Children—no further question—
And only the Sea—reply—

Emily Dickinson

Glowing is her Bonnet

72

Glowing is her Bonnet,
Glowing is her Cheek,
Glowing is her Kirtle,
Yet she cannot speak.

Better as the Daisy
From the Summer hill
Vanish unrecorded
Save by tearful rill—

Save by loving sunrise
Looking for her face.
Save by feet unnumbered
Pausing at the place.

Emily Dickinson

God gave a loaf to every bird

God gave a loaf to every bird,
But just a crumb to me;
I dare not eat it, though I starve,--
My poignant luxury
To own it, touch it, prove the feat
That made the pellet mine,--
Too happy in my sparrow chance
For ampler coveting.

It might be famine all around,
I could not miss an ear,
Such plenty smiles upon my board,
My garner shows so fair.
I wonder how the rich may feel,--
An Indiaman--an Earl?
I deem that I with but a crumb
Am sovereign of them all.

Emily Dickinson

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Am sovereign of them all.

Emily Dickinson

God is a distant—stately Lover

357

God is a distant—stately Lover—
Woos, as He states us—by His Son—
Verily, a Vicarious Courtship—
"Miles", and "Priscilla", were such an One—

But, lest the Soul—like fair "Priscilla"
Choose the Envoy—and spurn the Groom—
Vouches, with hyperbolic archness—
"Miles", and "John Alden" were Synonym—

Emily Dickinson

God is a distant—stately Lover

357

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Emily Dickinson

God made a little Gentian

442

God made a little Gentian—
It tried—to be a Rose—
And failed—and all the Summer laughed—
But just before the Snows

There rose a Purple Creature—
That ravished all the Hill—
And Summer hid her Forehead—
And Mockery—was still—

The Frosts were her condition—
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North—invoke it—
Creator—Shall I—bloom?

Emily Dickinson

God made a little gentian;

God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed.
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it.
"Creator! shall I bloom?"

Emily Dickinson

God permit industrious angels

God permit industrious angels
Afternoons to play.
I met one, -- forgot my school-mates,
All, for him, straightaway.

God calls home the angels promptly
At the setting sun;
I missed mine. How dreary marbles,
After playing the Crown!

Emily Dickinson

God permits industrious Angels

231

God permits industrious Angels—
Afternoons—to play—
I met one—forgot my Schoolmates—
All—for Him—straightway—
God calls home—the Angels—promptly—
At the Setting Sun—
I missed mine—how dreary—Marbles—
After playing Crown!

Emily Dickinson

Going to Heaven!

79

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when—
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little space for me
Close to the two I lost—
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown"—
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home—

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath—
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I'm glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the might Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Emily Dickinson

Going to Him! Happy letter!

494

Going to Him! Happy letter!
Tell Him—
Tell Him the page I didn't write—
Tell Him—I only said the Syntax—
And left the Verb and the pronoun out—
Tell Him just how the fingers hurried—
Then—how they waded—slow—slow—
And then you wished you had eyes in your pages—
So you could see what moved them so—

Tell Him—it wasn't a Practised Writer—
You guessed—from the way the sentence toiled—
You could hear the Bodice tug, behind you—
As if it held but the might of a child—
You almost pitied it—you—it worked so—
Tell Him—no—you may quibble there—
For it would split His Heart, to know it—
And then you and I, were silenter.

Tell Him—Night finished—before we finished—
And the Old Clock kept neighing "Day"!
And you—got sleepy—and begged to be ended—
What could it hinder so—to say?
Tell Him—just how she sealed you—Cautious!
But—if He ask where you are hid
Until tomorrow—Happy letter!
Gesture Coquette—and shake your Head!

Emily Dickinson

Going to him! Happy letter! Tell him--

Going to him! Happy letter! Tell him--
Tell him the page I didn't write;
Tell him I only said the syntax,
And left the verb and the pronoun out.

Tell him just how the fingers hurried
Then how they waded, slow, slow, slow-
And then you wished you had eyes in your pages,
So you could see what moved them so.

'Tell him it wasn't a practised writer,
You guessed, from the way the sentence toiled;
You could hear the bodice tug, behind you,
As if it held but the might of a child;
You almost pitied it, you, it worked so.
Tell him--No, you may quibble there,
For it would split his heart to know it,
And then you and I were silenter.

'Tell him night finished before we finished
And the old clock kept neighing 'day!'
And you got sleepy and begged to be ended--
What could it hinder so, to say?
Tell him just how she sealed you, cautious
But if he ask where you are hid
Until to-morrow,--happy letter!
Gesture, coquette, and shake your head!'

Emily Dickinson

Good Morning—Midnight

425

Good Morning—Midnight—
I'm coming Home—
Day—got tired of Me—
How could I—of Him?

Sunshine was a sweet place—
I liked to stay—
But Morn—didn't want me—now—
So—Goodnight—Day!

I can look—can't I—
When the East is Red?
The Hills—have a way—then—
That puts the Heart—abroad—

You—are not so fair—Midnight—
I chose—Day—
But—please take a little Girl—
He turned away!

Emily Dickinson

Good Morning—Midnight

425

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Day—got tired of Me—
How could I—of Him?

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I liked to stay—
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You—are not so fair—Midnight—
I chose—Day—
But—please take a little Girl—
He turned away!

Emily Dickinson

Good night! which put the candle out?

Good night! which put the candle out?
A jealous zephyr, not a doubt.
   Ah! friend, you little knew
How long at that celestial wick
The angels labored diligent;
   Extinguished, now, for you!

It might have been the lighthouse spark
Some sailor, rowing in the dark,
   Had importuned to see!
It might have been the waning lamp
That lit the drummer from the camp
   To purer reveille!

Emily Dickinson

Good night, because we must

114

Good night, because we must,
How intricate the dust!
I would go, to know!
Oh incognito!
Saucy, Saucy Seraph
To elude me so!
Father! they won't tell me,
Won't you tell them to?

Emily Dickinson

Good to hide, and hear 'em hunt!

842

Good to hide, and hear 'em hunt!
Better, to be found,
If one care to, that is,
The Fox fits the Hound—

Good to know, and not tell,
Best, to know and tell,
Can one find the rare Ear
Not too dull—

Emily Dickinson

Gratitude—is not the mention

989

Gratitude—is not the mention
Of a Tenderness,
But its still appreciation
Out of Plumb of Speech.

When the Sea return no Answer
By the Line and Lead
Proves it there's no Sea, or rather
A remoter Bed?

Emily Dickinson

Gratitude—is not the mention

989

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Of a Tenderness,
But its still appreciation
Out of Plumb of Speech.

When the Sea return no Answer
By the Line and Lead
Proves it there's no Sea, or rather
A remoter Bed?

Emily Dickinson

Great Caesar! Condescend

102

Great Caesar! Condescend
The Daisy, to receive,
Gathered by Cato's Daughter,
With your majestic leave!

Emily Dickinson

Grief is a Mouse

793

Grief is a Mouse—
And chooses Wainscot in the Breast
For His Shy House—
And baffles quest—

Grief is a Thief—quick startled—
Pricks His Ear—report to hear
Of that Vast Dark—
That swept His Being—back—

Grief is a Juggler—boldest at the Play—
Lest if He flinch—the eye that way
Pounce on His Bruises—One—say—or Three—
Grief is a Gourmand—spare His luxury—

Best Grief is Tongueless—before He'll tell—
Burn Him in the Public Square—
His Ashes—will
Possibly—if they refuse—How then know—
Since a Rack couldn't coax a syllable—now.

Emily Dickinson

Growth of Man—like Growth of Nature

750

Growth of Man—like Growth of Nature—
Gravitates within—
Atmosphere, and Sun endorse it—
Bit it stir—alone—

Each—its difficult Ideal
Must achieve—Itself—
Through the solitary prowess
Of a Silent Life—

Effort—is the sole condition—
Patience of Itself—
Patience of opposing forces—
And intact Belief—

Looking on—is the Department
Of its Audience—
But Transaction—is assisted
By no Countenance—

Emily Dickinson

Growth of Man—like Growth of Nature

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Emily Dickinson

Had I not This, or This, I said

904

Had I not This, or This, I said,
Appealing to Myself,
In moment of prosperity—
Inadequate—were Life—

"Thou hast not Me, nor Me"—it said,
In Moment of Reverse—
"And yet Thou art industrious—
No need—hadst Thou—of us"?

My need—was all I had—I said—
The need did not reduce—
Because the food—exterminate—
The hunger—does not cease—

But diligence—is sharper—
Proportioned to the Chance—
To feed upon the Retrograde—
Enfeebles—the Advance—

Emily Dickinson

Had I presumed to hope

522

Had I presumed to hope—
The loss had been to Me
A Value—for the Greatness' Sake—
As Giants—gone away—

Had I presumed to gain
A Favor so remote—
The failure but confirm the Grace
In further Infinite—

'Tis failure—not of Hope—
But Confident Despair—
Advancing on Celestial Lists—
With faint—Terrestial power—

'Tis Honor—though I die—
For That no Man obtain
Till He be justified by Death—
This—is the Second Gain—

Emily Dickinson

Have any like Myself

736

Have any like Myself
Investigating March,
New Houses on the Hill descried—
And possibly a Church—

That were not, We are sure—
As lately as the Snow—
And are Today—if We exist—
Though how may this be so?

Have any like Myself
Conjectured Who may be
The Occupants of the Adobes—
So easy to the Sky—

'Twould seem that God should be
The nearest Neighbor to—
And Heaven—a convenient Grace
For Show, or Company—

Have any like Myself
Preserved the Charm secure
By shunning carefully the Place
All Seasons of the Year,

Excepting March—'Tis then
My Villages be seen—
And possibly a Steeple—
Not afterward—by Men—

Emily Dickinson

Have you got a Brook in your little heart

136

Have you got a Brook in your little heart,
Where bashful flowers blow,
And blushing birds go down to drink,
And shadows tremble so—

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
That any brook is there,
And yet your little draught of life
Is daily drunken there—

Why, look out for the little brook in March,
When the rivers overflow,
And the snows come hurrying from the fills,
And the bridges often go—

And later, in August it may be—
When the meadows parching lie,
Beware, lest this little brook of life,
Some burning noon go dry!

Emily Dickinson

He forgot—and I—remembered

203

He forgot—and I—remembered—
'Twas an everyday affair—
Long ago as Christ and Peter—
"Warmed them" at the "Temple fire."

"Thou wert with him"—quoth "the Damsel"?
"No"—said Peter, 'twasn't me—
Jesus merely "looked" at Peter—
Could I do aught else—to Thee?

Emily Dickinson

He forgot—and I—remembered

203

He forgot—and I—remembered—
'Twas an everyday affair—
Long ago as Christ and Peter—
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Jesus merely "looked" at Peter—
Could I do aught else—to Thee?

Emily Dickinson

He fought like those Who've nought to lose

759

He fought like those Who've nought to lose—
Bestowed Himself to Balls
As One who for a further Life
Had not a further Use—

Invited Death—with bold attempt—
But Death was Coy of Him
As Other Men, were Coy of Death—
To Him—to live—was Doom—

His Comrades, shifted like the Flakes
When Gusts reverse the Snow—
But He—was left alive Because
Of Greediness to die—

Emily Dickinson

He found my Being—set it up

603

He found my Being—set it up—
Adjusted it to place—
Then carved his name—upon it—
And bade it to the East

Be faithful—in his absence—
And he would come again—
With Equipage of Amber—
That time—to take it Home—

Emily Dickinson

He found my Being—set it up

603

He found my Being—set it up—
Adjusted it to place—
Then carved his name—upon it—
And bade it to the East

Be faithful—in his absence—
And he would come again—
With Equipage of Amber—
That time—to take it Home—

Emily Dickinson

He fumbles at your Soul

315

He fumbles at your Soul
As Players at the Keys
Before they drop full Music on—
He stuns you by degrees—
Prepares your brittle Nature
For the Ethereal Blow
By fainter Hammers—further heard—
Then nearer—Then so slow
Your Breath has time to straighten—
Your Brain—to bubble Cool—
Deals—One—imperial—Thunderbolt—
That scalps your naked Soul—

When Winds take Forests in the Paws—
The Universe—is still—

Emily Dickinson

He fumbles at your spirit

He fumbles at your spirit
   As players at the keys
Before they drop full music on;
   He stuns you by degrees,

Prepares your brittle substance
   For the ethereal blow,
By fainter hammers, further heard,
   Then nearer, then so slow

Your breath has time to straighten,
   Your brain to bubble cool, --
Deals one imperial thunderbolt
   That scalps your naked soul.

Emily Dickinson

He gave away his Life

567

He gave away his Life—
To Us—Gigantic Sum—
A trifle—in his own esteem—
But magnified—by Fame—

Until it burst the Hearts
That fancied they could hold—
When swift it slipped its limit—
And on the Heavens—unrolled—

'Tis Ours—to wince—and weep—
And wonder—and decay
By Blossoms gradual process—
He chose—Maturity—

And quickening—as we sowed—
Just obviated Bud—
And when We turned to note the Growth—
Broke—perfect—from the Pod—

Emily Dickinson

He outstripped Time with but a Bout

865

He outstripped Time with but a Bout,
He outstripped Stars and Sun
And then, unjaded, challenged God
In presence of the Throne.

And He and He in mighty List
Unto this present, run,
The larger Glory for the less
A just sufficient Ring.

Emily Dickinson

He parts Himself—like Leaves

517

He parts Himself—like Leaves—
And then—He closes up—
Then stands upon the Bonnet
Of Any Buttercup—

And then He runs against
And oversets a Rose—
And then does Nothing—
Then away upon a Jib—He goes—

And dangles like a Mote
Suspended in the Noon—
Uncertain—to return Below—
Or settle in the Moon—

What come of Him—at Night—
The privilege to say
Be limited by Ignorance—
What come of Him—That Day—

The Frost—possess the World—
In Cabinets—be shown—
A Sepulchre of quaintest Floss—
An Abbey—a Cocoon—

Emily Dickinson

He parts Himself—like Leaves

517

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A Sepulchre of quaintest Floss—
An Abbey—a Cocoon—

Emily Dickinson

He put the Belt around my life

273

He put the Belt around my life
I heard the Buckle snap—
And turned away, imperial,
My Lifetime folding up—
Deliberate, as a Duke would do
A Kingdom's Title Deed—
Henceforth, a Dedicated sort—
A Member of the Cloud.

Yet not too far to come at call—
And do the little Toils
That make the Circuit of the Rest—
And deal occasional smiles
To lives that stoop to notice mine—
And kindly ask it in—
Whose invitation, know you not
For Whom I must decline?

Emily Dickinson

He strained my faith

497

He strained my faith—
Did he find it supple?
Shook my strong trust—
Did it then—yield?

Hurled my belief—
But—did he shatter—it?
Racked—with suspense—
Not a nerve failed!

Wrung me—with Anguish—
But I never doubted him—
'Tho' for what wrong
He did never say—

Stabbed—while I sued
His sweet forgiveness—
Jesus—it's your little "John"!
Don't you know—me?

Emily Dickinson

He told a homely tale

763

He told a homely tale
And spotted it with tears—
Upon his infant face was set
The Cicatrice of years—

All crumpled was the cheek
No other kiss had known
Than flake of snow, divided with
The Redbreast of the Barn—

If Mother—in the Grave—
Or Father—on the Sea—
Or Father in the Firmament—
Or Brethren, had he—

If Commonwealth below,
Or Commonwealth above
Have missed a Barefoot Citizen—
I've ransomed it—alive—

Emily Dickinson

He touched me, so I live to know

506

He touched me, so I live to know
That such a day, permitted so,
I groped upon his breast—
It was a boundless place to me
And silenced, as the awful sea
Puts minor streams to rest.

And now, I'm different from before,
As if I breathed superior air—
Or brushed a Royal Gown—
My feet, too, that had wandered so—
My Gypsy face—transfigured now—
To tenderer Renown—

Into this Port, if I might come,
Rebecca, to Jerusalem,
Would not so ravished turn—
Nor Persian, baffled at her shrine
Lift such a Crucifixial sign
To her imperial Sun.

Emily Dickinson

He was weak, and I was strong—then

190

He was weak, and I was strong—then—
So He let me lead him in—
I was weak, and He was strong then—
So I let him lead me—Home.

'Twasn't far—the door was near—
'Twasn't dark—for He went—too—
'Twasn't loud, for He said nought—
That was all I cared to know.

Day knocked—and we must part—
Neither—was strongest—now—
He strove—and I strove—too—
We didn't do it—tho'!

Emily Dickinson

He was weak, and I was strong—then

190

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Neither—was strongest—now—
He strove—and I strove—too—
We didn't do it—tho'!

Emily Dickinson

He who in Himself believes

969

He who in Himself believes—
Fraud cannot presume—
Faith is Constancy's Result—
And assumes—from Home—

Cannot perish, though it fail
Every second time—
But defaced Vicariously—
For Some Other Shame—

Emily Dickinson

Heart! We will forget him!

47

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I—tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave—
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me
That I may straight begin!
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I remember him!

Emily Dickinson

Heart, not so heavy as mine

83

Heart, not so heavy as mine
Wending late home—
As it passed my window
Whistled itself a tune—
A careless snatch—a ballad—A ditty of the street—
Yet to my irritated Ear
An Anodyne so sweet—
It was as if a Bobolink
Sauntering this way
Carolled, and paused, and carolled—
Then bubbled slow away!
It was as if a chirping brook
Upon a dusty way—
Set bleeding feet to minuets
Without the knowing why!
Tomorrow, night will come again—
Perhaps, weary and sore—
Ah Bugle! By my window
I pray you pass once more.

Emily Dickinson

Heart, We Will Forget Him

Heart, we will forget him,
You and I, tonight!
You must forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.
When you have done pray tell me,
Then I, my thoughts, will dim.
Haste! 'lest while you're lagging
I may remember him!

Emily Dickinson

Heaven

575

"Heaven" has different Signs—to me—
Sometimes, I think that Noon
Is but a symbol of the Place—
And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World
And settles in the Hills—
An Awe if it should be like that
Upon the Ignorance steals—

The Orchard, when the Sun is on—
The Triumph of the Birds
When they together Victory make—
Some Carnivals of Clouds—

The Rapture of a finished Day—
Returning to the West—
All these—remind us of the place
That Men call "paradise"—

Itself be fairer—we suppose—
But how Ourself, shall be
Adorned, for a Superior Grace—
Not yet, our eyes can see—

Emily Dickinson

Heaven has different Signs—to me

"Heaven" has different Signs—to me—
Sometimes, I think that Noon
Is but a symbol of the Place—
And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World
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But how Ourself, shall be
Adorned, for a Superior Grace—
Not yet, our eyes can see—

Emily Dickinson

Heaven is so far of the Mind

370

Heaven is so far of the Mind
That were the Mind dissolved—
The Site—of it—by Architect
Could not again be proved—

'Tis vast—as our Capacity—
As fair—as our idea—
To Him of adequate desire
No further 'tis, than Here—

Emily Dickinson

Heaven is what I cannot reach!

Heaven is what I cannot reach!
   The apple on the tree,
Provided it do hopelss hang,
   That 'heaven' is, to me.

The color on the cruising cloud,
   The interdicted ground
Behind the hill, the house behind, --
   There Paradise is found!

Emily Dickinson

Heaven—is what I cannot reach!

"Heaven"—is what I cannot reach!
The Apple on the Tree—
Provided it do hopeless—hang—
That—"Heaven" is—to Me!

The Color, on the Cruising Cloud—
The interdicted Land—
Behind the Hill—the House behind—
There—Paradise—is found!

Her teasing Purples—Afternoons—
The credulous—decoy—
Enamored—of the Conjuror—
That spurned us—Yesterday!

Emily Dickinson

Her—

312

Her—"last Poems"—
Poets—ended—
Silver—perished—with her Tongue—
Not on Record—bubbled other,
Flute—or Woman—
So divine—
Not unto its Summer—Morning
Robin—uttered Half the Tune—
Gushed too free for the Adoring—
From the Anglo-Florentine—
Late—the Praise—
'Tis dull—conferring
On the Head too High to Crown—
Diadem—or Ducal Showing—
Be its Grave—sufficient sign—
Nought—that We—No Poet's Kinsman—
Suffocate—with easy woe—
What, and if, Ourself a Bridegroom—
Put Her down—in Italy?

Emily Dickinson

Her breast is fit for pearls

84

Her breast is fit for pearls,
But I was not a "Diver"—
Her brow is fit for thrones
But I have not a crest.
Her heart is fit for home—
I—a Sparrow—build there
Sweet of twigs and twine
My perennial nest.

Emily Dickinson

Her final Summer was it

795

Her final Summer was it—
And yet We guessed it not—
If tenderer industriousness
Pervaded Her, We thought

A further force of life
Developed from within—
When Death lit all the shortness up
It made the hurry plain—

We wondered at our blindness
When nothing was to see
But Her Carrara Guide post—
At Our Stupidity—

When duller than our dullness
The Busy Darling lay—
So busy was she—finishing—
So leisurely—were We—

Emily Dickinson

Her final summer was it,

Her final summer was it,
And yet we guessed it not;
If tenderer industriousness
Pervaded her, we thought

A further force of life
Developed from within,--
When Death lit all the shortness up,
And made the hurry plain.

We wondered at our blindness,--
When nothing was to see
But her Carrara guide-post,--
At our stupidity

When, duller than our dulness,
The busy darling lay,
So busy was she, finishing,
So leisurely were we!

Emily Dickinson

Her Grace is all she has—

810

Her Grace is all she has—
And that, so least displays—
One Art to recognize, must be,
Another Art, to praise.

Emily Dickinson

Her Grace is all she has—

810

Her Grace is all she has—
And that, so least displays—
One Art to recognize, must be,
Another Art, to praise.

Emily Dickinson

Her smile was shaped like other smiles

514

Her smile was shaped like other smiles—
The Dimples ran along—
And still it hurt you, as some Bird
Did hoist herself, to sing,
Then recollect a Ball, she got—
And hold upon the Twig,
Convulsive, while the Music broke—
Like Beads—among the Bog—

Emily Dickinson

Her Sweet turn to leave the Homestead

649

Her Sweet turn to leave the Homestead
Came the Darker Way—
Carriages—Be Sure—and Guests—too—
But for Holiday

'Tis more pitiful Endeavor
Than did Loaded Sea
O'er the Curls attempt to caper
It had cast away—

Never Bride had such Assembling—
Never kinsmen kneeled
To salute so fair a Forehead—
Garland be indeed—

Fitter Feet—of Her before us—
Than whatever Brow
Art of Snow—or Trick of Lily
Possibly bestow

Of Her Father—Whoso ask Her—
He shall seek as high
As the Palm—that serve the Desert—
To obtain the Sky—

Distance—be Her only Motion—
If 'tis Nay—or Yes—
Acquiescence—or Demurral—
Whosoever guess—

He—must pass the Crystal Angle
That obscure Her face—
He—must have achieved in person
Equal Paradise—

Emily Dickinson

Her sweet Weight on my Heart a Night

518

Her sweet Weight on my Heart a Night
Had scarcely deigned to lie—
When, stirring, for Belief's delight,
My Bride had slipped away—

If 'twas a Dream—made solid—just
The Heaven to confirm—
Or if Myself were dreamed of Her—
The power to presume—

With Him remain—who unto Me—
Gave—even as to All—
A Fiction superseding Faith—
By so much—as 'twas real—

Emily Dickinson

Her—"last Poems"

312

Her—"last Poems"—
Poets—ended—
Silver—perished—with her Tongue—
Not on Record—bubbled other,
Flute—or Woman—
So divine—
Not unto its Summer—Morning
Robin—uttered Half the Tune—
Gushed too free for the Adoring—
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On the Head too High to Crown—
Diadem—or Ducal Showing—
Be its Grave—sufficient sign—
Nought—that We—No Poet's Kinsman—
Suffocate—with easy woe—
What, and if, Ourself a Bridegroom—
Put Her down—in Italy?

Emily Dickinson

Herein a Blossom lies

899

Herein a Blossom lies—
A Sepulchre, between—
Cross it, and overcome the Bee—
Remain—'tis but a Rind.

Emily Dickinson

His Bill an Auger is

1034

His Bill an Auger is,
His Head, a Cap and Frill.
He laboreth at every Tree
A Worm, His utmost Goal.

Emily Dickinson

His Feet are shod with Gauze

916

His Feet are shod with Gauze—
His Helmet, is of Gold,
His Breast, a Single Onyx
With Chrysophrase, inlaid.

His Labor is a Chant—
His Idleness—a Tune—
Oh, for a Bee's experience
Of Clovers, and of Noon!

Emily Dickinson

Home

Years I had been from home,
And now, before the door
I dared not open, lest a face
I never saw before

Stare vacant into mine
And ask my business there.
My business, - just a life I left,
Was such still dwelling there?

I fumbled at my nerve,
I scanned the windows near;
The silence like an ocean rolled,
And broke against my ear.

I laughed a wooden laugh
That I could fear a door,
Who danger and the dead had faced,
But never quaked before.

I fitted to the latch
My hand, with trembling care,
Lest back the awful door should spring,
And leave me standing there.

I moved my fingers off
As cautiously as glass,
And held my ears, and like a thief
Fled gasping from the house.

Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers—

"Hope" is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chillest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb—of Me.

Emily Dickinson

Houses—so the Wise Men tell me—

"Houses"—so the Wise Men tell me—
"Mansions"! Mansions must be warm!
Mansions cannot let the tears in,
Mansions must exclude the storm!

"Many Mansions," by "his Father,"
I don't know him; snugly built!
Could the Children find the way there—
Some, would even trudge tonight!

Emily Dickinson

How far is it to Heaven?

929

How far is it to Heaven?
As far as Death this way—
Of River or of Ridge beyond
Was no discovery.

How far is it to Hell?
As far as Death this way—
How far left hand the Sepulchre
Defies Topography.

Emily Dickinson

How fortunate the Grave

897

How fortunate the Grave—
All Prizes to obtain—
Successful certain, if at last,
First Suitor not in vain.

Emily Dickinson

How happy I was if I could forget

898

How happy I was if I could forget
To remember how sad I am
Would be an easy adversity
But the recollecting of Bloom

Keeps making November difficult
Till I who was almost bold
Lose my way like a little Child
And perish of the cold.

Emily Dickinson

How happy is the little Stone

1510

How happy is the little Stone
That rambles in the Road alone,
And doesn't care about Careers
And Exigencies never fears—
Whose Coat of elemental Brown
A passing Universe put on,
And independent as the Sun
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute Decree
In casual simplicity—

Emily Dickinson

How many Flowers fail in Wood

404

How many Flowers fail in Wood—
Or perish from the Hill—
Without the privilege to know
That they are Beautiful—

How many cast a nameless Pod
Upon the nearest Breeze—
Unconscious of the Scarlet Freight—
It bear to Other Eyes—

Emily Dickinson

How many times these low feet staggered

187

How many times these low feet staggered—
Only the soldered mouth can tell—
Try—can you stir the awful rivet—
Try—can you lift the hasps of steel!

Stroke the cool forehead—hot so often—
Lift—if you care—the listless hair—
Handle the adamantine fingers
Never a thimble—more—shall wear—

Buzz the dull flies—on the chamber window—
Brave—shines the sun through the freckled pane—
Fearless—the cobweb swings from the ceiling—
Indolent Housewife—in Daisies—lain!

Emily Dickinson

How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand

282

How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand,
Until a sudden sky
Reveals the fact that One is rapt
Forever from the Eye—

Members of the Invisible,
Existing, while we stare,
In Leagueless Opportunity,
O'ertakenless, as the Air—

Why didn't we detain Them?
The Heavens with a smile,
Sweep by our disappointed Heads
Without a syllable—

Emily Dickinson

How sick—to wait—in any place—but thine

368

How sick—to wait—in any place—but thine—
I knew last night—when someone tried to twine—
Thinking—perhaps—that I looked tired—or alone—
Or breaking—almost—with unspoken pain—

And I turned—ducal—
That right—was thine—
One port—suffices—for a Brig—like mine—

Ours be the tossing—wild though the sea—
Rather than a Mooring—unshared by thee.
Ours be the Cargo—unladed—here—
Rather than the "spicy isles—"
And thou—not there—

Emily Dickinson

How sick—to wait—in any place—but thine

368

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Ours be the Cargo—unladed—here—
Rather than the "spicy isles—"
And thou—not there—

Emily Dickinson

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset

291

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset
How the Hemlocks burn—
How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder
By the Wizard Sun—

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet
Till the Ball is full—
Have I the lip of the Flamingo
That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows—
Touching all the Grass
With a departing—Sapphire—feature—
As a Duchess passed—

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village
Till the Houses blot
And the odd Flambeau, no men carry
Glimmer on the Street—

How it is Night—in Nest and Kennel—
And where was the Wood—
Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing
Into Solitude—

These are the Visions flitted Guido—
Titian—never told—
Domenichino dropped his pencil—
Paralyzed, with Gold—

Emily Dickinson

How the Waters closed above Him

923

How the Waters closed above Him
We shall never know—
How He stretched His Anguish to us
That—is covered too—

Spreads the Pond Her Base of Lilies
Bold above the Boy
Whose unclaimed Hat and Jacket
Sum the History—

Emily Dickinson

How well I knew Her not

837

How well I knew Her not
Whom not to know has been
A Bounty in prospective, now
Next Door to mine the Pain.

Emily Dickinson

I am alive—I guess

470

I am alive—I guess—
The Branches on my Hand
Are full of Morning Glory—
And at my finger's end—

The Carmine—tingles warm—
And if I hold a Glass
Across my Mouth—it blurs it—
Physician's—proof of Breath—

I am alive—because
I am not in a Room—
The Parlor—Commonly—it is—
So Visitors may come—

And lean—and view it sidewise—
And add "How cold—it grew"—
And "Was it conscious—when it stepped
In Immortality?"

I am alive—because
I do not own a House—
Entitled to myself—precise—
And fitting no one else—

And marked my Girlhood's name—
So Visitors may know
Which Door is mine—and not

Emily Dickinson

I am alive—I guess

470

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The Branches on my Hand
Are full of Morning Glory—
And at my finger's end—

The Carmine—tingles warm—
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Across my Mouth—it blurs it—
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I do not own a House—
Entitled to myself—precise—
And fitting no one else—

And marked my Girlhood's name—
So Visitors may know
Which Door is mine—and not

Emily Dickinson

I am ashamed—I hide

473

I am ashamed—I hide—
What right have I—to be a Bride—
So late a Dowerless Girl—
Nowhere to hide my dazzled Face—
No one to teach me that new Grace—
Nor introduce—my Soul—

Me to adorn—How—tell—
Trinket—to make Me beautiful—
Fabrics of Cashmere—
Never a Gown of Dun—more—
Raiment instead—of Pompadour—
For Me—My soul—to wear—

Fingers—to frame my Round Hair
Oval—as Feudal Ladies wore—
Far Fashions—Fair—
Skill to hold my Brow like an Earl—
Plead—like a Whippoorwill—
Prove—like a Pearl—
Then, for Character—
Fashion My Spirit quaint—white—
Quick—like a Liquor—
Gay—like Light—
Bring Me my best Pride—
No more ashamed—
No more to hide—
Meek—let it be—too proud—for Pride—
Baptized—this Day—a Bride—

Emily Dickinson

I am ashamed—I hide

473

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What right have I—to be a Bride—
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Quick—like a Liquor—
Gay—like Light—
Bring Me my best Pride—
No more ashamed—
No more to hide—
Meek—let it be—too proud—for Pride—
Baptized—this Day—a Bride—

Emily Dickinson

I asked no other thing

621

I asked no other thing—
No other—was denied—
I offered Being—for it—
The Mighty Merchant sneered—

Brazil? He twirled a Button—
Without a glance my way—
"But—Madam—is there nothing else—
That We can show—Today?"

Emily Dickinson

I breathed enough to learn the trick,

I breathed enough to learn the trick,
   And now, removed from air,
I simulate the breath so well,
   That one, to be quite sure

The lungs are stirless, must descend
   Among the cunning cells,
And touch the pantomime himself.
   How cool the bellows feels!

Emily Dickinson

I breathed enough to take the Trick

272

I breathed enough to take the Trick—
And now, removed from Air—
I simulate the Breath, so well—
That One, to be quite sure—

The Lungs are stirless—must descend
Among the Cunning Cells—
And touch the Pantomine—Himself,
How numb, the Bellows feels!

Emily Dickinson

I bring an unaccustomed wine

132

I bring an unaccustomed wine
To lips long parching
Next to mine,
And summon them to drink;

Crackling with fever, they Essay,
I turn my brimming eyes away,
And come next hour to look.

The hands still hug the tardy glass—
The lips I would have cooled, alas—
Are so superfluous Cold—

I would as soon attempt to warm
The bosoms where the frost has lain
Ages beneath the mould—

Some other thirsty there may be
To whom this would have pointed me
Had it remained to speak—

And so I always bear the cup
If, haply, mine may be the drop
Some pilgrim thirst to slake—

If, haply, any say to me
"Unto the little, unto me,"
When I at last awake.

Emily Dickinson

I Came to buy a smile—today

223

I Came to buy a smile—today—
But just a single smile—
The smallest one upon your face
Will suit me just as well—
The one that no one else would miss
It shone so very small—
I'm pleading at the "counter"—sir—
Could you afford to sell—
I've Diamonds—on my fingers—
You know what Diamonds are?
I've Rubies—live the Evening Blood—
And Topaz—like the star!
'Twould be "a Bargain" for a Jew!
Say—may I have it—Sir?

Emily Dickinson

I Came to buy a smile—today

223

I Came to buy a smile—today—
But just a single smile—
The smallest one upon your face
Will suit me just as well—
The one that no one else would miss
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And Topaz—like the star!
'Twould be "a Bargain" for a Jew!
Say—may I have it—Sir?

Emily Dickinson

I can wade Grief

252

I can wade Grief—
Whole Pools of it—
I'm used to that—
But the least push of Joy
Breaks up my feet—
And I tip—drunken—
Let no Pebble—smile—
'Twas the New Liquor—
That was all!

Power is only Pain—
Stranded, thro' Discipline,
Till Weights—will hang—
Give Balm—to Giants—
And they'll wilt, like Men—
Give Himmaleh—
They'll Carry—Him!

Emily Dickinson

I cannot be ashamed

914

I cannot be ashamed
Because I cannot see
The love you offer—
Magnitude
Reverses Modesty

And I cannot be proud
Because a Height so high
Involves Alpine
Requirements
And Services of Snow.

Emily Dickinson

I cannot buy it—'tis not sold

840

I cannot buy it—'tis not sold—
There is no other in the World—
Mine was the only one

I was so happy I forgot
To shut the Door And it went out
And I am all alone—

If I could find it Anywhere
I would not mind the journey there
Though it took all my store

But just to look it in the Eye—
"Did'st thou?" "Thou did'st not mean," to say,
Then, turn my Face away.

Emily Dickinson

I cannot buy it—'tis not sold

840

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"Did'st thou?" "Thou did'st not mean," to say,
Then, turn my Face away.

Emily Dickinson

I cannot dance upon my Toes

326

I cannot dance upon my Toes—
No Man instructed me—
But oftentimes, among my mind,
A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet knowledge—
Would put itself abroad
In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe—
Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze—
No Ringlet, to my Hair,
Nor hopped to Audiences—like Birds,
One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls,
Nor rolled on wheels of snow
Till I was out of sight, in sound,
The House encore me so—

Nor any know I know the Art
I mention—easy—Here—
Nor any Placard boast me—
It's full as Opera—

Emily Dickinson

I cannot live with You

I cannot live with You --
It would be Life --
And Life is over there --
Behind the Shelf

The Sexton keeps the Key to --
Putting up
Our Life -- His Porcelain --
Like a Cup --

Discarded of the Housewife --
Quaint -- or Broke --
A newer Sevres pleases --
Old Ones crack --

I could not die -- with You --
For One must wait
To shut the Other's Gaze down --
You -- could not --

And I -- Could I stand by
And see You -- freeze --
Without my Right of Frost --
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise -- with You --
Because Your Face
Would put out Jesus' --
That New Grace

Glow plain -- and foreign
On my homesick Eye --
Except that You than He
Shone closer by --

They'd judge Us -- How --
For You -- served Heaven -- You know,
Or sought to --
I could not --

Because You saturated Sight --
And I had no more Eyes
For sordid excellence
As Paradise

And were You lost, I would be --
Though My Name
Rang loudest
On the Heavenly fame --

And were You -- saved --
And I -- condemned to be

Where You were not --
That self -- were Hell to Me --

So We must meet apart --
You there -- I -- here --
With just the Door ajar
That Oceans are -- and Prayer --
And that White Sustenance --
Despair --

Emily Dickinson

I cannot live with You (No. 640)

I cannot live with You--
It would be Life--
And Life is over there--
Behind the Shelf

The Sexton keeps the Key to--
Putting up
Our Life--His Porcelain--
Like a Cup--

Discarded of the Housewife--
Quaint--or Broke--
A newer Sevres pleases--
Old Ones crack--

I could not die--with You--
For One must wait
To shut the Other's Gaze down--
You--could not--

And I--could I stand by
And see You--freeze--
Without my Right of Frost--
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise--with You--
Because Your Face
Would put out Jesus'--
That New Grace

Glow plain--and foreign
On my homesick Eye--
Except that You than He
Shone closer by--

They'd judge Us--How--
For You--served Heaven--You know,
Or sought to--
I could not--

Because You saturated Sight--
And I had no more Eyes
For sordid excellence
As Paradise

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Rang loudest
On the Heavenly fame--

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Where You were not--
That self--were Hell to Me--

So We must meet apart--
You there--I--here--
With just the Door ajar
That Oceans are--and Prayer--
And that White Sustenance--
Despair--

Emily Dickinson

I cannot live with you,

cannot live with you,
It would be life,
And life is over there
Behind the shelf

The sexton keeps the key to,
Putting up
Our life, his porcelain,
Like a cup

Discarded of the housewife,
Quaint or broken;
A newer Sevres pleases,
Old ones crack.

I could not die with you,
For one must wait
To shut the other's gaze down,--
You could not.

And I, could I stand by
And see you freeze,
Without my right of frost,
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise with you,
Because your face
Would put out Jesus'.
That new grace

Glow plain and foreign
On my homesick eye,
Except that you, than he
Shone closer by.

They'd judge us--how?
For you served Heaven, you know
Or sought to;
I could not,

Because you saturated sight,
And I had no more eyes
For sordid excellence
As Paradise.

And were you lost, I would be,
Though my name
Rang loudest
On the heavenly fame.

And were you saved,
And I condemned to be

Where you were not,
That self were hell to me.

So we must keep apart,
You there, I here,
With just the door ajar
That oceans are,
And prayer,
And that pale svustenance,
Despair!

Emily Dickinson

I can't tell you—but you feel it

65

I can't tell you—but you feel it—
Nor can you tell me—
Saints, with ravished slate and pencil
Solve our April Day!

Sweeter than a vanished frolic
From a vanished green!
Swifter than the hoofs of Horsemen
Round a Ledge of dream!

Modest, let us walk among it
With our faces veiled—
As they say polite Archangels
Do in meeting God!

Not for me—to prate about it!
Not for you—to say
To some fashionable Lady
"Charming April Day"!

Rather—Heaven's "Peter Parley"!
By which Children slow
To sublimer Recitation
Are prepared to go!

Emily Dickinson

I can't tell you—but you feel it

65

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By which Children slow
To sublimer Recitation
Are prepared to go!

Emily Dickinson

I cautious, scanned my little life

178

I cautious, scanned my little life—
I winnowed what would fade
From what would last till Heads like mine
Should be a-dreaming laid.

I put the latter in a Barn—
The former, blew away.
I went one winter morning
And lo - my priceless Hay

Was not upon the "Scaffold"—
Was not upon the "Beam"—
And from a thriving Farmer—
A Cynic, I became.

Whether a Thief did it—
Whether it was the wind—
Whether Deity's guiltless—
My business is, to find!

So I begin to ransack!
How is it Hearts, with Thee?
Art thou within the little Barn
Love provided Thee?

Emily Dickinson

I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to

697

I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to—
But You have enough—of those—
I could bring You Odors from St. Domingo—
Colors—from Vera Cruz—

Berries of the Bahamas—have I—
But this little Blaze
Flickering to itself—in the Meadow—
Suits Me—more than those—

Never a Fellow matched this Topaz—
And his Emerald Swing—
Dower itself—for Bobadilo—
Better—Could I bring?

Emily Dickinson

I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to

697

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Dower itself—for Bobadilo—
Better—Could I bring?

Emily Dickinson

I could die—to know

570

I could die—to know—
'Tis a trifling knowledge—
News-Boys salute the Door—
Carts—joggle by—
Morning's bold face—stares in the window—
Were but mine—the Charter of the least Fly—

Houses hunch the House
With their Brick Shoulders—
Coals—from a Rolling Load—rattle—how—near—
To the very Square—His foot is passing—
Possibly, this moment—
While I—dream—Here—

Emily Dickinson

I could die—to know

570

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'Tis a trifling knowledge—
News-Boys salute the Door—
Carts—joggle by—
Morning's bold face—stares in the window—
Were but mine—the Charter of the least Fly—

Houses hunch the House
With their Brick Shoulders—
Coals—from a Rolling Load—rattle—how—near—
To the very Square—His foot is passing—
Possibly, this moment—
While I—dream—Here—

Emily Dickinson

I could not drink it, Sweet

818

I could not drink it, Sweet,
Till You had tasted first,
Though cooler than the Water was
The Thoughtfullness of Thirst.

Emily Dickinson

I could not prove the Years had feet

563

I could not prove the Years had feet—
Yet confident they run
Am I, from symptoms that are past
And Series that are done—

I find my feet have further Goals—
I smile upon the Aims
That felt so ample—Yesterday—
Today's—have vaster claims—

I do not doubt the self I was
Was competent to me—
But something awkward in the fit—
Proves that—outgrown—I see—

Emily Dickinson

I could suffice for Him, I knew

643

I could suffice for Him, I knew—
He—could suffice for Me—
Yet Hesitating Fractions—Both
Surveyed Infinity—

"Would I be Whole" He sudden broached—
My syllable rebelled—
'Twas face to face with Nature—forced—
'Twas face to face with God—

Withdrew the Sun—to Other Wests—
Withdrew the furthest Star
Before Decision—stooped to speech—
And then—be audibler

The Answer of the Sea unto
The Motion of the Moon—
Herself adjust Her Tides—unto—
Could I—do else—with Mine?

Emily Dickinson

I cried at Pity—not at Pain

588

I cried at Pity—not at Pain—
I heard a Woman say
"Poor Child"—and something in her voice
Convicted me—of me—

So long I fainted, to myself
It seemed the common way,
And Health, and Laughter, Curious things—
To look at, like a Toy—

To sometimes hear "Rich people" buy
And see the Parcel rolled—
And carried, I supposed—to Heaven,
For children, made of Gold—

But not to touch, or wish for,
Or think of, with a sigh—
And so and so—had been to me,
Had God willed differently.

I wish I knew that Woman's name—
So when she comes this way,
To hold my life, and hold my ears
For fear I hear her say

She's "sorry I am dead"—again—
Just when the Grave and I—
Have sobbed ourselves almost to sleep,
Our only Lullaby—

Emily Dickinson

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Just when the Grave and I—
Have sobbed ourselves almost to sleep,
Our only Lullaby—

Emily Dickinson

I cross till I am weary

550

I cross till I am weary
A Mountain—in my mind—
More Mountains—then a Sea—
More Seas—And then
A Desert—find—

And My Horizon blocks
With steady—drifting—Grains
Of unconjectured quantity—
As Asiatic Rains—

Nor this—defeat my Pace—
It hinder from the West
But as an Enemy's Salute
One hurrying to Rest—

What merit had the Goal—
Except there intervene
Faint Doubt—and far Competitor—
To jeopardize the Gain?

At last—the Grace in sight—
I shout unto my feet—
I offer them the Whole of Heaven
The instant that we meet—

They strive—and yet delay—
They perish—Do we die—
Or is this Death's Experiment—
Reversed—in Victory?

Emily Dickinson

I Died For Beauty

I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed?
"For beauty," I replied.
"And I for truth - the two are one;
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a-night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips,
And covered up our names.

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

I died for Beauty—but was scarce

449

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Adjusted in the Tomb
When One who died for Truth, was lain
In an adjoining room—

He questioned softly "Why I failed"?
"For Beauty", I replied—
"And I—for Truth—Themself are One—
We Brethren, are", He said—

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night—
We talked between the Rooms—
Until the Moss had reached our lips—
And covered up—our names—

Emily Dickinson

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We talked between the Rooms—
Until the Moss had reached our lips—
And covered up—our names—

Emily Dickinson

I dreaded that first Robin, so

348

I dreaded that first Robin, so,
But He is mastered, now,
I'm accustomed to Him grown,
He hurts a little, though—

I thought If I could only live
Till that first Shout got by—
Not all Pianos in the Woods
Had power to mangle me—

I dared not meet the Daffodils—
For fear their Yellow Gown
Would pierce me with a fashion
So foreign to my own—

I wished the Grass would hurry—
So—when 'twas time to see—
He'd be too tall, the tallest one
Could stretch—to look at me—

I could not bear the Bees should come,
I wished they'd stay away
In those dim countries where they go,
What word had they, for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed—
No Blossom stayed away
In gentle deference to me—
The Queen of Calvary—

Each one salutes me, as he goes,
And I, my childish Plumes,
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment
Of their unthinking Drums—

Emily Dickinson

I dwell in Possibility

657

I dwell in Possibility—
A fairer House than Prose—
More numerous of Windows—
Superior—for Doors—

Of Chambers as the Cedars—
Impregnable of Eye—
And for an Everlasting Roof
The Gambrels of the Sky—

Of Visitors—the fairest—
For Occupation—This—
The spreading wide of narrow Hands
To gather Paradise—

Emily Dickinson

I envy Seas, whereon He rides

498

I envy Seas, whereon He rides—
I envy Spokes of Wheels
Of Chariots, that Him convey—
I envy Crooked Hills

That gaze upon His journey—
How easy All can see
What is forbidden utterly
As Heaven—unto me!

I envy Nests of Sparrows—
That dot His distant Eaves—
The wealthy Fly, upon His Pane—
The happy—happy Leaves—

That just abroad His Window
Have Summer's leave to play—
The Ear Rings of Pizarro
Could not obtain for me—

I envy Light—that wakes Him—
And Bells—that boldly ring
To tell Him it is Noon, abroad—
Myself—be Noon to Him—

Yet interdict—my Blossom—
And abrogate—my Bee—
Lest Noon in Everlasting Night—
Drop Gabriel—and Me—

Emily Dickinson

I fear a Man of frugal Speech

543

I fear a Man of frugal Speech—
I fear a Silent Man—
Haranguer—I can overtake—
Or Babbler—entertain—

But He who weigheth—While the Rest—
Expend their furthest pound—
Of this Man—I am wary—
I fear that He is Grand—

Emily Dickinson

I felt a cleaving in my mind

I felt a cleaving in my mind
As if my brain had split;
I tried to match it, seam by seam,
But could not make them fit.

The thought behind I strove to join
Unto the thought before,
But sequence ravelled out of reach
Like balls upon a floor.

Emily Dickinson

I felt a funeral in my brain,

I felt a funeral in my brain,
   And mourners, to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
   That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,
   A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
   My mind was going numb

And then I heard them lift a box,
   And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead, again.
   Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
   And being, but an ear,
And I and Silence some strange Race
   Wrecked, solitary, here.

Emily Dickinson

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain

280

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading—treading—till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through—

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum—
Kept beating—beating—till I thought
My Mind was going numb—

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space—began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here—

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down—
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing—then—

Emily Dickinson

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain (280)

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading--treading--till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through--

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum--
Kept beating--beating--till I thought
My Mind was going numb--

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space--began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here--

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down--
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing--then--

Emily Dickinson

I felt my life with both my hands

351

I felt my life with both my hands
To see if it was there—
I held my spirit to the Glass,
To prove it possibler—

I turned my Being round and round
And paused at every pound
To ask the Owner's name—
For doubt, that I should know the Sound—

I judged my features—jarred my hair—
I pushed my dimples by, and waited—
If they—twinkled back—
Conviction might, of me—

I told myself, "Take Courage, Friend—
That—was a former time—
But we might learn to like the Heaven,
As well as our Old Home!"

Emily Dickinson

I found the phrase to every thought

I found the phrase to every thought
I ever had, but one;
And that defies me,--as a hand
Did try to chalk the sun

To races nurtured in the dark;--
How would your own begin?
Can blaze be done in cochineal,
Or noon in mazarin?

Emily Dickinson

I found the words to every thought

581

I found the words to every thought
I ever had—but One—
And that—defies me—
As a Hand did try to chalk the Sun

To Races—nurtured in the Dark—
How would your own—begin?
Can Blaze be shown in Cochineal—
Or Noon—in Mazarin?

Emily Dickinson

I gained it so

359

I gained it so—
By Climbing slow—
By Catching at the Twigs that grow
Between the Bliss—and me—
It hung so high
As well the Sky
Attempt by Strategy—

I said I gained it—
This—was all—
Look, how I clutch it
Lest it fall—
And I a Pauper go—
Unfitted by an instant's Grace
For the Contented—Beggar's face
I wore—an hour ago—

Emily Dickinson

I gave myself to Him

580

I gave myself to Him—
And took Himself, for Pay,
The solemn contract of a Life
Was ratified, this way—

The Wealth might disappoint—
Myself a poorer prove
Than this great Purchaser suspect,
The Daily Own—of Love

Depreciate the Vision—
But till the Merchant buy—
Still Fable—in the Isles of Spice—
The subtle Cargoes—lie—

At least—'tis Mutual—Risk—
Some—found it—Mutual Gain—
Sweet Debt of Life—Each Night to owe—
Insolvent—every Noon—

Emily Dickinson

I got so I could take his name

293

I got so I could take his name—
Without—Tremendous gain—
That Stop-sensation—on my Soul—
And Thunder—in the Room—

I got so I could walk across
That Angle in the floor,
Where he turned so, and I turned—how—
And all our Sinew tore—

I got so I could stir the Box—
In which his letters grew
Without that forcing, in my breath—
As Staples—driven through—

Could dimly recollect a Grace—
I think, they call it "God"—
Renowned to ease Extremity—
When Formula, had failed—

And shape my Hands—
Petition's way,
Tho' ignorant of a word
That Ordination—utters—

My Business, with the Cloud,
If any Power behind it, be,
Not subject to Despair—
It care, in some remoter way,
For so minute affair
As Misery—
Itself, too vast, for interrupting—more—

Emily Dickinson

I had a guinea golden

23

I had a guinea golden—
I lost it in the sand—
And tho' the sum was simple
And pounds were in the land—
Still, had it such a value
Unto my frugal eye—
That when I could not find it—
I sat me down to sigh.

I had a crimson Robin—
Who sang full many a day
But when the woods were painted,
He, too, did fly away—

Time brought me other Robins—
Their ballads were the same—
Still, for my missing Troubador
I kept the "house at hame."

I had a star in heaven—
One "Pleiad" was its name—
And when I was not heeding,
It wandered from the same.
And tho' the skies are crowded—
And all the night ashine—
I do not care about it—
Since none of them are mine.

My story has a moral—
I have a missing friend—
"Pleiad" its name, and Robin,
And guinea in the sand.
And when this mournful ditty
Accompanied with tear—
Shall meet the eye of traitor
In country far from here—
Grant that repentance solemn
May seize upon his mind—
And he no consolation
Beneath the sun may find.

Emily Dickinson

I had been hungry all the years-

I had been hungry all the years-
My noon had come, to dine-
I, trembling, drew the table near
And touched the curious wine.

'T was this on tables I had seen
When turning, hungry, lone,
I looked in windows, for the wealth
I could not hope to own.

I did not know the ample bread,
'T was so unlike the crumb
The birds and I had often shared
In Nature's dining-room.

The plenty hurt me, 't was so new,--
Myself felt ill and odd,
As berry of a mountain bush
Transplanted to the road.

Nor was I hungry; so I found
That hunger was a way
Of persons outside windows,
The entering takes away.

Emily Dickinson

I had been hungry, all the Years

579

I had been hungry, all the Years—
My Noon had Come—to dine—
I trembling drew the Table near—
And touched the Curious Wine—

'Twas this on Tables I had seen—
When turning, hungry, Home
I looked in Windows, for the Wealth
I could not hope—for Mine—

I did not know the ample Bread—
'Twas so unlike the Crumb
The Birds and I, had often shared
In Nature's—Dining Room—

The Plenty hurt me—'twas so new—
Myself felt ill—and odd—
As Berry—of a Mountain Bush—
Transplanted—to a Road—

Nor was I hungry—so I found
That Hunger—was a way
Of Persons outside Windows—
The Entering—takes away—

Emily Dickinson

I had no Cause to be awake

542

I had no Cause to be awake—
My Best—was gone to sleep—
And Morn a new politeness took—
And failed to wake them up—

But called the others—clear—
And passed their Curtains by—
Sweet Morning—when I oversleep—
Knock—Recollect—to Me—

I looked at Sunrise—Once—
And then I looked at Them—
And wishfulness in me arose—
For Circumstance the same—

'Twas such an Ample Peace—
It could not hold a Sigh—
'Twas Sabbath—with the Bells divorced—
'Twas Sunset—all the Day—

So choosing but a Gown—
And taking but a Prayer—
The only Raiment I should need—
I struggled—and was There—

Emily Dickinson

I had no time to Hate

478

I had no time to Hate—
Because
The Grave would hinder Me—
And Life was not so
Ample I
Could finish—Enmity—

Nor had I time to Love—
But since
Some Industry must be—
The little Toil of Love—
I thought
Be large enough for Me—

Emily Dickinson

I had no time to hate, because

I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love, but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.

Emily Dickinson

I had not minded—Walls

398

I had not minded—Walls—
Were Universe—one Rock—
And fr I heard his silver Call
The other side the Block—

I'd tunnel—till my Groove
Pushed sudden thro' to his—
Then my face take her Recompense—
The looking in his Eyes—

But 'tis a single Hair—
A filament—a law—
A Cobweb—wove in Adamant—
A Battlement—of Straw—

A limit like the Veil
Unto the Lady's face—
But every Mesh—a Citadel—
And Dragons—in the Crease—

Emily Dickinson

I had not minded—Walls

398

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A limit like the Veil
Unto the Lady's face—
But every Mesh—a Citadel—
And Dragons—in the Crease—

Emily Dickinson

I had some things that I called mine

116

I had some things that I called mine—
And God, that he called his,
Till, recently a rival Claim
Disturbed these amities.

The property, my garden,
Which having sown with care,
He claims the pretty acre,
And sends a Bailiff there.

The station of the parties
Forbids publicity,
But Justice is sublimer
Than arms, or pedigree.

I'll institute an "Action"—
I'll vindicate the law—
Jove! Choose your counsel—
I retain "Shaw"!

Emily Dickinson

I had the Glory—that will do

349

I had the Glory—that will do—
An Honor, Thought can turn her to
When lesser Fames invite—
With one long "Nay"—
Bliss' early shape
Deforming—Dwindling—Gulfing up—
Time's possibility.

Emily Dickinson

I had the Glory—that will do

349

I had the Glory—that will do—
An Honor, Thought can turn her to
When lesser Fames invite—
With one long "Nay"—
Bliss' early shape
Deforming—Dwindling—Gulfing up—
Time's possibility.

Emily Dickinson

I have a Bird in spring

5

I have a Bird in spring
Which for myself doth sing—
The spring decoys.
And as the summer nears—
And as the Rose appears,
Robin is gone.

Yet do I not repine
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown—
Learneth beyond the sea
Melody new for me
And will return.

Fast is a safer hand
Held in a truer Land
Are mine—
And though they now depart,
Tell I my doubting heart
They're thine.

In a serener Bright,
In a more golden light
I see
Each little doubt and fear,
Each little discord here
Removed.

Then will I not repine,
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown
Shall in a distant tree
Bright melody for me
Return.

Emily Dickinson

I have a King, who does not speak

103

I have a King, who does not speak—
So—wondering—thro' the hours meek
I trudge the day away—
Half glad when it is night, and sleep,
If, haply, thro' a dream, to peep
In parlors, shut by day.

And if I do—when morning comes—
It is as if a hundred drums
Did round my pillow roll,
And shouts fill all my Childish sky,
And Bells keep saying "Victory"
From steeples in my soul!

And if I don't—the little Bird
Within the Orchard, is not heard,
And I omit to pray
"Father, thy will be done" today
For my will goes the other way,
And it were perjury!

Emily Dickinson

I have never seen

175

I have never seen "Volcanoes"—
But, when Travellers tell
How those old—phlegmatic mountains
Usually so still—

Bear within—appalling Ordnance,
Fire, and smoke, and gun,
Taking Villages for breakfast,
And appalling Men—

If the stillness is Volcanic
In the human face
When upon a pain Titanic
Features keep their place—

If at length the smouldering anguish
Will not overcome—
And the palpitating Vineyard
In the dust, be thrown?

If some loving Antiquary,
On Resumption Morn,
Will not cry with joy "Pompeii"!
To the Hills return!

Emily Dickinson

I have never seen "Volcanoes"

175

I have never seen "Volcanoes"—
But, when Travellers tell
How those old—phlegmatic mountains
Usually so still—

Bear within—appalling Ordnance,
Fire, and smoke, and gun,
Taking Villages for breakfast,
And appalling Men—

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In the human face
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Features keep their place—

If at length the smouldering anguish
Will not overcome—
And the palpitating Vineyard
In the dust, be thrown?

If some loving Antiquary,
On Resumption Morn,
Will not cry with joy "Pompeii"!
To the Hills return!

Emily Dickinson

I haven't told my garden yet

50

I haven't told my garden yet—
Lest that should conquer me.
I haven't quite the strength now
To break it to the Bee—

I will not name it in the street
For shops would stare at me—
That one so shy—so ignorant
Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it—
Where I have rambled so—
Nor tell the loving forests
The day that I shall go—

Nor lisp it at the table—
Nor heedless by the way
Hint that within the Riddle
One will walk today—

Emily Dickinson

I heard a Fly buzz -- when I died --

I heard a Fly buzz -- when I died --
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air --
Between the Heaves of Storm --

The Eyes around -- had wrung them dry --
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset -- when the King
Be witnessed -- in the Room --

I willed my Keepsakes -- signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable -- and then it was
There interposed a Fly --

With Blue -- uncertain stumbling Buzz --
Between the light -- and me --
And then the Windows failed -- and then
I could not see to see --

Emily Dickinson

I heard a Fly buzz (465)

I heard a Fly buzz--when I died--
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air--
Between the Heaves of Storm--

The Eyes around--had wrung them dry--
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset--when the King
Be witnessed--in the Room--

I willed my Keepsakes--Signed away
What portions of me be
Assignable--and then it was
There interposed a Fly--

With Blue--uncertain stumbling Buzz--
Between the light--and me--
And then the Windows failed--and then
I could not see to see--

Emily Dickinson

I heard a fly buzz when I died;

I heard a fly buzz when I died;
The stillness round my form
Was like the stillness in the air
Between the heaves of storm.

The eyes beside had wrung them dry,
And breaths were gathering sure
For that last onset, when the king
Be witnessed in his power.

I willed my keepsakes, signed away
What portion of me I
Could make assignable,--and then
There interposed a fly,

With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,
Between the light and me;
And then the windows failed, and then
I could not see to see.

Emily Dickinson

I heard a Fly buzz—when I died

465

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The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air—
Between the Heaves of Storm—

The Eyes around—had wrung them dry—
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset—when the King
Be witnessed—in the Room—

I willed my Keepsakes—Signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable—and then it was
There interposed a Fly—

With Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz—
Between the light—and me—
And then the Windows failed—and then
I could not see to see—

Emily Dickinson

I held a Jewel in my fingers

245

I held a Jewel in my fingers—
And went to sleep—
The day was warm, and winds were prosy—
I said "'Twill keep"—

I woke—and chid my honest fingers,
The Gem was gone—
And now, an Amethyst remembrance
Is all I own—

Emily Dickinson

I hide myself within my flower

903

I hide myself within my flower,
That fading from your Vase,
You, unsuspecting, feel for me—
Almost a loneliness.

Emily Dickinson

I keep my pledge

46

I keep my pledge.
I was not called—
Death did not notice me.
I bring my Rose.
I plight again,
By every sainted Bee—
By Daisy called from hillside—
by Bobolink from lane.
Blossom and I—
Her oath, and mine—
Will surely come again.

Emily Dickinson

I know a place where summer strives

I know a place where summer strives
With such a practised frost,
She each year leads her daisies back,
Recording briefly, 'Lost.'

But when the south wind stirs the pools
And struggles in the lanes,
Her heart misgives her for her vow,
And she pours soft refrains

Into the lap of adamant,
And spices, and the dew,
That stiffens quietly to quartz
Upon her amber shoe.

Emily Dickinson

I know lives, I could miss

372

I know lives, I could miss
Without a Misery—
Others—whose instant's wanting—
Would be Eternity—

The last—a scanty Number—
'Twould scarcely fill a Two—
The first—a Gnat's Horizon
Could easily outgrow—

Emily Dickinson

I know some lonely Houses off the Road

289

I know some lonely Houses off the Road
A Robber'd like the look of—
Wooden barred,
And Windows hanging low,
Inviting to—
A Portico,
Where two could creep—
One—hand the Tools—
The other peep—
To make sure All's Asleep—
Old fashioned eyes—
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the Kitchen'd look, by night,
With just a Clock—
But they could gag the Tick—
And Mice won't bark—
And so the Walls—don't tell—
None—will—

A pair of Spectacles ajar just stir—
An Almanac's aware—
Was it the Mat—winked,
Or a Nervous Star?
The Moon—slides down the stair,
To see who's there!

There's plunder—where—
Tankard, or Spoon—
Earring—or Stone—
A Watch—Some Ancient Brooch
To match the Grandmama—
Staid sleeping—there—

Day—rattles—too
Stealth's—slow—
The Sun has got as far
As the third Sycamore—
Screams Chanticleer
"Who's there"?

And Echoes—Trains away,
Sneer—"Where"!
While the old Couple, just astir,
Fancy the Sunrise—left the door ajar!

Emily Dickinson

I know that He exists

338

I know that He exists.
Somewhere—in Silence—
He has hid his rare life
From our gross eyes.

'Tis an instant's play.
'Tis a fond Ambush—
Just to make Bliss
Earn her own surprise!

But—should the play
Prove piercing earnest—
Should the glee—glaze—
In Death's—stiff—stare—

Would not the fun
Look too expensive!
Would not the jest—
Have crawled too far!

Emily Dickinson

I know where Wells grow—Droughtless Wells

460

I know where Wells grow—Droughtless Wells—
Deep dug—for Summer days—
Where Mosses go no more away—
And Pebble—safely plays—

It's made of Fathoms—and a Belt—
A Belt of jagged Stone—
Inlaid with Emerald—half way down—
And Diamonds—jumbled on—

It has no Bucket—Were I rich
A Bucket I would buy—
I'm often thirsty—but my lips
Are so high up—You see—

I read in an Old fashioned Book
That People "thirst no more"—
The Wells have Buckets to them there—
It must mean that—I'm sure—

Shall We remember Parching—then?
Those Waters sound so grand—
I think a little Well—like Mine—
Dearer to understand—

Emily Dickinson

I know where Wells grow—Droughtless Wells

460

I know where Wells grow—Droughtless Wells—
Deep dug—for Summer days—
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Those Waters sound so grand—
I think a little Well—like Mine—
Dearer to understand—

Emily Dickinson

I learned—at least—what Home could be

944

I learned—at least—what Home could be—
How ignorant I had been
Of pretty ways of Covenant—
How awkward at the Hymn

Round our new Fireside—but for this—
This pattern—of the Way—
Whose Memory drowns me, like the Dip
Of a Celestial Sea—

What Mornings in our Garden—guessed—
What Bees—for us—to hum—
With only Birds to interrupt
The Ripple of our Theme—

And Task for Both—
When Play be done—
Your Problem—of the Brain—
And mine—some foolisher effect—
A Ruffle—or a Tune—

The Afternoons—Together spent—
And Twilight—in the Lanes—
Some ministry to poorer lives—
Seen poorest—thro' our gains—

And then Return—and Night—and Home—

And then away to You to pass—
A new—diviner—care—
Till Sunrise take us back to Scene—
Transmuted—Vivider—

This seems a Home—
And Home is not—
But what that Place could be—
Afflicts me—as a Setting Sun—
Where Dawn—knows how to be—

Emily Dickinson

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And Home is not—
But what that Place could be—
Afflicts me—as a Setting Sun—
Where Dawn—knows how to be—

Emily Dickinson

I like a look of Agony

241

I like a look of Agony,
Because I know it's true—
Men do not sham Convulsion,
Nor simulate, a Throe—

The Eyes glaze once—and that is Death—
Impossible to feign
The Beads upon the Forehead
By homely Anguish strung.

Emily Dickinson

I like to see it lap the Miles

585

I like to see it lap the Miles—
And lick the Valleys up—
And stop to feed itself at Tanks—
And then—prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains—
And supercilious peer
In Shanties—by the sides of Roads—
And then a Quarry pare

To fit its Ribs
And crawl between
Complaining all the while
In horrid—hooting stanza—
Then chase itself down Hill—

And neigh like Boanerges—
Then—punctual as a Star
Stop—docile and omnipotent
At its own stable door—

Emily Dickinson

I like to see it lap the miles,

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop--docile and omnipotent--
At its own stable door.

Emily Dickinson

I live with Him—I see His face

463

I live with Him—I see His face—
I go no more away
For Visitor—or Sundown—
Death's single privacy

The Only One—forestalling Mine—
And that—by Right that He
Presents a Claim invisible—
No wedlock—granted Me—

I live with Him—I hear His Voice—
I stand alive—Today—
To witness to the Certainty
Of Immortality—

Taught Me—by Time—the lower Way—
Conviction—Every day—
That Life like This—is stopless—
Be Judgment—what it may—

Emily Dickinson

I live with Him—I see His face

463

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I go no more away
For Visitor—or Sundown—
Death's single privacy

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To witness to the Certainty
Of Immortality—

Taught Me—by Time—the lower Way—
Conviction—Every day—
That Life like This—is stopless—
Be Judgment—what it may—

Emily Dickinson

I lived on Dread

770

I lived on Dread—
To Those who know
The Stimulus there is
In Danger—Other impetus
Is numb—and Vitalless—

As 'twere a Spur—upon the Soul—
A Fear will urge it where
To go without the Sceptre's aid
Were Challenging Despair.

Emily Dickinson

I lived on dread; to those who know

I lived on dread; to those who know
The stimulus there is
In danger, other impetus
Is numb and vital-less.

As't were a spur upon the soul,
A fear will urge it where
To go without the spectre's aid
Were challenging despair.

Emily Dickinson

I lost a World - the other day!

181

I lost a World - the other day!
Has Anybody found?
You'll know it by the Row of Stars
Around its forehead bound.

A Rich man—might not notice it—
Yet—to my frugal Eye,
Of more Esteem than Ducats—
Oh find it—Sir—for me!

Emily Dickinson

I made slow Riches but my Gain

843

I made slow Riches but my Gain
Was steady as the Sun
And every Night, it numbered more
Than the preceding One

All Days, I did not earn the same
But my perceiveless Gain
Inferred the less by Growing than
The Sum that it had grown.

Emily Dickinson

I make His Crescent fill or lack

909

I make His Crescent fill or lack—
His Nature is at Full
Or Quarter—as I signify—
His Tides—do I control—

He holds superior in the Sky
Or gropes, at my Command
Behind inferior Clouds—or round
A Mist's slow Colonnade—

But since We hold a Mutual Disc—
And front a Mutual Day—
Which is the Despot, neither knows—
Nor Whose—the Tyranny—

Emily Dickinson

I many times thought Peace had come

739

I many times thought Peace had come
When Peace was far away—
As Wrecked Men—deem they sight the Land—
At Centre of the Sea—

And struggle slacker—but to prove
As hopelessly as I—
How many the fictitious Shores—
Before the Harbor be—

Emily Dickinson

I meant to find Her when I came

718

I meant to find Her when I came—
Death—had the same design—
But the Success—was His—it seems—
And the Surrender—Mine—

I meant to tell Her how I longed
For just this single time—
But Death had told Her so the first—
And she had past, with Him—

To wander—now—is my Repose—
To rest—To rest would be
A privilege of Hurricane
To Memory—and Me.

Emily Dickinson

I meant to have but modest needs

476

I meant to have but modest needs—
Such as Content—and Heaven—
Within my income—these could lie
And Life and I—keep even—

But since the last—included both—
It would suffice my Prayer
But just for One—to stipulate—
And Grace would grant the Pair—

And so—upon this wise—I prayed—
Great Spirit—Give to me
A Heaven not so large as Yours,
But large enough—for me—

A Smile suffused Jehovah's face—
The Cherubim—withdrew—
Grave Saints stole out to look at me—
And showed their dimples—too—

I left the Place, with all my might—
I threw my Prayer away—
The Quiet Ages picked it up—
And Judgment—twinkled—too—
Tat one so honest—be extant—
It take the Tale for true—
That "Whatsoever Ye shall ask—
Itself be given You"—

But I, grown shrewder—scan the Skies
With a suspicious Air—
As Children—swindled for the first
All Swindlers—be—infer—

Emily Dickinson

I measure every grief I meet

I measure every grief I meet
With analytic eyes;
I wonder if it weighs like mine,
Or has an easier size.

I wonder if they bore it long,
Or did it just begin?
I could not tell the date of mine,
It feels so old a pain.

I wonder if it hurts to live,
And if they have to try,
And whether, could they choose between,
They would not rather die.

I wonder if when years have piled--
Some thousands--on the cause
Of early hurt, if such a lapse
Could give them any pause;

Or would they go on aching still
Through centuries above,
Enlightened to a larger pain
By contrast with the love.

The grieved are many, I am told;
The reason deeper lies,--
Death is but one and comes but once
And only nails the eyes.

There's grief of want, and grief of cold,--
A sort they call 'despair,'
There's banishment from native eyes,
In sight of native air.

And though I may not guess the kind
Correctly yet to me
A piercing comfort it affords
In passing Calvary,

To note the fashions of the cross
Of those that stand alone
Still fascinated to presume
That some are like my own.

Emily Dickinson

I measure every Grief I meet (561)

I measure every Grief I meet
With narrow, probing, Eyes--
I wonder if It weighs like Mine--
Or has an Easier size.

I wonder if They bore it long--
Or did it just begin--
I could not tell the Date of Mine--
It feels so old a pain--

I wonder if it hurts to live--
And if They have to try--
And whether--could They choose between--
It would not be--to die--

I note that Some--gone patient long--
At length, renew their smile--
An imitation of a Light
That has so little Oil--

I wonder if when Years have piled--
Some Thousands--on the Harm--
That hurt them early--such a lapse
Could give them any Balm--

Or would they go on aching still
Through Centuries of Nerve--
Enlightened to a larger Pain--
In Contrast with the Love--

The Grieved--are many--I am told--
There is the various Cause--
Death--is but one--and comes but once--
And only nails the eyes--

There's Grief of Want--and grief of Cold--
A sort they call "Despair"--
There's Banishment from native Eyes--
In Sight of Native Air--

And though I may not guess the kind--
Correctly--yet to me
A piercing Comfort it affords
In passing Calvary--

To note the fashions--of the Cross--
And how they're mostly worn--
Still fascinated to presume
That Some--are like My Own--

Emily Dickinson

I ment to find her when I came;

I meant to find her when I came;
   Death had the same design;
But the success was his, it seems,
   And the discomfit mine.

I meant to tell her how I longed
   For just this single time;
But Death had told her so the first,
   And she had hearkened him.

To wander now is my abode;
   To rest,--to rest would be
A privilege of hurricane
   To memory and me.

Emily Dickinson

I met a King this afternoon!

166

I met a King this afternoon!
He had not on a Crown indeed,
A little Palmleaf Hat was all,
And he was barefoot, I'm afraid!

But sure I am he Ermine wore
Beneath his faded Jacket's blue—
And sure I am, the crest he bore
Within that Jacket's pocket too!

For 'twas too stately for an Earl—
A Marquis would not go so grand!
'Twas possibly a Czar petite—
A Pope, or something of that kind!

If I must tell you, of a Horse
My freckled Monarch held the rein—
Doubtless an estimable Beast,
But not at all disposed to run!

And such a wagon! While I live
Dare I presume to see
Another such a vehicle
As then transported me!

Two other ragged Princes
His royal state partook!
Doubtless the first excursion
These sovereigns ever took!

I question if the Royal Coach
Round which the Footmen wait
Has the significance, on high,
Of this Barefoot Estate!

Emily Dickinson

I never felt at Home—Below

413

I never felt at Home—Below—-
And in the Handsome Skies
I shall not feel at Home—I know—
I don't like Paradise—

Because it's Sunday—all the time—
And Recess—never comes—
And Eden'll be so lonesome
Bright Wednesday Afternoons—

If God could make a visit—
Or ever took a Nap—
So not to see us—but they say
Himself—a Telescope

Perennial beholds us—
Myself would run away
From Him—and Holy Ghost—and All—
But there's the "Judgement Day"!

Emily Dickinson

I never felt at Home—Below

413

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And in the Handsome Skies
I shall not feel at Home—I know—
I don't like Paradise—

Because it's Sunday—all the time—
And Recess—never comes—
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So not to see us—but they say
Himself—a Telescope

Perennial beholds us—
Myself would run away
From Him—and Holy Ghost—and All—
But there's the "Judgement Day"!

Emily Dickinson

I never hear the word

I never hear the word "escape"
Without a quicker blood,
A sudden expectation,
A flying attitude.

I never hear of prisons broad
By soldiers battered down,
But I tug childish at my bars, --
Only to fail again!

Emily Dickinson

I never hear the word "escape"

I never hear the word "escape"
Without a quicker blood,
A sudden expectation,
A flying attitude.

I never hear of prisons broad
By soldiers battered down,
But I tug childish at my bars, --
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A sudden expectation,
A flying attitude.

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By soldiers battered down,
But I tug childish at my bars, --
Only to fail again!

Emily Dickinson

I never lost as much but twice

49

I never lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod.
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God!

Angels—twice descending
Reimbursed my store—
Burglar! Banker—Father!
I am poor once more!

Emily Dickinson

I Never Saw a Moor

I never saw a moor;
I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a billow be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven.
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the checks were given.

Emily Dickinson

I never saw a moor,

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson

I never told the buried gold

11

I never told the buried gold
Upon the hill—that lies—
I saw the sun—his plunder done
Crouch low to guard his prize.

He stood as near
As stood you here—
A pace had been between—
Did but a snake bisect the brake
My life had forfeit been.

That was a wondrous booty—
I hope 'twas honest gained.
Those were the fairest ingots
That ever kissed the spade!

Whether to keep the secret—
Whether to reveal—
Whether as I ponder
Kidd will sudden sail—

Could a shrewd advise me
We might e'en divide—
Should a shrewd betray me—
Atropos decide!

Emily Dickinson

I often passed the village

51

I often passed the village
When going home from school—
And wondered what they did there—
And why it was so still—

I did not know the year then—
In which my call would come—
Earlier, by the Dial,
Than the rest have gone.

It's stiller than the sundown.
It's cooler than the dawn—
The Daisies dare to come here—
And birds can flutter down—

So when you are tired—
Or perplexed—or cold—
Trust the loving promise
Underneath the mould,
Cry "it's I," "take Dollie,"
And I will enfold!

Emily Dickinson

I pay—in Satin Cash

402

I pay—in Satin Cash—
You did not state—your price—
A Petal, for a Paragraph
It near as I can guess—

Emily Dickinson

I pay—in Satin Cash

402

I pay—in Satin Cash—
You did not state—your price—
A Petal, for a Paragraph
It near as I can guess—

Emily Dickinson

I play at Riches—to appease

801

I play at Riches—to appease
The Clamoring for Gold—
It kept me from a Thief, I think,
For often, overbold

With Want, and Opportunity—
I could have done a Sin
And been Myself that easy Thing
An independent Man—

But often as my lot displays
Too hungry to be borne
I deem Myself what I would be—
And novel Comforting

My Poverty and I derive—
We question if the Man—
Who own—Esteem the Opulence—
As We—Who never Can—

Should ever these exploring Hands
Chance Sovereign on a Mine—
Or in the long—uneven term
To win, become their turn—

How fitter they will be—for Want—
Enlightening so well—
I know not which, Desire, or Grant—
Be wholly beautiful—

Emily Dickinson

I play at Riches—to appease

801

I play at Riches—to appease
The Clamoring for Gold—
It kept me from a Thief, I think,
For often, overbold

With Want, and Opportunity—
I could have done a Sin
And been Myself that easy Thing
An independent Man—

But often as my lot displays
Too hungry to be borne
I deem Myself what I would be—
And novel Comforting

My Poverty and I derive—
We question if the Man—
Who own—Esteem the Opulence—
As We—Who never Can—

Should ever these exploring Hands
Chance Sovereign on a Mine—
Or in the long—uneven term
To win, become their turn—

How fitter they will be—for Want—
Enlightening so well—
I know not which, Desire, or Grant—
Be wholly beautiful—

Emily Dickinson

I prayed, at first, a little Girl

576

I prayed, at first, a little Girl,
Because they told me to—
But stopped, when qualified to guess
How prayer would feel—to me—

If I believed God looked around,
Each time my Childish eye
Fixed full, and steady, on his own
In Childish honesty—

And told him what I'd like, today,
And parts of his far plan
That baffled me—
The mingled side
Of his Divinity—

And often since, in Danger,
I count the force 'twould be
To have a God so strong as that
To hold my life for me

Till I could take the Balance
That tips so frequent, now,
It takes me all the while to poise—
And then—it doesn't stay—

Emily Dickinson

I read my sentence—steadily

412

I read my sentence—steadily—
Reviewed it with my eyes,
To see that I made no mistake
In its extremest clause—
The Date, and manner, of the shame—
And then the Pious Form
That "God have mercy" on the Soul
The Jury voted Him—
I made my soul familiar—with her extremity—
That at the last, it should not be a novel Agony—
But she, and Death, acquainted—
Meet tranquilly, as friends—
Salute, and pass, without a Hint—
And there, the Matter ends—

Emily Dickinson

I read my sentence—steadily

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Emily Dickinson

I reason, Earth is short

301

I reason, Earth is short—
And Anguish—absolute—
And many hurt,
But, what of that?

I reason, we could die—
The best Vitality
Cannot excel Decay,
But, what of that?

I reason, that in Heaven—
Somehow, it will be even—
Some new Equation, given—
But, what of that?

Emily Dickinson

I reckon—when I count it all

569

I reckon—when I count it all—
First—Poets—Then the Sun—
Then Summer—Then the Heaven of God—
And then—the List is done—

But, looking back—the First so seems
To Comprehend the Whole—
The Others look a needless Show—
So I write—Poets—All—

Their Summer—lasts a Solid Year—
They can afford a Sun
The East—would deem extravagant—
And if the Further Heaven—

Be Beautiful as they prepare
For Those who worship Them—
It is too difficult a Grace—
To justify the Dream—

Emily Dickinson

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To justify the Dream—

Emily Dickinson

I robbed the Woods

41

I robbed the Woods—
The trusting Woods.
The unsuspecting Trees
Brought out their Burs and mosses
My fantasy to please.
I scanned their trinkets curious—I grasped—I bore away—
What will the solemn Hemlock—
What will the Oak tree say?

Emily Dickinson

I rose—because He sank

616

I rose—because He sank—
I thought it would be opposite—
But when his power dropped—
My Soul grew straight.

I cheered my fainting Prince—
I sang firm—even—Chants—
I helped his Film—with Hymn—

And when the Dews drew off
That held his Forehead stiff—
I met him—
Balm to Balm—

I told him Best—must pass
Through this low Arch of Flesh—
No Casque so brave
It spurn the Grave—

I told him Worlds I knew
Where Emperors grew—
Who recollected us
If we were true—

And so with Thews of Hymn—
And Sinew from within—
And ways I knew not that I knew—till then—
I lifted Him—

Emily Dickinson

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I lifted Him—

Emily Dickinson

I saw no Way—The Heavens were stitched

378

I saw no Way—The Heavens were stitched—
I felt the Columns close—
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres—
I touched the Universe—

And back it slid—and I alone—
A Speck upon a Ball—
Went out upon Circumference—
Beyond the Dip of Bell—

Emily Dickinson

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378

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Emily Dickinson

I see thee better—in the Dark

611

I see thee better—in the Dark—
I do not need a Light—
The Love of Thee—a Prism be—
Excelling Violet—

I see thee better for the Years
That hunch themselves between—
The Miner's Lamp—sufficient be—
To nullify the Mine—

And in the Grave—I see Thee best—
Its little Panels be
Aglow—All ruddy—with the Light
I held so high, for Thee—

What need of Day—
To Those whose Dark—hath so—surpassing Sun—
It deem it be—Continually—
At the Meridian?

Emily Dickinson

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To Those whose Dark—hath so—surpassing Sun—
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At the Meridian?

Emily Dickinson

I send Two Sunsets

308

I send Two Sunsets—
Day and I—in competition ran—
I finished Two—and several Stars—
While He—was making One—

His own was ampler—but as I
Was saying to a friend—
Mine—is the more convenient
To Carry in the Hand—

Emily Dickinson

I shall keep singing!

250

I shall keep singing!
Birds will pass me
On their way to Yellower Climes—
Each—with a Robin's expectation—
I—with my Redbreast—
And my Rhymes—

Late—when I take my place in summer—
But—I shall bring a fuller tune—
Vespers—are sweeter than Matins—Signor—
Morning—only the seed of Noon—

Emily Dickinson

I shall know why—when Time is over

193

I shall know why—when Time is over—
And I have ceased to wonder why—
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair schoolroom of the sky—

He will tell me what "Peter" promised—
And I—for wonder at his woe—
I shall forget the drop of Anguish
That scalds me now—that scalds me now!

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

I should have been too glad, I see

313

I should have been too glad, I see—
Too lifted—for the scant degree
Of Life's penurious Round—
My little Circuit would have shamed
This new Circumference—have blamed—
The homelier time behind.

I should have been too saved—I see—
Too rescued—Fear too dim to me
That I could spell the Prayer
I knew so perfect—yesterday—
That Scalding One—Sabachthani—
Recited fluent—here—

Earth would have been too much—I see—
And Heaven—not enough for me—
I should have had the Joy
Without the Fear—to justify—
The Palm—without the Calvary—
So Savior—Crucify—
Defeat—whets Victory—they say—
The Reefs—in old Gethsemane—
Endear the Coast—beyond!
'Tis Beggars—Banquets—can define—
'Tis Parching—vitalizes Wine—
"Faith" bleats—to understand!

Emily Dickinson

I should not dare to leave my friend

205

I should not dare to leave my friend,
Because—because if he should die
While I was gone—and I—too late—
Should reach the Heart that wanted me—

If I should disappoint the eyes
That hunted—hunted so—to see—
And could not bear to shut until
They "noticed" me—they noticed me—

If I should stab the patient faith
So sure I'd come—so sure I'd come—
It listening—listening—went to sleep—
Telling my tardy name—

My Heart would wish it broke before—
Since breaking then—since breaking then—
Were useless as next morning's sun—
Where midnight frosts—had lain!

Emily Dickinson

I showed her Heights she never saw

446

I showed her Heights she never saw—
"Would'st Climb," I said?
She said—"Not so"—
"With me—" I said—With me?
I showed her Secrets—Morning's Nest—
The Rope the Nights were put across—
And now—"Would'st have me for a Guest?"
She could not find her Yes—
And then, I brake my life—And Lo,
A Light, for her, did solemn glow,
The larger, as her face withdrew—
And could she, further, "No"?

Emily Dickinson

I sing to use the Waiting

850

I sing to use the Waiting
My Bonnet but to tie
And shut the Door unto my House
No more to do have I

Till His best step approaching
We journey to the Day
And tell each other how We sung
To Keep the Dark away.

Emily Dickinson

I sometimes drop it, for a Quick

708

I sometimes drop it, for a Quick—
The Thought to be alive—
Anonymous Delight to know—
And Madder—to conceive—

Consoles a Woe so monstrous
That did it tear all Day,
Without an instant's Respite—
'Twould look too far—to Die—

Emily Dickinson

I started Early - Took my Dog

I started Early - Took my Dog -
And visited the Sea -
The Mermaids in the Basement
Came out to look at me -

And Frigates - in the Upper Floor
Extended Hempen Hands -
Presuming Me to be a Mouse -
Aground - upon the Sands -

But no Man moved Me - till the Tide
Went past my simple Shoe -
And past my Apron - and my Belt
And past my Bodice - too -

And made as He would eat me up -
As wholly as a Dew
Upon a Dandelion's Sleeve -
And then - I started - too -

And He - He followed - close behind -
I felt His Silver Heel
Upon my Ankle - Then my Shoes
Would overflow with Pearl -

Until We met the Solid Town -
No One He seemed to know -
And bowing - with a Mighty look -
At me - The Sea withdrew -

Emily Dickinson

I started Early—Took my Dog

520

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And Frigates—in the Upper Floor
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Emily Dickinson

I stepped from plank to plank

I stepped from plank to plank
   So slow and cautiously;
The stars about my head I felt,
   About my feet the sea.

I knew not but the next
   Would be my final inch,--
This gave me that precarious gait
   Some call experience.

Emily Dickinson

I stole them from a Bee

200

I stole them from a Bee—
Because—Thee—
Sweet plea—
He pardoned me!

Emily Dickinson

I taste a liquor never brewed

I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When the landlord turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

Emily Dickinson

I tend my flowers for thee

339

I tend my flowers for thee—
Bright Absentee!
My Fuchsia's Coral Seams
Rip—while the Sower—dreams—

Geraniums—tint—and spot—
Low Daisies—dot—
My Cactus—splits her Beard
To show her throat—

Carnations—tip their spice—
And Bees—pick up—
A Hyacinth—I hid—
Puts out a Ruffled Head—
And odors fall
From flasks—so small—
You marvel how they held—

Globe Roses—break their satin glake—
Upon my Garden floor—
Yet—thou—not there—
I had as lief they bore
No Crimson—more—

Thy flower—be gay—
Her Lord—away!
It ill becometh me—
I'll dwell in Calyx—Gray—
How modestly—alway—
Thy Daisy—
Draped for thee!

Emily Dickinson

I think I was enchanted

593

I think I was enchanted
When first a sombre Girl—
I read that Foreign Lady—
The Dark—felt beautiful—

And whether it was noon at night—
Or only Heaven—at Noon—
For very Lunacy of Light
I had not power to tell—

The Bees—became as Butterflies—
The Butterflies—as Swans—
Approached—and spurned the narrow Grass—
And just the meanest Tunes

That Nature murmured to herself
To keep herself in Cheer—
I took for Giants—practising
Titanic Opera—

The Days—to Mighty Metres stept—
The Homeliest—adorned
As if unto a Jubilee
'Twere suddenly confirmed—

I could not have defined the change—
Conversion of the Mind
Like Sanctifying in the Soul—
Is witnessed—not explained—

'Twas a Divine Insanity—
The Danger to be Sane
Should I again experience—
'Tis Antidote to turn—

To Tomes of solid Witchcraft—
Magicians be asleep—
But Magic—hath an Element
Like Deity—to keep—

Emily Dickinson

I think just how my shape will rise

237

I think just how my shape will rise—
When I shall be "forgiven"—
Till Hair—and Eyes—and timid Head—
Are out of sight—in Heaven—

I think just how my lips will weigh—
With shapeless—quivering—prayer—
That you—so late—"Consider" me—
The "Sparrow" of your Care—

I mind me that of Anguish—sent—
Some drifts were moved away—
Before my simple bosom—broke—
And why not this—if they?

And so I con that thing—"forgiven"—
Until—delirious—borne—
By my long bright—and longer—trust—
I drop my Heart—unshriven!

Emily Dickinson

I think the Hemlock likes to stand

525

I think the Hemlock likes to stand
Upon a Marge of Snow—
It suits his own Austerity—
And satisfies an awe

That men, must slake in Wilderness—
And in the Desert—cloy—
An instinct for the Hoar, the Bald—
Lapland's—necessity—

The Hemlock's nature thrives—on cold—
The Gnash of Northern winds
Is sweetest nutriment—to him—
His best Norwegian Wines—

To satin Races—he is nought—
But Children on the Don,
Beneath his Tabernacles, play,
And Dnieper Wrestlers, run.

Emily Dickinson

I think the longest Hour of all

635

I think the longest Hour of all
Is when the Cars have come—
And we are waiting for the Coach—
It seems as though the Time

Indignant—that the Joy was come—
Did block the Gilded Hands—
And would not let the Seconds by—
But slowest instant—ends—

The Pendulum begins to count—
Like little Scholars—loud—
The steps grow thicker—in the Hall—
The Heart begins to crowd—

Then I—my timid service done—
Tho' service 'twas, of Love—
Take up my little Violin—
And further North—remove.

Emily Dickinson

I think to Live—may be a Bliss

646

I think to Live—may be a Bliss
To those who dare to try—
Beyond my limit to conceive—
My lip—to testify—

I think the Heart I former wore
Could widen—till to me
The Other, like the little Bank
Appear—unto the Sea—

I think the Days—could every one
In Ordination stand—
And Majesty—be easier—
Than an inferior kind—

No numb alarm—lest Difference come—
No Goblin—on the Bloom—
No start in Apprehension's Ear,
No Bankruptcy—no Doom—

But Certainties of Sun—
Midsummer—in the Mind—
A steadfast South—upon the Soul—
Her Polar time—behind—

The Vision—pondered long—
So plausible becomes
That I esteem the fiction—real—
The Real—fictitious seems—

How bountiful the Dream—
What Plenty—it would be—
Had all my Life but been Mistake
Just rectified—in Thee

Emily Dickinson

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Just rectified—in Thee

Emily Dickinson

I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl

443

I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl—
Life's little duties do—precisely—
As the very least
Were infinite—to me—

I put new Blossoms in the Glass—
And throw the old—away—
I push a petal from my gown
That anchored there—I weigh
The time 'twill be till six o'clock
I have so much to do—
And yet—Existence—some way back—
Stopped—struck—my tickling—through—
We cannot put Ourself away
As a completed Man
Or Woman—When the Errand's done
We came to Flesh—upon—
There may be—Miles on Miles of Nought—
Of Action—sicker far—
To simulate—is stinging work—
To cover what we are
From Science—and from Surgery—
Too Telescopic Eyes
To bear on us unshaded—
For their—sake—not for Ours—
'Twould start them—
We—could tremble—
But since we got a Bomb—
And held it in our Bosom—
Nay—Hold it—it is calm—

Therefore—we do life's labor—
Though life's Reward—be done—
With scrupulous exactness—
To hold our Senses—on—

Emily Dickinson

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443

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Though life's Reward—be done—
With scrupulous exactness—
To hold our Senses—on—

Emily Dickinson

I took my Power in my Hand

540

I took my Power in my Hand—
And went against the World—
'Twas not so much as David—had—
But I—was twice as bold—

I aimed by Pebble—but Myself
Was all the one that fell—
Was it Goliath—was too large—
Or was myself—too small?

Emily Dickinson

I tried to think a lonelier Thing

532

I tried to think a lonelier Thing
Than any I had seen—
Some Polar Expiation—An Omen in the Bone
Of Death's tremendous nearness—

I probed Retrieverless things
My Duplicate—to borrow—
A Haggard Comfort springs

From the belief that Somewhere—
Within the Clutch of Thought—
There dwells one other Creature
Of Heavenly Love—forgot—

I plucked at our Partition
As One should pry the Walls—
Between Himself—and Horror's Twin—
Within Opposing Cells—

I almost strove to clasp his Hand,
Such Luxury—it grew—
That as Myself—could pity Him—
Perhaps he—pitied me—

Emily Dickinson

I want—it pleaded—All its life—

"I want"—it pleaded—All its life—
I want—was chief it said
When Skill entreated it—the last—
And when so newly dead—

I could not deem it late—to hear
That single—steadfast sigh—
The lips had placed as with a "Please"
Toward Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

I was the slightest in the House

486

I was the slightest in the House—
I took the smallest Room—
At night, my little Lamp, and Book—
And one Geranium—

So stationed I could catch the Mint
That never ceased to fall—
And just my Basket—
Let me think—I'm sure—
That this was all—

I never spoke—unless addressed—
And then, 'twas brief and low—
I could not bear to live—aloud—
The Racket shamed me so—

And if it had not been so far—
And any one I knew
Were going—I had often thought
How noteless—I could die—

Emily Dickinson

I watched the Moon around the House

629

I watched the Moon around the House
Until upon a Pane—
She stopped—a Traveller's privilege—for Rest—
And there upon

I gazed—as at a stranger—
The Lady in the Town
Doth think no incivility
To lift her Glass—upon—

But never Stranger justified
The Curiosity
Like Mine—for not a Foot—nor Hand—
Nor Formula—had she—

But like a Head—a Guillotine
Slid carelessly away—
Did independent, Amber—
Sustain her in the sky—

Or like a Stemless Flower—
Upheld in rolling Air
By finer Gravitations—
Than bind Philosopher—

No Hunger—had she—nor an Inn—
Her Toilette—to suffice—
Nor Avocation—nor Concern
For little Mysteries

As harass us—like Life—and Death—
And Afterwards—or Nay—
But seemed engrossed to Absolute—
With shining—and the Sky—

The privilege to scrutinize
Was scarce upon my Eyes
When, with a Silver practise—
She vaulted out of Gaze—

And next—I met her on a Cloud—
Myself too far below
To follow her superior Road—
Or its advantage—Blue—

Emily Dickinson

I watched the Moon around the House (629)

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She stopped -- a Traveller's privilege -- for Rest --
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Or its advantage -- Blue --

Emily Dickinson

I went to Heaven

374

I went to Heaven—
'Twas a small Town—
Lit—with a Ruby—
Lathed—with Down—

Stiller—than the fields
At the full Dew—
Beautiful—as Pictures—
No Man drew.
People—like the Moth—
Of Mechlin—frames—
Duties—of Gossamer—
And Eider—names—
Almost—contented—
I—could be—
'Mong such unique
Society—

Emily Dickinson

I went to heaven,--

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'T was a small town,
Lit with a ruby,
Lathed with down.
Stiller than the fields
At the full dew,
Beautiful as pictures
No man drew.
People like the moth,
Of mechlin, frames,
Duties of gossamer,
And eider names.
Almost contented
I could be
'Mong such unique
Society.

Emily Dickinson

I went to thank Her

363

I went to thank Her—
But She Slept—
Her Bed—a funneled Stone—
With Nosegays at the Head and Foot—
That Travellers—had thrown—

Who went to thank Her—
But She Slept—
'Twas Short—to cross the Sea—
To look upon Her like—alive—
But turning back—'twas slow—

Emily Dickinson

I would distil a cup

16

I would distil a cup,
And bear to all my friends,
Drinking to her no more astir,
By beck, or burn, or moor!

Emily Dickinson

I would not paint—a picture

505

I would not paint—a picture—
I'd rather be the One
Its bright impossibility
To dwell—delicious—on—
And wonder how the fingers feel
Whose rare—celestial—stir—
Evokes so sweet a Torment—
Such sumptuous—Despair—

I would not talk, like Cornets—
I'd rather be the One
Raised softly to the Ceilings—
And out, and easy on—
Through Villages of Ether—
Myself endued Balloon
By but a lip of Metal—
The pier to my Pontoon—

Nor would I be a Poet—
It's finer—own the Ear—
Enamored—impotent—content—
The License to revere,
A privilege so awful
What would the Dower be,
Had I the Art to stun myself
With Bolts of Melody!

Emily Dickinson

I would not paint—a picture

505

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A privilege so awful
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Had I the Art to stun myself
With Bolts of Melody!

Emily Dickinson

I Years had been from Home

609

I Years had been from Home
And now before the Door
I dared not enter, lest a Face
I never saw before

Stare solid into mine
And ask my Business there—
"My Business but a Life I left
Was such remaining there?"

I leaned upon the Awe—
I lingered with Before—
The Second like an Ocean rolled
And broke against my ear—

I laughed a crumbling Laugh
That I could fear a Door
Who Consternation compassed
And never winced before.

I fitted to the Latch
My Hand, with trembling care
Lest back the awful Door should spring
And leave me in the Floor—

Then moved my Fingers off
As cautiously as Glass
And held my ears, and like a Thief
Fled gasping from the House—

Emily Dickinson

I years had been from home,

I years had been from home,
And now, before the door,
I dared not open, lest a face
I never saw before

Stare vacant into mine
And ask my business there.
My business,--just a life I left,
Was such still dwelling there?

I fumbled at my nerve,
I scanned the windows near;
The silence like an ocean rolled,
And broke against my ear.

I laughed a wooden laugh
That I could fear a door,
Who danger and the dead had faced,
But never quaked before.

I fitted to the latch
My hand, with trembling care,
Lest back the awful door should spring,
And leave me standing there.

I moved my fingers off
As cautiously as glass,
And held my ears, and like a thief
Fled gasping from the house.

Emily Dickinson

I’ll tell you how the sun rose

I’ll tell you how the sun rose, -
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile.
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

Emily Dickinson

Ideals are the Fairly Oil

983

Ideals are the Fairly Oil
With which we help the Wheel
But when the Vital Axle turns
The Eye rejects the Oil.

Emily Dickinson

If any sink, assure that this, now standing

358

If any sink, assure that this, now standing—
Failed like Themselves—and conscious that it rose—
Grew by the Fact, and not the Understanding
How Weakness passed—or Force—arose—

Tell that the Worst, is easy in a Moment—
Dread, but the Whizzing, before the Ball—
When the Ball enters, enters Silence—
Dying—annuls the power to kill.

Emily Dickinson

If anybody's friend be dead

509

If anybody's friend be dead
It's sharpest of the theme
The thinking how they walked alive—
At such and such a time—

Their costume, of a Sunday,
Some manner of the Hair—
A prank nobody knew but them
Lost, in the Sepulchre—

How warm, they were, on such a day,
You almost feel the date—
So short way off it seems—
And now—they're Centuries from that—

How pleased they were, at what you said—
You try to touch the smile
And dip your fingers in the frost—
When was it—Can you tell—

You asked the Company to tea—
Acquaintance—just a few—
And chatted close with this Grand Thing
That don't remember you—

Past Bows, and Invitations—
Past Interview, and Vow—
Past what Ourself can estimate—
That—makes the Quick of Woe!

Emily Dickinson

If Blame be my side—forfeit Me

775

If Blame be my side—forfeit Me—
But doom me not to forfeit Thee—
To forfeit Thee? The very name
Is sentence from Belief—and House—

Emily Dickinson

If Blame be my side—forfeit Me

775

If Blame be my side—forfeit Me—
But doom me not to forfeit Thee—
To forfeit Thee? The very name
Is sentence from Belief—and House—

Emily Dickinson

If He dissolve—then—there is nothing

236

If He dissolve—then—there is nothing—more—
Eclipse—at Midnight—
It was dark—before—
Sunset—at Easter—
Blindness—on the Dawn—
Faint Star of Bethlehem—
Gone down!

Would but some God—inform Him—
Or it be too late!
Say—that the pulse just lisps—
The Chariots wait—

Say—that a little life—for His—
Is leaking—red—
His little Spaniel—tell Him!
Will He heed?

Emily Dickinson

If He dissolve—then—there is nothing

236

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It was dark—before—
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Is leaking—red—
His little Spaniel—tell Him!
Will He heed?

Emily Dickinson

If He were living—dare I ask

734

If He were living—dare I ask—
And how if He be dead—
And so around the Words I went—
Of meeting them—afraid—

I hinted Changes—Lapse of Time—
The Surfaces of Years—
I touched with Caution—lest they crack—
And show me to my fears—

Reverted to adjoining Lives—
Adroitly turning out
Wherever I suspected Graves—
'Twas prudenter—I thought—

And He—I pushed—with sudden force—
In face of the Suspense—
"Was buried"—"Buried"! "He!"
My Life just holds the Trench—

Emily Dickinson

If He were living—dare I ask

734

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Of meeting them—afraid—

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In face of the Suspense—
"Was buried"—"Buried"! "He!"
My Life just holds the Trench—

Emily Dickinson

If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

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I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

If I could bribe them by a Rose

179

If I could bribe them by a Rose
I'd bring them every flower that grows
From Amherst to Cashmere!
I would not stop for night, or storm—
Or frost, or death, or anyone—
My business were so dear!

If they would linger for a Bird
My Tambourin were soonest heard
Among the April Woods!
Unwearied, all the summer long,
Only to break in wilder song
When Winter shook the boughs!

What if they hear me!
Who shall say
That such an importunity
May not at last avail?

That, weary of this Beggar's face—
They may not finally say, Yes—
To drive her from the Hall?

Emily Dickinson

If I may have it, when it's dead

577

If I may have it, when it's dead,
I'll be contented—so—
If just as soon as Breath is out
It shall belong to me—

Until they lock it in the Grave,
'Tis Bliss I cannot weigh—
For tho' they lock Thee in the Grave,
Myself—can own the key—

Think of it Lover! I and Thee
Permitted—face to face to be—
After a Life—a Death—We'll say—
For Death was That—
And this—is Thee—

I'll tell Thee All—how Bald it grew—
How Midnight felt, at first—to me—
How all the Clocks stopped in the World—
And Sunshine pinched me—'Twas so cold—

Then how the Grief got sleepy—some—
As if my Soul were deaf and dumb—
Just making signs—across—to Thee—
That this way—thou could'st notice me—

I'll tell you how I tried to keep
A smile, to show you, when this Deep
All Waded—We look back for Play,
At those Old Times—in Calvary,

Forgive me, if the Grave come slow—
For Coveting to look at Thee—
Forgive me, if to stroke thy frost
Outvisions Paradise!

Emily Dickinson

If I should cease to bring a Rose

56

If I should cease to bring a Rose
Upon a festal day,
'Twill be because beyond the Rose
I have been called away—

If I should cease to take the names
My buds commemorate—
'Twill be because Death's finger
Claps my murmuring lip!

Emily Dickinson

If I should die

54

If I should die,
And you should live—
And time should gurgle on—
And morn should beam—
And noon should burn—
As it has usual done—
If Birds should build as early
And Bees as bustling go—
One might depart at option
From enterprise below!
'Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand
When we with Daisies lie—
That Commerce will continue—
And Trades as briskly fly—
It makes the parting tranquil
And keeps the soul serene—
That gentlemen so sprightly
Conduct the pleasing scene!

Emily Dickinson

If I shouldn't be alive

182

If I shouldn't be alive
When the Robins come,
Give the one in Red Cravat,
A Memorial crumb.

If I couldn't thank you,
Being fast asleep,
You will know I'm trying
Why my Granite lip!

Emily Dickinson

If I'm lost—now

256

If I'm lost—now
That I was found—
Shall still my transport be—
That once—on me—those Jasper Gates
Blazed open—suddenly—

That in my awkward—gazing—face—
The Angels—softly peered—
And touched me with their fleeces,
Almost as if they cared—
I'm banished—now—you know it—
How foreign that can be—
You'll know—Sir—when the Savior's face
Turns so—away from you—

Emily Dickinson

If I'm lost—now

256

If I'm lost—now
That I was found—
Shall still my transport be—
That once—on me—those Jasper Gates
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Almost as if they cared—
I'm banished—now—you know it—
How foreign that can be—
You'll know—Sir—when the Savior's face
Turns so—away from you—

Emily Dickinson

If it had no pencil

921

If it had no pencil
Would it try mine—
Worn—now—and dull—sweet,
Writing much to thee.
If it had no word,
Would it make the Daisy,
Most as big as I was,
When it plucked me?

Emily Dickinson

If pain for peace prepares

63

If pain for peace prepares
Lo, what "Augustan" years
Our feet await!

If springs from winter rise,
Can the Anemones
Be reckoned up?

If night stands fast—then noon
To gird us for the sun,
What gaze!

When from a thousand skies
On our developed eyes
Noons blaze!

Emily Dickinson

If recollecting were forgetting

33

If recollecting were forgetting,
Then I remember not.
And if forgetting, recollecting,
How near I had forgot.
And if to miss, were merry,
And to mourn, were gay,
How very blithe the fingers
That gathered this, Today!

Emily Dickinson

If she had been the Mistletoe

44

If she had been the Mistletoe
And I had been the Rose—
How gay upon your table
My velvet life to close—
Since I am of the Druid,
And she is of the dew—
I'll deck Tradition's buttonhole—
And send the Rose to you.

Emily Dickinson

If the foolish, call them

168

If the foolish, call them "flowers"—
Need the wiser, tell?
If the Savants "Classify" them
It is just as well!

Those who read the "Revelations"
Must not criticize
Those who read the same Edition—
With beclouded Eyes!

Could we stand with that Old "Moses"—
"Canaan" denied—
Scan like him, the stately landscape
On the other side—

Doubtless, we should deem superfluous
Many Sciences,
Not pursued by learned Angels
In scholastic skies!

Low amid that glad Belles lettres
Grant that we may stand,
Stars, amid profound Galaxies—
At that grand "Right hand"!

Emily Dickinson

If the foolish, call them "flowers"

168

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Stars, amid profound Galaxies—
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Emily Dickinson

If this is

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Emily Dickinson

If this is "fading"

120

If this is "fading"
Oh let me immediately "fade"!
If this is "dying"
Bury me, in such a shroud of red!
If this is "sleep,"
On such a night
How proud to shut the eye!
Good Evening, gentle Fellow men!
Peacock presumes to die!

Emily Dickinson

If those I loved were lost

29

If those I loved were lost
The Crier's voice would tell me—
If those I loved were found
The bells of Ghent would ring—

Did those I loved repose
The Daisy would impel me.
Philip—when bewildered
Bore his riddle in!

Emily Dickinson

If What we could—were what we would

407

If What we could—were what we would—
Criterion—be small—
It is the Ultimate of Talk—
The Impotence to Tell—

Emily Dickinson

If What we could—were what we would

407

If What we could—were what we would—
Criterion—be small—
It is the Ultimate of Talk—
The Impotence to Tell—

Emily Dickinson

If you were coming in the Fall

511

If you were coming in the Fall,
I'd brush the Summer by
With half a smile, and half a spurn,
As Housewives do, a Fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls—
And put them each in separate Drawers,
For fear the numbers fuse—

If only Centuries, delayed,
I'd count them on my Hand,
Subtracting, till my fingers dropped
Into Van Dieman's Land.

If certain, when this life was out—
That yours and mine, should be
I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind,
And take Eternity—

But, now, uncertain of the length
Of this, that is between,
It goads me, like the Goblin Bee—
That will not state—its sting.

Emily Dickinson

If you were coming in the fall,

If you were coming in the fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spum,
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
Until their time befalls.

If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen's land.

If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should be,
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And taste eternity.

But now, all ignorant of the length
Of time's uncertain wing,
It goads me, like the goblin bee,
That will not state its sting.

Emily Dickinson

If your Nerve, deny you

292

If your Nerve, deny you—
Go above your Nerve—
He can lean against the Grave,
If he fear to swerve—

That's a steady posture—
Never any bend
Held of those Brass arms—
Best Giant made—

If your Soul seesaw—
Lift the Flesh door—
The Poltroon wants Oxygen—
Nothing more—

Emily Dickinson

I'll clutch—and clutch

427

I'll clutch—and clutch—
Next—One—Might be the golden touch—
Could take it—
Diamonds—Wait—
I'm diving—just a little late—
But stars—go slow—for night—

I'll string you—in fine Necklace—
Tiaras—make—of some—
Wear you on Hem—
Loop up a Countess—with you—
Make—a Diadem—and mend my old One—
Count—Hoard—then lose—
And doubt that you are mine—
To have the joy of feeling it—again—

I'll show you at the Court—
Bear you—for Ornament
Where Women breathe—
That every sigh—may lift you
Just as high—as I—

And—when I die—
In meek array—display you—
Still to show—how rich I go—
Lest Skies impeach a wealth so wonderful—
And banish me—

Emily Dickinson

I'll clutch—and clutch

427

I'll clutch—and clutch—
Next—One—Might be the golden touch—
Could take it—
Diamonds—Wait—
I'm diving—just a little late—
But stars—go slow—for night—

I'll string you—in fine Necklace—
Tiaras—make—of some—
Wear you on Hem—
Loop up a Countess—with you—
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And doubt that you are mine—
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That every sigh—may lift you
Just as high—as I—

And—when I die—
In meek array—display you—
Still to show—how rich I go—
Lest Skies impeach a wealth so wonderful—
And banish me—

Emily Dickinson

I'll send the feather from my Hat!

687

I'll send the feather from my Hat!
Who knows—but at the sight of that
My Sovereign will relent?
As trinket—worn by faded Child—
Confronting eyes long—comforted—
Blisters the Adamant!

Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the Sun rose

318

I'll tell you how the Sun rose—
A Ribbon at a time—
The Steeples swam in Amethyst—
The news, like Squirrels, ran—
The Hills untied their Bonnets—
The Bobolinks—begun—
Then I said softly to myself—
"That must have been the Sun"!
But how he set—I know not—
There seemed a purple stile
That little Yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while—
Till when they reached the other side,
A Dominie in Gray—
Put gently up the evening Bars—
And led the flock away—

Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the sun rose, --

I'll tell you how the sun rose, --
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hill untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
'That must have been the sun!'
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But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars, --
And led the flock away.

Emily Dickinson

I'm

199

I'm "wife"—I've finished that—
That other state—
I'm Czar—I'm "Woman" now—
It's safer so—

How odd the Girl's life looks
Behind this soft Eclipse—
I think that Earth feels so
To folks in Heaven—now—

This being comfort—then
That other kind—was pain—
But why compare?
I'm "Wife"! Stop there!

Emily Dickinson

I'm "wife"—I've finished that

199

I'm "wife"—I've finished that—
That other state—
I'm Czar—I'm "Woman" now—
It's safer so—

How odd the Girl's life looks
Behind this soft Eclipse—
I think that Earth feels so
To folks in Heaven—now—

This being comfort—then
That other kind—was pain—
But why compare?
I'm "Wife"! Stop there!

Emily Dickinson

I'm ceded—I've stopped being Theirs

508

I'm ceded—I've stopped being Theirs—
The name They dropped upon my face
With water, in the country church
Is finished using, now,
And They can put it with my Dolls,
My childhood, and the string of spools,
I've finished threading—too—

Baptized, before, without the choice,
But this time, consciously, of Grace—
Unto supremest name—
Called to my Full—The Crescent dropped—
Existence's whole Arc, filled up,
With one small Diadem.

My second Rank—too small the first—
Crowned—Crowing—on my Father's breast—
A half unconscious Queen—
But this time—Adequate—Erect,
With Will to choose, or to reject,
And I choose, just a Crown—

Emily Dickinson

I'm ceded—I've stopped being Theirs

508

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My childhood, and the string of spools,
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And I choose, just a Crown—

Emily Dickinson

I'm nobody! Who are you?

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us -- don't tell!
They'd advertise -- you know!

How dreary to be somebody!
How public like a frog
To tell one's name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

Emily Dickinson

I'm Nobody! Who are you? (260)

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you--Nobody--too?
Then there's a pair of us?
Don't tell! they'd advertise--you know!

How dreary--to be--Somebody!
How public--like a Frog--
To tell one's name--the livelong June--
To an admiring Bog!

Emily Dickinson

I'm saying every day

373

I'm saying every day
"If I should be a Queen, tomorrow"—
I'd do this way—
And so I deck, a little,

If it be, I wake a Bourbon,
None on me, bend supercilious—
With "This was she—
Begged in the Market place—
Yesterday."

Court is a stately place—
I've heard men say—
So I loop my apron, against the Majesty
With bright Pins of Buttercup—
That not too plain—
Rank—overtake me—

And perch my Tongue
On Twigs of singing—rather high—
But this, might be my brief Term
To qualify—

Put from my simple speech all plain word—
Take other accents, as such I heard
Though but for the Cricket—just,
And but for the Bee—
Not in all the Meadow—
One accost me—

Better to be ready—
Than did next morn
Meet me in Aragon—
My old Gown—on—

And the surprised Air
Rustics—wear—
Summoned—unexpectedly—
To Exeter—

Emily Dickinson

I'm sorry for the Dead—Today

529

I'm sorry for the Dead—Today—
It's such congenial times
Old Neighbors have at fences—
It's time o' year for Hay.

And Broad—Sunburned Acquaintance
Discourse between the Toil—
And laugh, a homely species
That makes the Fences smile—

It seems so straight to lie away
From all of the noise of Fields—
The Busy Carts—the fragrant Cocks—
The Mower's Metre—Steals—

A Trouble lest they're homesick—
Those Farmers—and their Wives—
Set separate from the Farming—
And all the Neighbors' lives—

A Wonder if the Sepulchre
Don't feel a lonesome way—
When Men—and Boys—and Carts—and June,
Go down the Fields to "Hay"—

Emily Dickinson

I'm sorry for the Dead—Today

529

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When Men—and Boys—and Carts—and June,
Go down the Fields to "Hay"—

Emily Dickinson

I'm the little

176

I'm the little "Heart's Ease"!
I don't care for pouting skies!
If the Butterfly delay
Can I, therefore, stay away?

If the Coward Bumble Bee
In his chimney corner stay,
I, must resoluter be!
Who'll apologize for me?

Dear, Old fashioned, little flower!
Eden is old fashioned, too!
Birds are antiquated fellows!
Heaven does not change her blue.
Nor will I, the little Heart's Ease—
Ever be induced to do!

Emily Dickinson

I'm the little "Heart's Ease"

176

I'm the little "Heart's Ease"!
I don't care for pouting skies!
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Ever be induced to do!

Emily Dickinson

Impossibility, like Wine

838

Impossibility, like Wine
Exhilarates the Man
Who tastes it; Possibility
Is flavorless—Combine

A Chance's faintest Tincture
And in the former Dram
Enchantment makes ingredient
As certainly as Doom—

Emily Dickinson

In Ebon Box, when years have flown

169

In Ebon Box, when years have flown
To reverently peer,
Wiping away the velvet dust
Summers have sprinkled there!

To hold a letter to the light—
Grown Tawny now, with time—
To con the faded syllables
That quickened us like Wine!

Perhaps a Flower's shrivelled check
Among its stores to find—
Plucked far away, some morning—
By gallant—mouldering hand!

A curl, perhaps, from foreheads
Our Constancy forgot—
Perhaps, an Antique trinket—
In vanished fashions set!

And then to lay them quiet back—
And go about its care—
As if the little Ebon Box
Were none of our affair!

Emily Dickinson

In falling Timbers buried

614

In falling Timbers buried—
There breathed a Man—
Outside—the spades—were plying—
The Lungs—within—

Could He—know—they sought Him—
Could They—know—He breathed—
Horrid Sand Partition—
Neither—could be heard—

Never slacked the Diggers—
But when Spades had done—
Oh, Reward of Anguish,
It was dying—Then—

Many Things—are fruitless—
'Tis a Baffling Earth—
But there is no Gratitude
Like the Grace—of Death—

Emily Dickinson

In lands I never saw—they say

124

In lands I never saw—they say
Immortal Alps look down—
Whose Bonnets touch the firmament—
Whose Sandals touch the town—

Meek at whose everlasting feet
A Myriad Daisy play—
Which, Sir, are you and which am I
Upon an August day?

Emily Dickinson

In lands I never saw—they say

124

In lands I never saw—they say
Immortal Alps look down—
Whose Bonnets touch the firmament—
Whose Sandals touch the town—

Meek at whose everlasting feet
A Myriad Daisy play—
Which, Sir, are you and which am I
Upon an August day?

Emily Dickinson

In rags mysterious as these

117

In rags mysterious as these
The shining Courtiers go—
Veiling the purple, and the plumes—
Veiling the ermine so.

Smiling, as they request an alms—
At some imposing door!
Smiling when we walk barefoot
Upon their golden floor!

Emily Dickinson

In Winter in my Room

1670

In Winter in my Room
I came upon a Worm—
Pink, lank and warm—
But as he was a worm
And worms presume
Not quite with him at home—
Secured him by a string
To something neighboring
And went along.

A Trifle afterward
A thing occurred
I'd not believe it if I heard
But state with creeping blood—
A snake with mottles rare
Surveyed my chamber floor
In feature as the worm before
But ringed with power—

The very string with which
I tied him—too
When he was mean and new
That string was there—

I shrank—"How fair you are"!
Propitiation's claw—
"Afraid," he hissed
"Of me"?
"No cordiality"—
He fathomed me—
Then to a Rhythm Slim
Secreted in his Form
As Patterns swim
Projected him.

That time I flew
Both eyes his way
Lest he pursue
Nor ever ceased to run
Till in a distant Town
Towns on from mine
I set me down
This was a dream.

Emily Dickinson

Inconceivably solemn!

582

Inconceivably solemn!
Things go gay
Pierce—by the very Press
Of Imagery—

Their far Parades—order on the eye
With a mute Pomp—
A pleading Pageantry—

Flags, are a brave sight—
But no true Eye
Ever went by One—
Steadily—

Music's triumphant—
But the fine Ear
Winces with delight
Are Drums too near—

Emily Dickinson

Is Bliss then, such Abyss

340

Is Bliss then, such Abyss,
I must not put my foot amiss
For fear I spoil my shoe?

I'd rather suit my foot
Than save my Boot—
For yet to buy another Pair
Is possible,
At any store—

But Bliss, is sold just once.
The Patent lost
None buy it any more—
Say, Foot, decide the point—
The Lady cross, or not?
Verdict for Boot!

Emily Dickinson

Is it dead—Find it

417

Is it dead—Find it—
Out of sound—Out of sight—
"Happy"? Which is wiser—
You, or the Wind?
"Conscious"? Won't you ask that—
Of the low Ground?

"Homesick"? Many met it—
Even through them—This
Cannot testify—
Themself—as dumb—

Emily Dickinson

Is it dead—Find it

417

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Of the low Ground?

"Homesick"? Many met it—
Even through them—This
Cannot testify—
Themself—as dumb—

Emily Dickinson

Is it true, dear Sue?

218

Is it true, dear Sue?
Are there two?
I shouldn't like to come
For fear of joggling Him!
If I could shut him up
In a Coffee Cup,
Or tie him to a pin
Till I got in—
Or make him fast
To "Toby's" fist—
Hist! Whist! I'd come!

Emily Dickinson

It always felt to me—a wrong

597

It always felt to me—a wrong
To that Old Moses—done—
To let him see—the Canaan—
Without the entering—

And tho' in soberer moments—
No Moses there can be
I'm satisfied—the Romance
In point of injury—

Surpasses sharper stated—
Of Stephen—or of Paul—
For these—were only put to death—
While God's adroiter will

On Moses—seemed to fasten
With tantalizing Play
As Boy—should deal with lesser Boy—
To prove ability.

The fault—was doubtless Israel's—
Myself—had banned the Tribes—
And ushered Grand Old Moses
In Pentateuchal Robes

Upon the Broad Possession
'Twas little—But titled Him—to see—
Old Man on Nebo! Late as this—
My justice bleeds—for Thee!

Emily Dickinson

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597

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My justice bleeds—for Thee!

Emily Dickinson

It bloomed and dropt, a Single Noon

978

It bloomed and dropt, a Single Noon—
The Flower—distinct and Red—
I, passing, thought another Noon
Another in its stead

Will equal glow, and thought no More
But came another Day
To find the Species disappeared—
The Same Locality—

The Sun in place—no other fraud
On Nature's perfect Sum—
Had I but lingered Yesterday—
Was my retrieveless blame—

Much Flowers of this and further Zones
Have perished in my Hands
For seeking its Resemblance—
But unapproached it stands—

The single Flower of the Earth
That I, in passing by
Unconscious was—Great Nature's Face
Passed infinite by Me—

Emily Dickinson

It can't be

221

It can't be "Summer"!
That—got through!
It's early—yet—for "Spring"!
There's that long town of White—to cross—
Before the Blackbirds sing!
It can't be "Dying"!
It's too Rouge—
The Dead shall go in White—
So Sunset shuts my question down
With Cuffs of Chrysolite!

Emily Dickinson

It can't be "Summer"!

221

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With Cuffs of Chrysolite!

Emily Dickinson

It ceased to hurt me, though so slow

584

It ceased to hurt me, though so slow
I could not feel the Anguish go—
But only knew by looking back—
That something—had benumbed the Track—

Nor when it altered, I could say,
For I had worn it, every day,
As constant as the Childish frock—
I hung upon the Peg, at night.

But not the Grief—that nestled close
As needles—ladies softly press
To Cushions Cheeks—
To keep their place—

Nor what consoled it, I could trace—
Except, whereas 'twas Wilderness—
It's better—almost Peace—

Emily Dickinson

It did not surprise me

39

It did not surprise me—
So I said—or thought—
She will stir her pinions
And the nest forgot,

Traverse broader forests—
Build in gayer boughs,
Breathe in Ear more modern
God's old fashioned vows—

This was but a Birdling—
What and if it be
One within my bosom
Had departed me?

This was but a story—
What and if indeed
There were just such coffin
In the heart instead?

Emily Dickinson

It don't sound so terrible—quite—as it did

426

It don't sound so terrible—quite—as it did—
I run it over—"Dead", Brain, "Dead."
Put it in Latin—left of my school—
Seems it don't shriek so—under rule.

Turn it, a little—full in the face
A Trouble looks bitterest—
Shift it—just—
Say "When Tomorrow comes this way—
I shall have waded down one Day."

I suppose it will interrupt me some
Till I get accustomed—but then the Tomb
Like other new Things—shows largest—then—
And smaller, by Habit—

It's shrewder then
Put the Thought in advance—a Year—
How like "a fit"—then—
Murder—wear!

Emily Dickinson

It don't sound so terrible—quite—as it did

426

It don't sound so terrible—quite—as it did—
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How like "a fit"—then—
Murder—wear!

Emily Dickinson

It Dropped So Low -- In My Regard --

It dropped so low -- in my Regard --
I heard it hit the Ground --
And go to pieces on the Stones
At bottom of my Mind --

Yet blamed the Fate that flung it -- less
Than I denounced Myself,
For entertaining Plated Wares
Upon My Silver Shelf --

Emily Dickinson

It dropped so low in my regard

It dropped so low in my regard
   I heard it hit the ground,
And go to pieces on the stones
   At bottom of my mind;

Yet blamed the fate that fractured, less
   Than I reviled myself
For entertaining plated wares
   Upon my silver shelf.

Emily Dickinson

It dropped so low—in my Regard

747

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I heard it hit the Ground—
And go to pieces on the Stones
At bottom of my Mind—

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Than I denounced Myself,
For entertaining Plated Wares
Upon my Silver Shelf—

Emily Dickinson

It feels a shame to be Alive

444

It feels a shame to be Alive—
When Men so brave—are dead—
One envies the Distinguished Dust—
Permitted—such a Head—

The Stone—that tells defending Whom
This Spartan put away
What little of Him we—possessed
In Pawn for Liberty—

The price is great—Sublimely paid—
Do we deserve—a Thing—
That lives—like Dollars—must be piled
Before we may obtain?

Are we that wait—sufficient worth—
That such Enormous Pearl
As life—dissolved be—for Us—
In Battle's—horrid Bowl?

It may be—a Renown to live—
I think the Man who die—
Those unsustained—Saviors—
Present Divinity—

Emily Dickinson

It is a lonesome Glee

774

It is a lonesome Glee—
Yet sanctifies the Mind—
With fair association—
Afar upon the Wind

A Bird to overhear
Delight without a Cause—
Arrestless as invisible—
A matter of the Skies.

Emily Dickinson

It is an honorable Thought

946

It is an honorable Thought
And make One lift One's Hat
As One met sudden Gentlefolk
Upon a daily Street

That We've immortal Place
Though Pyramids decay
And Kingdoms, like the Orchard
Flit Russetly away

Emily Dickinson

It is an honorable thought,

It is an honorable thought,
   And makes one lift one's hat,
As one encountered gentlefolk
   Upon a daily street,

That we've immortal place,
   Though pyramids decay,
And kingdoms, like the orchard,
   Flit russetly away.

Emily Dickinson

It is easy to work when the soul is at play

244

It is easy to work when the soul is at play—
But when the soul is in pain—
The hearing him put his playthings up
Makes work difficult—then—

It is simple, to ache in the Bone, or the Rind—
But Gimlets—among the nerve—
Mangle daintier—terribler—
Like a Panter in the Glove—

Emily Dickinson

It knew no lapse, nor Diminuation

560

It knew no lapse, nor Diminuation—
But large—serene—
Burned on—until through Dissolution—
It failed from Men—

I could not deem these Planetary forces
Annulled—
But suffered an Exchange of Territory—
Or World—

Emily Dickinson

It knew no Medicine

559

It knew no Medicine—
It was not Sickness—then—
Nor any need of Surgery—
And therefore—'twas not Pain—

It moved away the Cheeks—
A Dimple at a time—
And left the Profile—plainer—
And in the place of Bloom

It left the little Tint
That never had a Name—
You've seen it on a Cast's face—
Was Paradise—to blame—

If momently ajar—
Temerity—drew near—
And sickened—ever afterward
For Somewhat that it saw?

Emily Dickinson

It makes no difference abroad

620

It makes no difference abroad—
The Seasons—fit—the same—
The Mornings blossom into Noons—
And split their Pods of Flame—

Wild flowers—kindle in the Woods—
The Brooks slam—all the Day—
No Black bird bates his Banjo—
For passing Calvary—

Auto da Fe—and Judgment—
Are nothing to the Bee—
His separation from His Rose—
To Him—sums Misery—

Emily Dickinson

It might be lonelier

405

It might be lonelier
Without the Loneliness—
I'm so accustomed to my Fate—
Perhaps the Other—Peace—

Would interrupt the Dark—
And crowd the little Room—
Too scant—by Cubits—to contain
The Sacrament—of Him—

I am not used to Hope—
It might intrude upon—
Its sweet parade—blaspheme the place—
Ordained to Suffering—

It might be easier
To fail—with Land in Sight—
Than gain—My Blue Peninsula—
To perish—of Delight—

Emily Dickinson

It sifts from Leaden Sieves

311
It sifts from Leaden Sieves—
It powders all the Wood.
It fills with Alabaster Wool
The Wrinkles of the Road—

It makes an Even Face
Of Mountain, and of Plain—
Unbroken Forehead from the East
Unto the East again—

It reaches to the Fence—
It wraps it Rail by Rail
Till it is lost in Fleeces—
It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack—and Stem—
A Summer's empty Room—
Acres of Joints, where Harvests were,
Recordless, but for them--

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts
As Ankles of a Queen—
Then stills its Artisans—like Ghosts—
Denying they have been—

Emily Dickinson

It struck me every day

It struck me every day
   The lightning was as new
As if the cloud that instant slit
   And let the fire through.

It burned me in the night,
   It blistered in my dream;
It sickened fresh upon my sight
   With every morning's beam.

I thought that storm was brief,--
   The maddest, quickest by;
But Nature lost the date of this,
   And left it in the sky.

Emily Dickinson

It struck me—every Day

362

It struck me—every Day—
The Lightning was as new
As if the Cloud that instant slit
And let the Fire through—

It burned Me—in the Night—
It Blistered to My Dream—
It sickened fresh upon my sight—
With every Morn that came—

I though that Storm—was brief—
The Maddest—quickest by—
But Nature lost the Date of This—
And left it in the Sky—

Emily Dickinson

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The Maddest—quickest by—
But Nature lost the Date of This—
And left it in the Sky—

Emily Dickinson

It tossed—and tossed

723

It tossed—and tossed—
A little Brig I knew—o'ertook by Blast—
It spun—and spun—
And groped delirious, for Morn—

It slipped—and slipped—
As One that drunken—stept—
Its white foot tripped—
Then dropped from sight—

Ah, Brig—Good Night
To Crew and You—
The Ocean's Heart too smooth—too Blue—
To break for You—

Emily Dickinson

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As One that drunken—stept—
Its white foot tripped—
Then dropped from sight—

Ah, Brig—Good Night
To Crew and You—
The Ocean's Heart too smooth—too Blue—
To break for You—

Emily Dickinson

It troubled me as once I was

600

It troubled me as once I was—
For I was once a Child—
Concluding how an Atom—fell—
And yet the Heavens—held—

The Heavens weighed the most—by far—
Yet Blue—and solid—stood—
Without a Bolt—that I could prove—
Would Giants—understand?

Life set me larger—problems—
Some I shall keep—to solve
Till Algebra is easier—
Or simpler proved—above—

Then—too—be comprehended—
What sorer—puzzled me—
Why Heaven did not break away—
And tumble—Blue—on me—

Emily Dickinson

It was a Grave, yet bore no Stone

876

It was a Grave, yet bore no Stone
Enclosed 'twas not of Rail
A Consciousness its Acre, and
It held a Human Soul.

Entombed by whom, for what offence
If Home or Foreign born—
Had I the curiosity
'Twere not appeased of men

Till Resurrection, I must guess
Denied the small desire
A Rose upon its Ridge to sow
Or take away a Briar.

Emily Dickinson

It was given to me by the Gods

454

It was given to me by the Gods—
When I was a little Girl—
They given us Presents most—you know—
When we are new—and small.
I kept it in my Hand—
I never put it down—
I did not dare to eat—or sleep—
For fear it would be gone—
I heard such words as "Rich"—
When hurrying to school—
From lips at Corners of the Streets—
And wrestled with a smile.
Rich! 'Twas Myself—was rich—
To take the name of Gold—
And Gold to own—in solid Bars—
The Difference—made me bold—

Emily Dickinson

It was not Death, for I stood up

510

It was not Death, for I stood up,
And all the Dead, lie down—
It was not Night, for all the Bells
Put out their Tongues, for Noon.

It was not Frost, for on my Flesh
I felt Siroccos—crawl—
Nor Fire—for just my Marble feet
Could keep a Chancel, cool—

And yet, it tasted, like them all,
The Figures I have seen
Set orderly, for Burial,
Reminded me, of mine—

As if my life were shaven,
And fitted to a frame,
And could not breathe without a key,
And 'twas like Midnight, some -

When everything that ticked—has stopped—
And Space stares all around—
Or Grisly frosts—first Autumn morns,
Repeal the Beating Ground—

But, most, like Chaos - Stopless—cool—
Without a Change, or Spar—
Or even a Report of Land—
To justify—Despair.

Emily Dickinson

It was not death, for I stood up,

It was not death, for I stood up,
And all the dead lie down;
It was not night, for all the bells
Put out their tongues, for noon.

It was not frost, for on my flesh
I felt siroccos crawl,--
Nor fire, for just my marble feet
Could keep a chancel cool.

And yet it tasted like them all;
The figures I have seen
Set orderly, for burial,
Reminded me of mine,

As if my life were shaven
And fitted to a frame,
And could not breathe without a key;
And 't was like midnight, some,

When everything that ticked has stopped,
And space stares, all around,
Or grisly frosts, first autumn morns,
Repeal the beating ground.

But most like chaos,--stopless, cool,--
Without a chance or spar,--
Or even a report of land
To justify despair.

Emily Dickinson

It was too late for Man

623

It was too late for Man—
But early, yet, for God—
Creation—impotent to help—
But Prayer—remained—Our Side—

How excellent the Heaven—
When Earth—cannot be had—
How hospitable—then—the face
Of our Old Neighbor—God—

Emily Dickinson

It will be Summer—eventually

342

It will be Summer—eventually.
Ladies—with parasols—
Sauntering Gentlemen—with Canes—
And little Girls—with Dolls—

Will tint the pallid landscape—
As 'twere a bright Bouquet—
Thro' drifted deep, in Parian—
The Village lies—today—

The Lilacs—bending many a year—
Will sway with purple load—
The Bees—will not despise the tune—
Their Forefathers—have hummed—

The Wild Rose—redden in the Bog—
The Aster—on the Hill
Her everlasting fashion—set—
And Covenant Gentians—frill—

Till Summer folds her miracle—
As Women—do—their Gown—
Of Priests—adjust the Symbols—
When Sacrament—is done—

Emily Dickinson

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Of Priests—adjust the Symbols—
When Sacrament—is done—

Emily Dickinson

It would have starved a Gnat

612

It would have starved a Gnat—
To live so small as I—
And yet I was a living Child—
With Food's necessity

Upon me—like a Claw—
I could no more remove
Than I could coax a Leech away—
Or make a Dragon—move—

Not like the Gnat—had I—
The privilege to fly
And seek a Dinner for myself—
How mightier He—than I—

Nor like Himself—the Art
Upon the Window Pane
To gad my little Being out—
And not begin—again—

Emily Dickinson

It would never be Common—more—I said

430

It would never be Common—more—I said—
Difference—had begun—
Many a bitterness—had been—
But that old sort—was done—

Or—if it sometime—showed—as 'twill—
Upon the Downiest—Morn—
Such bliss—had I—for all the years—
'Twould give an Easier—pain—

I'd so much joy—I told it—Red—
Upon my simple Cheek—
I felt it publish—in my Eye—
'Twas needless—any speak—

I walked—as wings—my body bore—
The feet—I former used—
Unnecessary—now to me—
As boots—would be—to Birds—

I put my pleasure all abroad—
I dealth a word of Gold
To every Creature—that I met—
And Dowered—all the World—

When—suddenly—my Riches shrank—
A Goblin—drank my Dew—
My Palaces—dropped tenantless—
Myself—was beggared—too—

I clutched at sounds—
I groped at shapes—
I touched the tops of Films—
I felt the Wilderness roll back
Along my Golden lines—

The Sackcloth—hangs upon the nail—
The Frock I used to wear—
But where my moment of Brocade—
My—drop—of India?

Emily Dickinson

It would never be Common—more—I said

430

It would never be Common—more—I said—
Difference—had begun—
Many a bitterness—had been—
But that old sort—was done—

Or—if it sometime—showed—as 'twill—
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The Sackcloth—hangs upon the nail—
The Frock I used to wear—
But where my moment of Brocade—
My—drop—of India?

Emily Dickinson

It's all I have to bring today

26

It's all I have to bring today—
This, and my heart beside—
This, and my heart, and all the fields—
And all the meadows wide—
Be sure you count—should I forget
Some one the sum could tell—
This, and my heart, and all the Bees
Which in the Clover dwell.

Emily Dickinson

It's All I have to bring to-day,

It's All I have to bring to-day,
   This, and my heart beside,
This, and my heart, and all the fields,
   And all the meadows wide.
Be sure you count, should I forget, --
   Some one the sum could tell, --
This, and my heart, and all the bees
  Which in the clover dwell.

Emily Dickinson

It's coming—the postponeless Creature

390

It's coming—the postponeless Creature—
It gains the Block—and now—it gains the Door—
Chooses its latch, from all the other fastenings—
Enters—with a "You know Me—Sir"?

Simple Salute—and certain Recognition—
Bold—were it Enemy—Brief—were it friend—
Dresses each House in Crape, and Icicle—
And carries one—out of it—to God—

Emily Dickinson

It's coming—the postponeless Creature

390

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And carries one—out of it—to God—

Emily Dickinson

It's easy to invent a Life

724

It's easy to invent a Life—
God does it—every Day—
Creation—but the Gambol
Of His Authority—

It's easy to efface it—
The thrifty Deity
Could scarce afford Eternity
To Spontaneity—

The Perished Patterns murmur—
But His Perturbless Plan
Proceed—inserting Here—a Sun—
There—leaving out a Man—

Emily Dickinson

It's like the Light

297

It's like the Light—
A fashionless Delight—
It's like the Bee—
A dateless—Melody—

It's like the Woods—
Private—Like the Breeze—
Phraseless—yet it stirs
The proudest Trees—

It's like the Morning—
Best—when it's done—
And the Everlasting Clocks—
Chime—Noon!

Emily Dickinson

It's like the light, --

It's like the light, --
   A fashionless delight
It's like the bee, --
   A dateless melody.

It's like the woods,
   Private like breeze,
Phraseless, yet it stirs
   The proudest trees.

It's like the morning, --
   Best when it's done, --
The everlasting clocks
   Chime noon.

Emily Dickinson

It's such a little thing to weep

189

It's such a little thing to weep—
So short a thing to sigh—
And yet—by Trades—the size of these
We men and women die!

Emily Dickinson

It's thoughts—and just One Heart

495

It's thoughts—and just One Heart—
And Old Sunshine—about—
Make frugal—Ones—Content—
And two or three—for Company—
Upon a Holiday—
Crowded—as Sacrament—

Books—when the Unit—
Spare the Tenant—long eno'—
A Picture—if it Care—
Itself—a Gallery too rare—
For needing more—

Flowers—to keep the Eyes—from going awkward—
When it snows—
A Bird—if they—prefer—
Though Winter fire—sing clear as Plover—
To our—ear—

A Landscape—not so great
To suffocate the Eye—
A Hill—perhaps—
Perhaps—the profile of a Mill
Turned by the Wind—
Tho' such—are luxuries—

It's thoughts—and just two Heart—
And Heaven—about—
At least—a Counterfeit—
We would not have Correct—
And Immortality—can be almost—
Not quite—Content—

Emily Dickinson

It's thoughts—and just One Heart

It's thoughts—and just One Heart—
And Old Sunshine—about—
Make frugal—Ones—Content—
And two or three—for Company—
Upon a Holiday—
Crowded—as Sacrament—

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Spare the Tenant—long eno'—
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It's thoughts—and just two Heart—
And Heaven—about—
At least—a Counterfeit—
We would not have Correct—
And Immortality—can be almost—
Not quite—Content—

Emily Dickinson

I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes

183

I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes
In a Cathedral Aisle,
And understood no word it said—
Yet held my breath, the while—

And risen up—and gone away,
A more Berdardine Girl—
Yet—know not what was done to me
In that old Chapel Aisle.

Emily Dickinson

I've known a Heaven, like a Tent

243

I've known a Heaven, like a Tent—
To wrap its shining Yards—
Pluck up its stakes, and disappear—
Without the sound of Boards
Or Rip of Nail—Or Carpenter—
But just the miles of Stare—
That signalize a Show's Retreat—
In North America—

No Trace—no Figment of the Thing
That dazzled, Yesterday,
No Ring—no Marvel—
Men, and Feats—
Dissolved as utterly—
As Bird's far Navigation
Discloses just a Hue—
A plash of Oars, a Gaiety—
Then swallowed up, of View.

Emily Dickinson

I've none to tell me to but Thee

881

I've none to tell me to but Thee
So when Thou failest, nobody.
It was a little tie—
It just held Two, nor those it held
Since Somewhere thy sweet Face has spilled
Beyond my Boundary—

If things were opposite—and Me
And Me it were—that ebbed from Thee
On some unanswering Shore—
Would'st Thou seek so—just say
That I the Answer may pursue
Unto the lips it eddied through—
So—overtaking Thee—

Emily Dickinson

I've nothing else—to bring, You know

224

I've nothing else—to bring, You know—
So I keep bringing These—
Just as the Night keeps fetching Stars
To our familiar eyes—

Maybe, we shouldn't mind them—
Unless they didn't come—
Then—maybe, it would puzzle us
To find our way Home—

Emily Dickinson

I've nothing else—to bring, You know

224

I've nothing else—to bring, You know—
So I keep bringing These—
Just as the Night keeps fetching Stars
To our familiar eyes—

Maybe, we shouldn't mind them—
Unless they didn't come—
Then—maybe, it would puzzle us
To find our way Home—

Emily Dickinson

I've seen a Dying Eye

547

I've seen a Dying Eye
Run round and round a Room—
In search of Something—as it seemed—
Then Cloudier become—
And then—obscure with Fog—
And then—be soldered down
Without disclosing what it be
'Twere blessed to have seen—

Emily Dickinson

Jesus! thy Crucifix

225

Jesus! thy Crucifix
Enable thee to guess
The smaller size!

Jesus! thy second face
Mind thee in Paradise
Of ours!

Emily Dickinson

Joy to have merited the Pain

788

Joy to have merited the Pain—
To merit the Release—
Joy to have perished every step—
To Compass Paradise—

Pardon—to look upon thy face—
With these old fashioned Eyes—
Better than new—could be—for that—
Though bought in Paradise—

Because they looked on thee before—
And thou hast looked on them—
Prove Me—My Hazel Witnesses
The features are the same—

So fleet thou wert, when present—
So infinite—when gone—
An Orient's Apparition—
Remanded of the Morn—

The Height I recollect—
'Twas even with the Hills—
The Depth upon my Soul was notched—
As Floods—on Whites of Wheels—

To Haunt—till Time have dropped
His last Decade away,
And Haunting actualize—to last
At least—Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

Just as He spoke it from his Hands

848

Just as He spoke it from his Hands
This Edifice remain—
A Turret more, a Turret less
Dishonor his Design—

According as his skill prefer
It perish, or endure—
Content, soe'er, it ornament
His absent character.

Emily Dickinson

Just lost, when I was saved!

160

Just lost, when I was saved!
Just felt the world go by!
Just girt me for the onset with Eternity,
When breath blew back,
And on the other side
I heard recede the disappointed tide!

Therefore, as One returned, I feel
Odd secrets of the line to tell!
Some Sailor, skirting foreign shores—
Some pale Reporter, from the awful doors
Before the Seal!

Next time, to stay!
Next time, the things to see
By Ear unheard,
Unscrutinized by Eye—

Next time, to tarry,
While the Ages steal—
Slow tramp the Centuries,
And the Cycles wheel!

Emily Dickinson

Just so—Jesus—raps

317

Just so—Jesus—raps—
He—doesn't weary—
Last—at the Knocker—
And first—at the Bell.
Then—on divinest tiptoe—standing—
Might He but spy the lady's soul—
When He—retires—
Chilled—or weary—
It will be ample time for—me—
Patient—upon the steps—until then—
Hears! I am knocking—low at thee.

Emily Dickinson

Just so—Jesus—raps

Emily Dickinson

Kill your Balm—and its Odors bless you

238

Kill your Balm—and its Odors bless you—
Bare your Jessamine—to the storm—
And she will fling her maddest perfume—
Haply—your Summer night to Charm—

Stab the Bird—that built in your bosom—
Oh, could you catch her last Refrain—
Bubble! "forgive"—"Some better"—Bubble!
"Carol for Him—when I am gone"!

Emily Dickinson

Kill your Balm—and its Odors bless you

238

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Bare your Jessamine—to the storm—
And she will fling her maddest perfume—
Haply—your Summer night to Charm—

Stab the Bird—that built in your bosom—
Oh, could you catch her last Refrain—
Bubble! "forgive"—"Some better"—Bubble!
"Carol for Him—when I am gone"!

Emily Dickinson

Knows how to forget!

433

Knows how to forget!
But could It teach it?
Easiest of Arts, they say
When one learn how

Dull Hearts have died
In the Acquisition
Sacrificed for Science
Is common, though, now—

I went to School
But was not wiser
Globe did not teach it
Nor Logarithm Show

"How to forget"!
Say—some—Philosopher!
Ah, to be erudite
Enough to know!

Is it in a Book?
So, I could buy it—
Is it like a Planet?
Telescopes would know—

If it be invention
It must have a Patent.
Rabbi of the Wise Book
Don't you know?

Emily Dickinson

Least Bee that brew

676

Least Bee that brew—
A Honey's Weight
Content Her smallest fraction help
The Amber Quantity—

Emily Dickinson

Least Rivers—docile to some sea

212

Least Rivers—docile to some sea.
My Caspian—thee.

Emily Dickinson

Least Rivers—docile to some sea

212

Least Rivers—docile to some sea.
My Caspian—thee.

Emily Dickinson

Let Us play Yesterday

728

Let Us play Yesterday—
I—the Girl at school—
You—and Eternity—the
Untold Tale—

Easing my famine
At my Lexicon—
Logarithm—had I—for Drink—
'Twas a dry Wine—

Somewhat different—must be—
Dreams tint the Sleep—
Cunning Reds of Morning
Make the Blind—leap—

Still at the Egg-life—
Chafing the Shell—
When you troubled the Ellipse—
And the Bird fell—

Manacles be dim—they say—
To the new Free—
Liberty—Commoner—
Never could—to me—

'Twas my last gratitude
When I slept—at night—
'Twas the first Miracle
Let in—with Light—

Can the Lark resume the Shell—
Easier—for the Sky—
Wouldn't Bonds hurt more
Than Yesterday?

Wouldn't Dungeons sorer frate
On the Man—free—
Just long enough to taste—
Then—doomed new—

God of the Manacle
As of the Free—
Take not my Liberty
Away from Me—

Emily Dickinson

Life—is what we make of it

698

Life—is what we make of it—
Death—we do not know—
Christ's acquaintance with Him
Justify Him—though—

He—would trust no stranger—
Other—could betray—
Just His own endorsement—
That—sufficeth Me—

All the other Distance
He hath traversed first—
No New Mile remaineth—
Far as Paradise—

His sure foot preceding—
Tender Pioneer—
Base must be the Coward
Dare not venture—now—

Emily Dickinson

Life, and Death, and Giants

706

Life, and Death, and Giants—
Such as These—are still—
Minor—Apparatus—Hopper of the Mill—
Beetle at the Candle—
Or a Fife's Fame—
Maintain—by Accident that they proclaim—

Emily Dickinson

Life—is what we make of it

698

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Death—we do not know—
Christ's acquaintance with Him
Justify Him—though—

He—would trust no stranger—
Other—could betray—
Just His own endorsement—
That—sufficeth Me—

All the other Distance
He hath traversed first—
No New Mile remaineth—
Far as Paradise—

His sure foot preceding—
Tender Pioneer—
Base must be the Coward
Dare not venture—now—

Emily Dickinson

Light is sufficient to itself

862

Light is sufficient to itself—
If Others want to see
It can be had on Window Panes
Some Hours in the Day.

But not for Compensation—
It holds as large a Glow
To Squirrel in the Himmaleh
Precisely, as to you.

Emily Dickinson

Like eyes that looked on Wastes

458

Like eyes that looked on Wastes—
Incredulous of Ought
But Blank—and steady Wilderness—
Diversified by Night—

Just Infinites of Nought—
As far as it could see—
So looked the face I looked upon—
So looked itself—on Me—

I offered it no Help—
Because the Cause was Mine—
The Misery a Compact
As hopeless—as divine—

Neither—would be absolved—
Neither would be a Queen
Without the Other—Therefore—
We perish—tho' We reign—

Emily Dickinson

Like Flowers, that heard the news of Dews

513

Like Flowers, that heard the news of Dews,
But never deemed the dripping prize
Awaited their—low Brows—
Or Bees—that thought the Summer's name
Some rumor of Delirium,
No Summer—could—for Them—

Or Arctic Creatures, dimly stirred—
By Tropic Hint—some Travelled Bird
Imported to the Wood—

Or Wind's bright signal to the Ear—
Making that homely, and severe,
Contented, known, before—

The Heaven—unexpected come,
To Lives that thought the Worshipping
A too presumptuous Psalm—

Emily Dickinson

Like her the Saints retire

60

Like her the Saints retire,
In their Chapeaux of fire,
Martial as she!

Like her the Evenings steal
Purple and Cochineal
After the Day!

"Departed"—both—they say!
i.e. gathered away,
Not found,

Argues the Aster still—
Reasons the Daffodil
Profound!

Emily Dickinson

Like Mighty Foot Lights—burned the Red

595

Like Mighty Foot Lights—burned the Red
At Bases of the Trees—
The far Theatricals of Day
Exhibiting—to These—

'Twas Universe—that did applaud—
While Chiefest—of the Crowd—
Enabled by his Royal Dress—
Myself distinguished God—

Emily Dickinson

Like Mighty Foot Lights—burned the Red

595

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'Twas Universe—that did applaud—
While Chiefest—of the Crowd—
Enabled by his Royal Dress—
Myself distinguished God—

Emily Dickinson

Like Some Old fashioned Miracle

302

Like Some Old fashioned Miracle
When Summertime is done—
Seems Summer's Recollection
And the Affairs of June

As infinite Tradition
As Cinderella's Bays—
Or Little John—of Lincoln Green—
Or Blue Beard's Galleries—

Her Bees have a fictitious Hum—
Her Blossoms, like a Dream—
Elate us—till we almost weep—
So plausible—they seem—

Her Memories like Strains—Review—
When Orchestra is dumb—
The Violin in Baize replaced—
And Ear—and Heaven—numb—

Emily Dickinson

Like trains of cars on tracks of plush

Like trains of cars on tracks of plush
I hear the level bee:
A jar across the flowers goes,
Their velvet masonry

Withstands until the sweet assault
Their chivalry consumes,
While he, victorious, tilts away
To vanquish other blooms.

His feet are shod with gauze,
His helmet is of gold;
His breast, a single onyx
With chrysoprase, inlaid.

His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee's experience
Of clovers and of noon!

Emily Dickinson

Love reckons by itself—alone

826

Love reckons by itself—alone—
"As large as I"—relate the Sun
To One who never felt it blaze—
Itself is all the like it has—

Emily Dickinson

Love reckons by itself—alone

826

Love reckons by itself—alone—
"As large as I"—relate the Sun
To One who never felt it blaze—
Itself is all the like it has—

Emily Dickinson

Love—is anterior to Life

917

Love—is anterior to Life—
Posterior—to Death—
Initial of Creation, and
The Exponent of Earth—

Emily Dickinson

Love—is that later Thing than Death

924

Love—is that later Thing than Death—
More previous—than Life—
Confirms it at its entrance—And
Usurps it—of itself—

Tastes Death—the first—to hand the sting
The Second—to its friend—
Disarms the little interval—
Deposits Him with God—

Then hovers—an inferior Guard—
Lest this Beloved Charge
Need—once in an Eternity—
A smaller than the Large—

Emily Dickinson

Love—thou art high

453

Love—thou art high—
I cannot climb thee—
But, were it Two—
Who know but we—
Taking turns—at the Chimborazo—
Ducal—at last—stand up by thee—

Love—thou are deep—
I cannot cross thee—
But, were there Two
Instead of One—
Rower, and Yacht—some sovereign Summer—
Who knows—but we'd reach the Sun?

Love—thou are Veiled—
A few—behold thee—
Smile—and alter—and prattle—and die—
Bliss—were an Oddity—without thee—
Nicknamed by God—
Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

Love—is anterior to Life

917

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Initial of Creation, and
The Exponent of Earth—

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Emily Dickinson

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A few—behold thee—
Smile—and alter—and prattle—and die—
Bliss—were an Oddity—without thee—
Nicknamed by God—
Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

Low at my problem bending

69

Low at my problem bending,
Another problem comes—
Larger than mine—Serener—
Involving statelier sums.

I check my busy pencil,
My figures file away.
Wherefore, my baffled fingers
They perplexity?

Emily Dickinson

Make me a picture of the sun

188

Make me a picture of the sun—
So I can hang it in my room—
And make believe I'm getting warm
When others call it "Day"!

Draw me a Robin—on a stem—
So I am hearing him, I'll dream,
And when the Orchards stop their tune—
Put my pretense—away—

Say if it's really—warm at noon—
Whether it's Buttercups—that "skim"—
Or Butterflies—that "bloom"?
Then—skip—the frost—upon the lea—
And skip the Russet—on the tree—
Let's play those—never come!

Emily Dickinson

Mama never forgets her birds

164

Mama never forgets her birds,
Though in another tree—
She looks down just as often
And just as tenderly
As when her little mortal nest
With cunning care she wove—
If either of her "sparrows fall,"
She "notices," above.

Emily Dickinson

Many a phrase has the English language

276

Many a phrase has the English language—
I have heard but one—
Low as the laughter of the Cricket,
Loud, as the Thunder's Tongue—

Murmuring, like old Caspian Choirs,
When the Tide's a' lull—
Saying itself in new infection—
Like a Whippoorwill—

Breaking in bright Orthography
On my simple sleep—
Thundering its Prospective—
Till I stir, and weep—

Not for the Sorrow, done me—
But the push of Joy—
Say it again, Saxton!
Hush—Only to me!

Emily Dickinson

Many cross the Rhine

123

Many cross the Rhine
In this cup of mine.
Sip old Frankfort air
From my brown Cigar.

Emily Dickinson

Me from Myself—to banish

642

Me from Myself—to banish—
Had I Art—
Impregnable my Fortress
Unto All Heart—

But since Myself—assault Me—
How have I peace
Except by subjugating
Consciousness?

And since We're mutual Monarch
How this be
Except by Abdication—
Me—of Me?

Emily Dickinson

Me from Myself—to banish

642

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Impregnable my Fortress
Unto All Heart—

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Except by subjugating
Consciousness?

And since We're mutual Monarch
How this be
Except by Abdication—
Me—of Me?

Emily Dickinson

Me prove it now—Whoever doubt

537

Me prove it now—Whoever doubt
Me stop to prove it—now—
Make haste—the Scruple! Death be scant
For Opportunity—

The River reaches to my feet—
As yet—My Heart be dry—
Oh Lover—Life could not convince—
Might Death—enable Thee—

The River reaches to My Breast—
Still—still—My Hands above
Proclaim with their remaining Might—
Dost recognize the Love?

The River reaches to my Mouth—
Remember—when the Sea
Swept by my searching eyes—the last—
Themselves were quick—with Thee!

Emily Dickinson

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Proclaim with their remaining Might—
Dost recognize the Love?

The River reaches to my Mouth—
Remember—when the Sea
Swept by my searching eyes—the last—
Themselves were quick—with Thee!

Emily Dickinson

Me! Come! My dazzled face

Me! Come! My dazzled face
In such a shining place!

Me! Hear! My foreign ear
The sounds of welcome near!

The saints shall meet
Our bashful feet.

My holiday shall be
That they remember me;

My paradise, the fame
That they pronounce my name.

Emily Dickinson

Me—come! My dazzled face

431

Me—come! My dazzled face
In such a shining place!
Me—hear! My foreign Ear
The sounds of Welcome—there!

The Saints forget
Our bashful feet—

My Holiday, shall be
That They—remember me—
My Paradise—the fame
That They—pronounce my name—

Emily Dickinson

Me, change! Me, alter!

268

Me, change! Me, alter!
Then I will, when on the Everlasting Hill
A Smaller Purple grows—
At sunset, or a lesser glow
Flickers upon Cordillera—
At Day's superior close!

Emily Dickinson

Midsummer, was it, when They died

962

Midsummer, was it, when They died—
A full, and perfect time—
The Summer closed upon itself
In Consummated Bloom—

The Corn, her furthest kernel filled
Before the coming Flail—
When These—leaned unto Perfectness—
Through Haze of Burial—

Emily Dickinson

Mine—by the Right of the White Election!

528

Mine—by the Right of the White Election!
Mine—by the Royal Seal!
Mine—by the Sign in the Scarlet prison—
Bars—cannot conceal!

Mine—here—in Vision—and in Veto!
Mine—by the Grave's Repeal—
Tilted—Confirmed—
Delirious Charter!
Mine—long as Ages steal!

Emily Dickinson

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528

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Tilted—Confirmed—
Delirious Charter!
Mine—long as Ages steal!

Emily Dickinson

More Life—went out—when He went

422

More Life—went out—when He went
Than Ordinary Breath—
Lit with a finer Phosphor—
Requiring in the Quench—

A Power of Renowned Cold,
The Climate of the Grave
A Temperature just adequate
So Anthracite, to live—

For some—an Ampler Zero—
A Frost more needle keen
Is necessary, to reduce
The Ethiop within.

Others—extinguish easier—
A Gnat's minutest Fan
Sufficient to obliterate
A Tract of Citizen—

Whose Peat lift—amply vivid—
Ignores the solemn News
That Popocatapel exists—
Or Etna's Scarlets, Choose—

Emily Dickinson

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A Gnat's minutest Fan
Sufficient to obliterate
A Tract of Citizen—

Whose Peat lift—amply vivid—
Ignores the solemn News
That Popocatapel exists—
Or Etna's Scarlets, Choose—

Emily Dickinson

Morning—is the place for Dew

197

Morning—is the place for Dew—
Corn—is made at Noon—
After dinner light—for flowers—
Dukes—for Setting Sun!

Emily Dickinson

Morning—is the place for Dew

197

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Corn—is made at Noon—
After dinner light—for flowers—
Dukes—for Setting Sun!

Emily Dickinson

Morning—means

"Morning"—means "Milking"—to the Farmer—
Dawn—to the Teneriffe—
Dice—to the Maid—
Morning means just Risk—to the Lover—
Just revelation—to the Beloved—

Epicures—date a Breakfast—by it—
Brides—an Apocalypse—
Worlds—a Flood—
Faint-going Lives—Their Lapse from Sighing—
Faith—The Experiment of Our Lord

Emily Dickinson

Morns like these—we parted

27

Morns like these—we parted—
Noons like these—she rose—
Fluttering first—then firmer
To her fair repose.

Never did she lisp it—
It was not for me—
She—was mute from transport—
I—from agony—

Till—the evening nearing
One the curtains drew—
Quick! A Sharper rustling!
And this linnet flew!

Emily Dickinson

Morns like these—we parted

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Quick! A Sharper rustling!
And this linnet flew!

Emily Dickinson

Most she touched me by her muteness

760

Most she touched me by her muteness—
Most she won me by the way
She presented her small figure—
Plea itself—for Charity—

Were a Crumb my whole possession—
Were there famine in the land—
Were it my resource from starving—
Could I such a plea withstand—

Not upon her knee to thank me
Sank this Beggar from the Sky—
But the Crumb partook—departed—
And returned On High—

I supposed—when sudden
Such a Praise began
'Twas as Space sat singing
To herself—and men—

'Twas the Winged Beggar—
Afterward I learned
To her Benefactor
Making Gratitude

Emily Dickinson

Much Madness is divinest Sense

Much Madness is divinest Sense -
To a discerning Eye -
Much Sense - the starkest Madness -
`Tis the Majority
In this, as All, prevail -
Assent - and you are sane -
Demur - you`re straightaway dangerous -
And handled with a Chain -

Emily Dickinson

Musicians wrestle everywhere

157

Musicians wrestle everywhere—
All day—among the crowded air
I hear the silver strife—
And—walking—long before the morn—
Such transport breaks upon the town
I think it that "New Life"!

If is not Bird—it has no nest—
Nor "Band"—in brass and scarlet—drest—
Nor Tamborin—nor Man—
It is not Hymn from pulpit read—
The "Morning Stars" the Treble led
On Time's first Afternoon!

Some—say—it is "the Spheres"—at play!
Some say that bright Majority
Of vanished Dames—and Men!
Some—think it service in the place
Where we—with late—celestial face—
Please God—shall Ascertain!

Emily Dickinson

Must be a Woe

571

Must be a Woe—
A loss or so—
To bend the eye
Best Beauty's way—

But—once aslant
It notes Delight
As difficult
As Stalactite

A Common Bliss
Were had for less—
The price—is
Even as the Grace—

Our lord—thought no
Extravagance
To pay—a Cross—

Emily Dickinson

Mute thy Coronation

151

Mute thy Coronation—
Meek my Vive le roi,
Fold a tiny courtier
In thine Ermine, Sir,
There to rest revering
Till the pageant by,
I can murmur broken,
Master, It was I—

Emily Dickinson

My best Acquaintances are those

932

My best Acquaintances are those
With Whom I spoke no Word—
The Stars that stated come to Town
Esteemed Me never rude
Although to their Celestial Call
I failed to make reply—
My constant—reverential Face
Sufficient Courtesy.

Emily Dickinson

My Eye is fuller than my vase

202

My Eye is fuller than my vase—
Her Cargo—is of Dew—
And still—my Heart—my Eye outweighs—
East India—for you!

Emily Dickinson

My Faith is larger than the Hills

766

My Faith is larger than the Hills—
So when the Hills decay—
My Faith must take the Purple Wheel
To show the Sun the way—

'Tis first He steps upon the Vane—
And then—upon the Hill—
And then abroad the World He go
To do His Golden Will—

And if His Yellow feet should miss—
The Bird would not arise—
The Flowers would slumber on their Stems—
No Bells have Paradise—

How dare I, therefore, stint a faith
On which so vast depends—
Lest Firmament should fail for me—
The Rivet in the Bands

Emily Dickinson

My first well Day—since many ill

574

My first well Day—since many ill—
I asked to go abroad,
And take the Sunshine in my hands,
And see the things in Pod—

A 'blossom just when I went in
To take my Chance with pain—
Uncertain if myself, or He,
Should prove the strongest One.

The Summer deepened, while we strove—
She put some flowers away—
And Redder cheeked Ones—in their stead—
A fond—illusive way—

To cheat Herself, it seemed she tried—
As if before a child
To fade—Tomorrow—Rainbows held
The Sepulchre, could hide.

She dealt a fashion to the Nut—
She tied the Hoods to Seeds—
She dropped bright scraps of Tint, about—
And left Brazilian Threads

On every shoulder that she met—
Then both her Hands of Haze
Put up—to hide her parting Grace
From our unfitted eyes.

My loss, by sickness—Was it Loss?
Or that Ethereal Gain
One earns by measuring the Grave—
Then—measuring the Sun—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

My friend attacks my friend!

118

My friend attacks my friend!
Oh Battle picturesque!
Then I turn Soldier too,
And he turns Satirist!
How martial is this place!
Had I a mighty gun
I think I'd shoot the human race
And then to glory run!

Emily Dickinson

My friend must be a Bird

92

My friend must be a Bird—
Because it flies!
Mortal, my friend must be,
Because it dies!
Barbs has it, like a Bee!
Ah, curious friend!
Thou puzzlest me!

Emily Dickinson

My Garden—like the Beach

484

My Garden—like the Beach—
Denotes there be—a Sea—
That's Summer—
Such as These—the Pearls
She fetches—such as Me

Emily Dickinson

My Garden—like the Beach

484

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Denotes there be—a Sea—
That's Summer—
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She fetches—such as Me

Emily Dickinson

My life closed twice

My life closed twice before its close--
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

Emily Dickinson

My life closed twice before its close

1732

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Emily Dickinson

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   It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
   A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
   As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
   And all we need of hell.

Emily Dickinson

My life had stood

My life had stood--a Loaded Gun--
In Corners--till a Day
The Owner passed--identified--
And carried Me away--

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods--
And now We hunt the Doe--
And every time I speak for Him--
The Mountains straight reply--

And do I smile, such cordial light
Upon the Valley glow--
It is as a Vesuvian face
Had let its pleasure through--

And when at Night--Our good Day done--
I guard My Master's Head--
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's
Deep Pillow--to have shared--

To foe of His--I'm deadly foe--
None stir the second time--
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye--
Or an emphatic Thumb--

Though I than He--may longer live
He longer must--than I--
For I have but the power to kill,
Without--the power to die--

Emily Dickinson

My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun

754

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Emily Dickinson

My nosegays are for Captives

95

My nosegays are for Captives—
Dim—expectant eyes,
Fingers denied the plucking,
Patient till Paradise.

To such, if they should whisper
Of morning and the moor,
They bear no other errand,
And I, no other prayer.

Emily Dickinson

My nosegays are for captives;

My nosegays are for captives;
   Dim, long-expectant eyes,
Fingers denied the plucking,
   Patient till paradise.

To such, if they should whisper
   Of morning and the moor,
They bear no other errand,
   And I, no other prayer.

Emily Dickinson

My period had come for Prayer

564

My period had come for Prayer—
No other Art—would do—
My Tactics missed a rudiment—
Creator—Was it you?

God grows above—so those who pray
Horizons—must ascend—
And so I stepped upon the North
To see this Curious Friend—

His House was not—no sign had He—
By Chimney—nor by Door
Could I infer his Residence—
Vast Prairies of Air

Unbroken by a Settler—
Were all that I could see—
Infinitude—Had'st Thou no Face
That I might look on Thee?

The Silence condescended—
Creation stopped—for Me—
But awed beyond my errand—
I worshipped—did not "pray"—

Emily Dickinson

My Portion is Defeat—today

639

My Portion is Defeat—today—
A paler luck than Victory—
Less Paeans—fewer Bells—
The Drums don't follow Me—with tunes—
Defeat—a somewhat slower—means—
More Arduous than Balls—

'Tis populous with Bone and stain—
And Men too straight to stoop again—,
And Piles of solid Moan—
And Chips of Blank—in Boyish Eyes—
And scraps of Prayer—
And Death's surprise,
Stamped visible—in Stone—

There's somewhat prouder, over there—
The Trumpets tell it to the Air—
How different Victory
To Him who has it—and the One
Who to have had it, would have been
Contender—to die—

Emily Dickinson

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Who to have had it, would have been
Contender—to die—

Emily Dickinson

My Reward for Being, was This

343

My Reward for Being, was This.
My premium—My Bliss—
An Admiralty, less—
A Sceptre—penniless—
And Realms—just Dross—

When Thrones accost my Hands—
With "Me, Miss, Me"—
I'll unroll Thee—
Dominions dowerless—beside this Grace—
Election—Vote—
The Ballots of Eternity, will show just that.

Emily Dickinson

My River runs to thee

162

My River runs to thee—
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?
My River wait reply—
Oh Sea—look graciously—
I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks—
Say—Sea—Take Me!

Emily Dickinson

My Soul—accused me—And I quailed

753

My Soul—accused me—And I quailed—
As Tongue of Diamond had reviled
All else accused me—and I smiled—
My Soul—that Morning—was My friend—

Her favor—is the best Disdain
Toward Artifice of Time—or Men—
But Her Disdain—'twere lighter bear
A finger of Enamelled Fire—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

My wheel is in the dark

10

My wheel is in the dark!
I cannot see a spoke
Yet know its dripping feet
Go round and round.

My foot is on the Tide!
An unfrequented road—
Yet have all roads
A clearing at the end—

Some have resigned the Loom—
Some in the busy tomb
Find quaint employ—

Some with new—stately feet—
Pass royal through the gate—
Flinging the problem back
At you and I!

Emily Dickinson

My Worthiness is all my Doubt

751

My Worthiness is all my Doubt—
His Merit—all my fear—
Contrasting which, my quality
Do lowlier—appear—

Lest I should insufficient prove
For His beloved Need—
The Chiefest Apprehension
Upon my thronging Mind—

'Tis true—that Deity to stoop
Inherently incline—
For nothing higher than Itself
Itself can rest upon—

So I—the undivine abode
Of His Elect Content—
Conform my Soul—as 'twere a Church,
Unto Her Sacrament—

Emily Dickinson

Myself was formed—a Carpenter

488

Myself was formed—a Carpenter—
An unpretending time
My Plane—and I, together wrought
Before a Builder came—

To measure our attainments—
Had we the Art of Boards
Sufficiently developed—He'd hire us
At Halves—

My Tools took Human—Faces—
The Bench, where we had toiled—
Against the Man—persuaded—
We—Temples build—I said—

Emily Dickinson

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488

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Emily Dickinson

Nature and God—I neither knew

835

Nature and God—I neither knew
Yet Both so well knew me
They startled, like Executors
Of My identity.

Yet Neither told—that I could learn—
My Secret as secure
As Herschel's private interest
Or Mercury's affair—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Nature is what we see—

"Nature" is what we see—
The Hill—the Afternoon—
Squirrel—Eclipse—the Bumble bee—
Nay—Nature is Heaven—
Nature is what we hear—
The Bobolink—the Sea—
Thunder—the Cricket—
Nay—Nature is Harmony—
Nature is what we know—
Yet have no art to say—
So impotent Our Wisdom is
To her Simplicity.

Emily Dickinson

Nature rarer uses yellow

Nature rarer uses yellow
Than another hue;
Saves she all of that for sunsets,--
Prodigal of blue,

Spending scarlet like a woman,
Yellow she affords
Only scantly and selectly,
Like a lover's words.

Emily Dickinson

Nature the gentlest mother is

Nature the gentlest mother is,
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest of the waywardest.
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller be heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation
A summer afternoon,
Her household her assembly;
And when the sun go down,

Her voice among the aisles
Incite the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
She turns as long away
As will suffice tolight her lamps,
Then bending from the sky

With infinite affection
An infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

Emily Dickinson

Nature—sometimes sears a Sapling

314

Nature—sometimes sears a Sapling—
Sometimes—scalps a Tree—
Her Green People recollect it
When they do not die—

Fainter Leaves—to Further Seasons—
Dumbly testify—
We—who have the Souls—
Die oftener—Not so vitally—

Emily Dickinson

Nature—the Gentlest Mother is

790

Nature—the Gentlest Mother is,
Impatient of no Child—
The feeblest—or the waywardest—
Her Admonition mild—

In Forest—and the Hill—
By Traveller—be heard—
Restraining Rampant Squirrel—
Or too impetuous Bird—

How fair Her Conversation—
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With infinite Affection—
And infiniter Care—
Her Golden finger on Her lip—
Wills Silence—Everywhere—

Emily Dickinson

Never for Society

746

Never for Society
He shall seek in vain—
Who His own acquaintance
Cultivate—Of Men
Wiser Men may weary—
But the Man within

Never knew Satiety—
Better entertain
Than could Border Ballad—
Or Biscayan Hymn—
Neither introduction
Need You—unto Him—

Emily Dickinson

New feet within my garden go

99

New feet within my garden go—
New fingers stir the sod—
A Troubadour upon the Elm
Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green—
New Weary sleep below—
And still the pensive Spring returns—
And still the punctual snow!

Emily Dickinson

No Bobolink—reverse His Singing

755

No Bobolink—reverse His Singing
When the only Tree
Ever He minded occupying
By the Farmer be—

Clove to the Root—
His Spacious Future—
Best Horizon—gone—
Whose Music be His
Only Anodyne—
Brave Bobolink—

Emily Dickinson

No Bobolink—reverse His Singing

755

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Ever He minded occupying
By the Farmer be—

Clove to the Root—
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Best Horizon—gone—
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Only Anodyne—
Brave Bobolink—

Emily Dickinson

No Crowd that has occurred

515

No Crowd that has occurred
Exhibit—I suppose
That General Attendance
That Resurrection—does—

Circumference be full—
The long restricted Grave
Assert her Vital Privilege—
The Dust—connect—and live—

On Atoms—features place—
All Multitudes that were
Efface in the Comparison—
As Suns—dissolve a star—

Solemnity—prevail—
Its Individual Doom
Possess each separate Consciousness—
August—Absorbed—Numb—

What Duplicate—exist—
What Parallel can be—
Of the Significance of This—
To Universe—and Me?

Emily Dickinson

No Man can compass a Despair

477

No Man can compass a Despair—
As round a Goalless Road
No faster than a Mile at once
The Traveller proceed—

Unconscious of the Width—
Unconscious that the Sun
Be setting on His progress—
So accurate the One

At estimating Pain—
Whose own—has just begun—
His ignorance—the Angel
That pilot Him along—

Emily Dickinson

No matter—now—Sweet

704

No matter—now—Sweet—
But when I'm Earl—
Won't you wish you'd spoken
To that dull Girl?

Trivial a Word—just—
Trivial—a Smile—
But won't you wish you'd spared one
When I'm Earl?

I shan't need it—then—
Crests—will do—
Eagles on my Buckles—
On my Belt—too—

Ermine—my familiar Gown—
Say—Sweet—then
Won't you wish you'd smiled—just—
Me upon?

Emily Dickinson

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Won't you wish you'd smiled—just—
Me upon?

Emily Dickinson

No Notice gave She, but a Change

804

No Notice gave She, but a Change—
No Message, but a Sigh—
For Whom, the Time did not suffice
That She should specify.

She was not warm, though Summer shone
Nor scrupulous of cold
Though Rime by Rime, the steady Frost
Upon Her Bosom piled—

Of shrinking ways—she did not fright
Though all the Village looked—
But held Her gravity aloft—
And met the gaze—direct—

And when adjusted like a Seed
In careful fitted Ground
Unto the Everlasting Spring
And hindered but a Mound

Her Warm return, if so she chose—
And We—imploring drew—
Removed our invitation by
As Some She never knew—

Emily Dickinson

No Other can reduce

982

No Other can reduce
Our mortal Consequence
Like the remembering it be nought
A Period from hence
But Contemplation for
Contemporaneous Nought
Our Single Competition
Jehovah's Estimate.

Emily Dickinson

No Prisoner be

720

No Prisoner be—
Where Liberty—
Himself—abide with Thee—

Emily Dickinson

No Rack can torture me

384

No Rack can torture me—
My Soul—at Liberty—
Behind this mortal Bone
There knits a bolder One—

You cannot prick with saw—
Nor pierce with Scimitar—
Two Bodies—therefore be—
Bind One—The Other fly—

The Eagle of his Nest
No easier divest—
And gain the Sky
Than mayest Thou—

Except Thyself may be
Thine Enemy—
Captivity is Consciousness—
So's Liberty.

Emily Dickinson

No Romance sold unto

669

No Romance sold unto
Could so enthrall a Man
As the perusal of
His Individual One—
'Tis Fiction's—When 'tis small enough
To Credit—'Tisn't true!

Emily Dickinson

Nobody knows this little Rose

35

Nobody knows this little Rose—
It might a pilgrim be
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to thee.
Only a Bee will miss it—
Only a Butterfly,
Hastening from far journey—
On its breast to lie—
Only a Bird will wonder—
Only a Breeze will sigh—
Ah Little Rose—how easy
For such as thee to die!

Emily Dickinson

None can experience sting

771

None can experience sting
Who Bounty—have not known—
The fact of Famine—could not be
Except for Fact of Corn—

Want—is a meagre Art
Acquired by Reverse—
The Poverty that was not Wealth—
Cannot be Indigence.

Emily Dickinson

Noon—is the Hinge of Day

931

Noon—is the Hinge of Day—
Evening—the Tissue Door—
Morning—the East compelling the sill
Till all the World is ajar—

Emily Dickinson

Noon—is the Hinge of Day

931

Noon—is the Hinge of Day—
Evening—the Tissue Door—
Morning—the East compelling the sill
Till all the World is ajar—

Emily Dickinson

Not

Not "Revelation"—'tis—that waits,
But our unfurnished eyes—

Emily Dickinson

Not "Revelation"—'tis—that waits

685

Not "Revelation"—'tis—that waits,
But our unfurnished eyes—

Emily Dickinson

Not all die early, dying young

990

Not all die early, dying young—
Maturity of Fate
Is consummated equally
In Ages, or a Night—

A Hoary Boy, I've known to drop
Whole statured—by the side
Of Junior of Fourscore—'twas Act
Not Period—that died.

Emily Dickinson

Not in this world to see his face

Not in this world to see his face
Sounds long, until I read the place
Where this is said to be
But just the primer to a life
Unopened, rare, upon the shelf,
Clasped yet to him and me.

And yet, my primer suits me so
I would not choose a book to know
Than that, be sweeter wise;
Might some one else so learned be.
And leave me just my A B C,
Himself could have the skies.

Emily Dickinson

Not probable—The barest Chance

346

Not probable—The barest Chance—
A smile too few—a word too much
And far from Heaven as the Rest—
The Soul so close on Paradise—

What if the Bird from journey far—
Confused by Sweets—as Mortals—are—
Forget the secret of His wing
And perish—but a Bough between—
Oh, Groping feet—
Oh Phantom Queen!

Emily Dickinson

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346

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Emily Dickinson

Not that We did, shall be the test

823

Not that We did, shall be the test
When Act and Will are done
But what Our Lord infers We would
Had We diviner been—

Emily Dickinson

Of all the souls that stand create

Of all the souls that stand create
I have elected one.
When sense from spirit files away,
And subterfuge is done;

When that which is and that which was
Apart, intrinsic, stand,
And this brief tragedy of flesh
Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front
And mists are carved sway,--
Behold the atom I Feferred
To all the lists of clay!

Emily Dickinson

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad

321

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad,
There's not a Charge to me
Like that old measure in the Boughs—
That phraseless Melody—
The Wind does—working like a Hand,
Whose fingers Comb the Sky—
Then quiver down—with tufts of Tune—
Permitted Gods, and me—

Inheritance, it is, to us—
Beyond the Art to Earn—
Beyond the trait to take away
By Robber, since the Gain
Is gotten not of fingers—
And inner than the Bone—
Hid golden, for the whole of Days,
And even in the Urn,
I cannot vouch the merry Dust
Do not arise and play
In some odd fashion of its own,
Some quainter Holiday,
When Winds go round and round in Bands—
And thrum upon the door,
And Birds take places, overhead,
To bear them Orchestra.

I crave Him grace of Summer Boughs,
If such an Outcast be—
Who never heard that fleshless Chant—
Rise—solemn—on the Tree,
As if some Caravan of Sound
Off Deserts, in the Sky,
Had parted Rank,
Then knit, and swept—
In Seamless Company—

Emily Dickinson

Of Being is a Bird

653

Of Being is a Bird
The likest to the Down
An Easy Breeze do put afloat
The General Heavens—upon—

It soars—and shifts—and whirls—
And measures with the Clouds
In easy—even—dazzling pace—
No different the Birds—

Except a Wake of Music
Accompany their feet—
As did the Down emit a Tune—
For Ecstasy—of it

Emily Dickinson

Of Bronze—and Blaze

290

Of Bronze—and Blaze—
The North—Tonight—
So adequate—it forms—
So preconcerted with itself—
So distant—to alarms—
And Unconcern so sovereign
To Universe, or me—
Infects my simple spirit
With Taints of Majesty—
Till I take vaster attitudes—
And strut upon my stem—
Disdaining Men, and Oxygen,
For Arrogance of them—

My Splendors, are Menagerie—
But their Completeless Show
Will entertain the Centuries
When I, am long ago,
An Island in dishonored Grass—
Whom none but Beetles—know.

Emily Dickinson

Of Bronze—and Blaze

290

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Emily Dickinson

Of Brussels—it was not

602

Of Brussels—it was not—
Of Kidderminster? Nay—
The Winds did buy it of the Woods—
They—sold it unto me

It was a gentle price—
The poorest—could afford—
It was within the frugal purse
Of Beggar—or of Bird—

Of small and spicy Yards—
In hue—a mellow Dun—
Of Sunshine—and of Sere—Composed—
But, principally—of Sun—

The Wind—unrolled it fast—
And spread it on the Ground—
Upholsterer of the Pines—is He—
Upholsterer—of the Pond—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Of Consciousness, her awful Mate

894

Of Consciousness, her awful Mate
The Soul cannot be rid—
As easy the secreting her
Behind the Eyes of God.

The deepest hid is sighted first
And scant to Him the Crowd—
What triple Lenses burn upon
The Escapade from God—

Emily Dickinson

Of Course—I prayed

376

Of Course—I prayed—
And did God Care?
He cared as much as on the Air
A Bird—had stamped her foot—
And cried "Give Me"—
My Reason—Life—
I had not had—but for Yourself—
'Twere better Charity
To leave me in the Atom's Tomb—
Merry, and Nought, and gay, and numb—
Than this smart Misery.

Emily Dickinson

Of Course—I prayed

376

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Than this smart Misery.

Emily Dickinson

Of nearness to her sundered Things

607

Of nearness to her sundered Things
The Soul has special times—
When Dimness—looks the Oddity—
Distinctness—easy—seems—

The Shapes we buried, dwell about,
Familiar, in the Rooms—
Untarnished by the Sepulchre,
The Mouldering Playmate comes—

In just the Jacket that he wore—
Long buttoned in the Mold
Since we—old mornings, Children—played—
Divided—by a world—

The Grave yields back her Robberies—
The Years, our pilfered Things—
Bright Knots of Apparitions
Salute us, with their wings—

As we—it were—that perished—
Themself—had just remained till we rejoin them—
And 'twas they, and not ourself
That mourned.

Emily Dickinson

Of Silken Speech and Specious Shoe

896

Of Silken Speech and Specious Shoe
A Traitor is the Bee
His service to the newest Grace
Present continually

His Suit a chance
His Troth a Term
Protracted as the Breeze
Continual Ban propoundeth He
Continual Divorce.

Emily Dickinson

Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?

947

Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?
"A Soul has gone to Heaven"
I'm answered in a lonesome tone—
Is Heaven then a Prison?

That Bells should ring till all should know
A Soul had gone to Heaven
Would seem to me the more the way
A Good News should be given.

Emily Dickinson

Of Tribulation, these are They

325

Of Tribulation, these are They,
Denoted by the White—
The Spangled Gowns, a lesser Rank
Of Victors—designate—

All these—did conquer—
But the ones who overcame most times—
Wear nothing commoner than Snow—
No Ornament, but Palms—

Surrender—is a sort unknown—
On this superior soil—
Defeat—an outgrown Anguish—
Remembered, as the Mile

Our panting Ankle barely passed—
When Night devoured the Road—
But we—stood whispering in the House—
And all we said—was "Saved"!

Emily Dickinson

On a Columnar Self

789

On a Columnar Self—
How ample to rely
In Tumult—or Extremity—
How good the Certainty

That Lever cannot pry—
And Wedge cannot divide
Conviction—That Granitic Base—
Though None be on our Side—

Suffice Us—for a Crowd—
Ourself—and Rectitude—
And that Assembly—not far off
From furthest Spirit—God—

Emily Dickinson

On such a night, or such a night

146

On such a night, or such a night,
Would anybody care
If such a little figure
Slipped quiet from its chair—

So quiet—Oh how quiet,
That nobody might know
But that the little figure
Rocked softer—to and fro—

On such a dawn, or such a dawn—
Would anybody sigh
That such a little figure
Too sound asleep did lie

For Chanticleer to wake it—
Or stirring house below—
Or giddy bird in orchard—
Or early task to do?

There was a little figure plump
For every little knoll—
Busy needles, and spools of thread—
And trudging feet from school—

Playmates, and holidays, and nuts—
And visions vast and small—
Strange that the feet so precious charged
Should reach so small a goal!

Emily Dickinson

On that dear Frame the Years had worn

940

On that dear Frame the Years had worn
Yet precious as the House
In which We first experienced Light
The Witnessing, to Us—

Precious! It was conceiveless fair
As Hands the Grave had grimed
Should softly place within our own
Denying that they died.

Emily Dickinson

On this long storm the Rainbow rose

194

On this long storm the Rainbow rose—
On this late Morn—the Sun—
The clouds—like listless Elephants—
Horizons—straggled down—

The Birds rose smiling, in their nests—
The gales—indeed—were done—
Alas, how heedless were the eyes—
On whom the summer shone!

The quiet nonchalance of death—
No Daybreak—can bestir—
The slow—Archangel's syllables
Must awaken her!

Emily Dickinson

On this wondrous sea

4

On this wondrous sea
Sailing silently,
Ho! Pilot, ho!
Knowest thou the shore
Where no breakers roar—
Where the storm is o'er?

In the peaceful west
Many the sails at rest—
The anchors fast—
Thither I pilot thee—
Land Ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

Emily Dickinson

Once more, my now bewildered Dove

48

Once more, my now bewildered Dove
Bestirs her puzzled wings
Once more her mistress, on the deep
Her troubled question flings—

Thrice to the floating casement
The Patriarch's bird returned,
Courage! My brave Columba!
There may yet be Land!

Emily Dickinson

One and One—are One

769

One and One—are One—
Two—be finished using—
Well enough for Schools—
But for Minor Choosing—

Life—just—or Death—
Or the Everlasting—
More—would be too vast
For the Soul's Comprising—

Emily Dickinson

One and One—are One

769

One and One—are One—
Two—be finished using—
Well enough for Schools—
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Life—just—or Death—
Or the Everlasting—
More—would be too vast
For the Soul's Comprising—

Emily Dickinson

One Anguish—in a Crowd

565

One Anguish—in a Crowd—
A Minor thing—it sounds—
And yet, unto the single Doe
Attempted of the Hounds

'Tis Terror as consummate
As Legions of Alarm
Did leap, full flanked, upon the Host—
'Tis Units—make the Swarm—

A Small Leech—on the Vitals—
The sliver, in the Lung—
The Bung out—of an Artery—
Are scarce accounted—Harms—

Yet might—by relation
To that Repealless thing—
A Being—impotent to end—
When once it has begun—

Emily Dickinson

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565

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Emily Dickinson

One Blessing had I than the rest

756

One Blessing had I than the rest
So larger to my Eyes
That I stopped gauging—satisfied—
For this enchanted size—

It was the limit of my Dream—
The focus of my Prayer—
A perfect—paralyzing Bliss—
Contented as Despair—

I knew no more of Want—or Cold—
Phantasms both become
For this new Value in the Soul—
Supremest Earthly Sum—

The Heaven below the Heaven above—
Obscured with ruddier Blue—
Life's Latitudes leant over—full—
The Judgment perished—too—

Why Bliss so scantily disburse—
Why Paradise defer—
Why Floods be served to Us—in Bowls—
I speculate no more—

Emily Dickinson

One Crucifixion is recorded—only

553

One Crucifixion is recorded—only—
How many be
Is not affirmed of Mathematics—
Or History—

One Calvary—exhibited to Stranger—
As many be
As persons—or Peninsulas—
Gethsemane—

Is but a Province—in the Being's Centre—
Judea—
For Journey—or Crusade's Achieving—
Too near—

Our Lord—indeed—made Compound Witness—
And yet—
There's newer—nearer Crucifixion
Than That—

Emily Dickinson

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553

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There's newer—nearer Crucifixion
Than That—

Emily Dickinson

One Day is there of the Series

814

One Day is there of the Series
Termed Thanksgiving Day.
Celebrated part at Table
Part in Memory.

Neither Patriarch nor Pussy
I dissect the Play
Seems it to my Hooded thinking
Reflex Holiday.

Had there been no sharp Subtraction
From the early Sum—
Not an Acre or a Caption
Where was once a Room—

Not a Mention, whose small Pebble
Wrinkled any Sea,
Unto Such, were such Assembly
'Twere Thanksgiving Day.

Emily Dickinson

One dignity delays for all

98

One dignity delays for all—
One mitred Afternoon—
None can avoid this purple—
None evade this Crown!

Coach, it insures, and footmen—
Chamber, and state, and throng—
Bells, also, in the village
As we ride grand along!

What dignified Attendants!
What service when we pause!
How loyally at parting
Their hundred hats they raise!

Her pomp surpassing ermine
When simple You, and I,
Present our meek escutheon
And claim the rank to die!

Emily Dickinson

One Life of so much Consequence!

270

One Life of so much Consequence!
Yet I—for it—would pay—
My Soul's entire income—
In ceaseless—salary—

One Pearl—to me—so signal—
That I would instant dive—
Although—I knew—to take it—
Would cost me—just a life!

The Sea is full—I know it!
That—does not blur my Gem!
It burns—distinct from all the row—
Intact—in Diadem!

The life is thick—I know it!
Yet—not so dense a crowd—
But Monarchs—are perceptible—
Far down the dustiest Road!

Emily Dickinson

One need not be a chamber to be haunted,

One need not be a chamber to be haunted,
One need not be a house;
The brain has corridors surpassing
Material place.

Far safer, of a midnight meeting
External ghost,
Than an interior confronting
That whiter host.

Far safer through an Abbey gallop,
The stones achase,
Than, moonless, one's own self encounter
In lonesome place.

Ourself, behind ourself concealed,
Should startle most;
Assassin, hid in our apartment,
Be horror's least.

The prudent carries a revolver,
He bolts the door,
O'erlooking a superior spectre
More near.

Emily Dickinson

One need not be a Chamber—to be Haunted

670

One need not be a Chamber—to be Haunted—
One need not be a House—
The Brain has Corridors—surpassing
Material Place—

Far safer, of a Midnight Meeting
External Ghost
Than its interior Confronting—
That Cooler Host.

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,
The Stones a'chase—
Than Unarmed, one's a'self encounter—
In lonesome Place—

Ourself behind ourself, concealed—
Should startle most—
Assassin hid in our Apartment
Be Horror's least.

The Body—borrows a Revolver—
He bolts the Door—
O'erlooking a superior spectre—
Or More—

Emily Dickinson

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670

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Emily Dickinson

One Sister have I in our house

14

One Sister have I in our house,
And one, a hedge away.
There's only one recorded,
But both belong to me.

One came the road that I came—
And wore my last year's gown—
The other, as a bird her nest,
Builded our hearts among.

She did not sing as we did—
It was a different tune—
Herself to her a music
As Bumble bee of June.

Today is far from Childhood—
But up and down the hills
I held her hand the tighter—
Which shortened all the miles—

And still her hum
The years among,
Deceives the Butterfly;
Still in her Eye
The Violets lie
Mouldered this many May.

I spilt the dew—
But took the morn—
I chose this single star
From out the wide night's numbers—
Sue - forevermore!

Emily Dickinson

One Year ago—jots what?

296

One Year ago—jots what?
God—spell the word! I—can't—
Was't Grace? Not that—
Was't Glory? That—will do—
Spell slower—Glory—

Such Anniversary shall be—
Sometimes—not often—in Eternity—
When farther Parted, than the Common Woe—
Look—feed upon each other's faces—so—
In doubtful meal, if it be possible
Their Banquet's true—

I tasted—careless—then—
I did not know the Wine
Came once a World—Did you?
Oh, had you told me so—
This Thirst would blister—easier—now—
You said it hurt you—most—
Mine—was an Acorn's Breast—
And could not know how fondness grew
In Shaggier Vest—
Perhaps—I couldn't—
But, had you looked in—
A Giant—eye to eye with you, had been—
No Acorn—then—

So—Twelve months ago—
We breathed—
Then dropped the Air—
Which bore it best?
Was this—the patientest—
Because it was a Child, you know—
And could not value—Air?

If to be "Elder"—mean most pain—
I'm old enough, today, I'm certain—then—
As old as thee—how soon?
One—Birthday more—or Ten?
Let me—choose!
Ah, Sir, None!

Emily Dickinson

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As old as thee—how soon?
One—Birthday more—or Ten?
Let me—choose!
Ah, Sir, None!

Emily Dickinson

Only a Shrine, but Mine

918

Only a Shrine, but Mine—
I made the Taper shine—
Madonna dim, to whom all Feet may come,
Regard a Nun—

Thou knowest every Woe—
Needless to tell thee—so—
But can'st thou do
The Grace next to it—heal?
That looks a harder skill to us—
Still—just as easy, if it be thy Will
To thee—Grant me—
Thou knowest, though, so Why tell thee?

Emily Dickinson

Only God—detect the Sorrow

626

Only God—detect the Sorrow—
Only God—
The Jehovahs—are no Babblers—
Unto God—
God the Son—Confide it—
Still secure—
God the Spirit's Honor—
Just as sure—

Emily Dickinson

Only God—detect the Sorrow

626

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Only God—
The Jehovahs—are no Babblers—
Unto God—
God the Son—Confide it—
Still secure—
God the Spirit's Honor—
Just as sure—

Emily Dickinson

Our journey had advanced

615

Our journey had advanced—
Our feet were almost come
To that odd Fork in Being's Road—
Eternity—by Term—

Our pace took sudden awe—
Our feet—reluctant—led—
Before—were Cities—but Between—
The Forest of the Dead—

Retreat—was out of Hope—
Behind—a Sealed Route—
Eternity's White Flag—Before—
And God—at every Gate—

Emily Dickinson

Our journey had advanced;

Our journey had advanced;
Our feet were almost come
To that odd fork in Being's road,
Eternity by term.

Our pace took sudden awe,
Our feet reluctant led.
Before were cities, but between,
The forest of the dead.

Retreat was out of hope,--
Behind, a sealed route,
Eternity's white flag before,
And God at every gate.

Emily Dickinson

Our little Kinsmen—after Rain

885

Our little Kinsmen—after Rain
In plenty may be seen,
A Pink and Pulpy multitude
The tepid Ground upon.

A needless life, it seemed to me
Until a little Bird
As to a Hospitality
Advanced and breakfasted.

As I of He, so God of Me
I pondered, may have judged,
And left the little Angle Worm
With Modesties enlarged.

Emily Dickinson

Our little Kinsmen—after Rain

885

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A Pink and Pulpy multitude
The tepid Ground upon.

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As I of He, so God of Me
I pondered, may have judged,
And left the little Angle Worm
With Modesties enlarged.

Emily Dickinson

Our Lives Are Swiss

Our lives are Swiss --
So still -- so Cool --
Till some odd afternoon
The Alps neglect their Curtains
And we look farther on!

Italy stands the other side!
While like a guard between --
The solemn Alps --
The siren Alps
Forever intervene!

Emily Dickinson

Our lives are Swiss—

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So still—so Cool—
Till some odd afternoon
The Alps neglect their Curtains
And we look farther on!

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Forever intervene!

Emily Dickinson

Our lives are Swiss—

80

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Till some odd afternoon
The Alps neglect their Curtains
And we look farther on!

Italy stands the other side!
While like a guard between—
The solemn Alps—
The siren Alps
Forever intervene!

Emily Dickinson

Our share of night to bear

113

Our share of night to bear—
Our share of morning—
Our blank in bliss to fill
Our blank in scorning—

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way!
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards—Day!

Emily Dickinson

Ourselves were wed one summer—dear

631

Ourselves were wed one summer—dear—
Your Vision—was in June—
And when Your little Lifetime failed,
I wearied—too—of mine—

And overtaken in the Dark—
Where You had put me down—
By Some one carrying a Light—
I—too—received the Sign.

'Tis true—Our Futures different lay—
Your Cottage—faced the sun—
While Oceans—and the North must be—
On every side of mine

'Tis true, Your Garden led the Bloom,
For mine—in Frosts—was sown—
And yet, one Summer, we were Queens—
But You—were crowned in June—

Emily Dickinson

Ourselves were wed one summer—dear

631

Ourselves were wed one summer—dear—
Your Vision—was in June—
And when Your little Lifetime failed,
I wearied—too—of mine—

And overtaken in the Dark—
Where You had put me down—
By Some one carrying a Light—
I—too—received the Sign.

'Tis true—Our Futures different lay—
Your Cottage—faced the sun—
While Oceans—and the North must be—
On every side of mine

'Tis true, Your Garden led the Bloom,
For mine—in Frosts—was sown—
And yet, one Summer, we were Queens—
But You—were crowned in June—

Emily Dickinson

Out of sight? What of that?

703

Out of sight? What of that?
See the Bird—reach it!
Curve by Curve—Sweep by Sweep—
Round the Steep Air—
Danger! What is that to Her?
Better 'tis to fail—there—
Than debate—here—

Blue is Blue—the World through—
Amber—Amber—Dew—Dew—
Seek—Friend—and see—
Heaven is shy of Earth—that's all—
Bashful Heaven—thy Lovers small—
Hide—too—from thee—

Emily Dickinson

Over and over, like a Tune

367

Over and over, like a Tune—
The Recollection plays—
Drums off the Phantom Battlements
Cornets of Paradise—

Snatches, from Baptized Generations—
Cadences too grand
But for the Justified Processions
At the Lord's Right hand.

Emily Dickinson

Over the fence

251

Over the fence—
Strawberries—grow—
Over the fence—
I could climb—if I tried, I know—
Berries are nice!

But—if I stained my Apron—
God would certainly scold!
Oh, dear,—I guess if He were a Boy—
He'd—climb—if He could!

Emily Dickinson

Pain

Pain--has an Element of Blank--
It cannot recollect
When it begun--or if there were
A time when it was not--

It has no Future--but itself--
Its Infinite Contain
Its Past--enlightened to perceive
New Periods--of Pain.

Emily Dickinson

Pain Has An Element

Pain has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there were
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain.

Emily Dickinson

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New periods of pain.

Emily Dickinson

Pain—expands the Time

967

Pain—expands the Time—
Ages coil within
The minute Circumference
Of a single Brain—

Pain contracts—the Time—
Occupied with Shot
Gamuts of Eternities
Are as they were not—

Emily Dickinson

Pain—has an Element of Blank

650

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Its Past--enlightened to perceive
New Periods--of Pain.

Emily Dickinson

Papa above!

61

Papa above!
Regard a Mouse
O'erpowered by the Cat!
Reserve within thy kingdom
A "Mansion" for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic Cupboards
To nibble all the day
While unsuspecting Cycles
Wheel solemnly away!

Emily Dickinson

Partake as doth the Bee

994

Partake as doth the Bee,
Abstemiously.
The Rose is an Estate—
In Sicily.

Emily Dickinson

Patience—has a quiet Outer

926

Patience—has a quiet Outer—
Patience—Look within—
Is an Insect's futile forces
Infinites—between—

'Scaping one—against the other
Fruitlesser to fling—
Patience—is the Smile's exertion
Through the quivering—

Emily Dickinson

Patience—has a quiet Outer

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Through the quivering—

Emily Dickinson

Peace is a fiction of our Faith

912

Peace is a fiction of our Faith—
The Bells a Winter Night
Bearing the Neighbor out of Sound
That never did alight.

Emily Dickinson

Perhaps I Asked Too Large

Perhaps I asked too large --
I take -- no less than skies --
For Earths, grow thick as
Berries, in my native town --

My Basked holds -- just -- Firmaments --
Those -- dangle easy -- on my arm,
But smaller bundles -- Cram.

Emily Dickinson

Perhaps you think me stooping

833

Perhaps you think me stooping
I'm not ashamed of that
Christ—stooped until He touched the Grave—
Do those at Sacrament

Commemorative Dishonor
Or love annealed of love
Until it bend as low as Death
Redignified, above?

Emily Dickinson

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower

134

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,
But I could never sell—
If you would like to borrow,
Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet
Beneath the village door,
Until the Bees, from Clover rows
Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then,
But not an hour more!

Emily Dickinson

Pigmy seraphs—gone astray

138

Pigmy seraphs—gone astray—
Velvet people from Vevay—
Balles from some lost summer day—
Bees exclusive Coterie—
Paris could not lay the fold
Belted down with Emerald—
Venice could not show a check
Of a tint so lustrous meek—
Never such an Ambuscade
As of briar and leaf displayed
For my little damask maid—

I had rather wear her grace
Than an Earl's distinguished face—
I had rather dwell like her
Than be "Duke of Exeter"—
Royalty enough for me
To subdue the Bumblebee.

Emily Dickinson

Pigmy seraphs—gone astray

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Emily Dickinson

Poor little Heart!

192

Poor little Heart!
Did they forget thee?
Then dinna care! Then dinna care!

Proud little Heart!
Did they forsake thee?
Be debonnaire! Be debonnaire!

Frail little Heart!
I would not break thee—
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?

Gay little Heart—
Like Morning Glory!
Wind and Sun—wilt thee array!

Emily Dickinson

Portraits are to daily faces

170

Portraits are to daily faces
As an Evening West,
To a fine, pedantic sunshine—
In a satin Vest!

Emily Dickinson

Prayer is the little implement

437

Prayer is the little implement
Through which Men reach
Where Presence—is denied them.
They fling their Speech

By means of it—in God's Ear—
If then He hear—
This sums the Apparatus
Comprised in Prayer—

Emily Dickinson

Precious to Me—She still shall be

727

Precious to Me—She still shall be—
Though She forget the name I bear—
The fashion of the Gown I wear—
The very Color of My Hair—

So like the Meadows—now—
I dared to show a Tress of Theirs
If haply—She might not despise
A Buttercup's Array—

I know the Whole—obscures the Part—
The fraction—that appeased the Heart
Till Number's Empery—
Remembered—as the Millner's flower

When Summer's Everlasting Dower—
Confronts the dazzled Bee.

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

Emily Dickinson

Presentiment—is that long Shadow—on the Lawn

764

Presentiment—is that long Shadow—on the Lawn—
Indicatives that Suns go down—

The Notice to the startled Grass
That Darkness—is about to pass—

Emily Dickinson

Promise This—When You be Dying

648

Promise This—When You be Dying—
Some shall summon Me—
Mine belong Your latest Sighing—
Mine—to Belt Your Eye—

Not with Coins—though they be Minted
From an Emperor's Hand—
Be my lips—the only Buckle
Your low Eyes—demand—

Mine to stay—when all have wandered—
To devise once more
If the Life be too surrendered—
Life of Mine—restore—

Poured like this—My Whole Libation—
Just that You should see
Bliss of Death—Life's Bliss extol thro'
Imitating You—

Mine—to guard Your Narrow Precinct—
To seduce the Sun
Longest on Your South, to linger,
Largest Dews of Morn

To demand, in Your low favor
Lest the Jealous Grass
Greener lean—Or fonder cluster
Round some other face—

Mine to supplicate Madonna—
If Madonna be
Could behold so far a Creature—
Christ—omitted—Me—

Just to follow Your dear future—
Ne'er so far behind—
For My Heaven—
Had I not been
Most enough—denied?

Emily Dickinson

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Had I not been
Most enough—denied?

Emily Dickinson

Publication

Publication -- is the Auction
Of the Mind of Man --
Poverty -- be justifying
For so foul a thing

Possibly -- but We -- would rather
From Our Garret go
White -- Unto the White Creator --
Than invest -- Our Snow --

Thought belong to Him who gave it --
Then -- to Him Who bear
Its Corporeal illustration -- Sell
The Royal Air --

In the Parcel -- Be the Merchant
Of the Heavenly Grace --
But reduce no Human Spirit
To Disgrace of Price --

Emily Dickinson

Publication—is the Auction

709

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Poverty—be justifying
For so foul a thing

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In the Parcel—Be the Merchant
Of the Heavenly Grace—
But reduce no Human Spirit
To Disgrace of Price—

Emily Dickinson

Purple—is fashionable twice

980

Purple—is fashionable twice—
This season of the year,
And when a soul perceives itself
To be an Emperor.

Emily Dickinson

Purple—is fashionable twice

980

Purple—is fashionable twice—
This season of the year,
And when a soul perceives itself
To be an Emperor.

Emily Dickinson

Put up my lute!

261

Put up my lute!
What of—my Music!
Since the sole ear I cared to charm—
Passive—as Granite—laps My Music—
Sobbing—will suit—as well as psalm!

Would but the "Memnon" of the Desert—
Teach me the strain
That vanquished Him—
When He—surrendered to the Sunrise—
Maybe—that—would awaken—them!

Emily Dickinson

Read—Sweet—how others—strove

260

Read—Sweet—how others—strove—
Till we—are stouter—
What they—renounced—
Till we—are less afraid—
How many times they—bore the faithful witness—
Till we—are helped—
As if a Kingdom—cared!

Read then—of faith—
That shone above the fagot—
Clear strains of Hymn
The River could not drown—
Brave names of Men—
And Celestial Women—
Passed out—of Record
Into—Renown!

Emily Dickinson

Read—Sweet—how others—strove

260

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Into—Renown!

Emily Dickinson

Rehearsal to Ourselves

379

Rehearsal to Ourselves
Of a Withdrawn Delight—
Affords a Bliss like Murder—
Omnipotent—Acute—

We will not drop the Dirk—
Because We love the Wound
The Dirk Commemorate—Itself
Remind Us that we died.

Emily Dickinson

Remorse

Remorse -- is Memory -- awake --
Her Parties all astir --
A Presence of Departed Acts --
At window -- and at Door --

Its Past -- set down before the Soul
And lighted with a Match --
Perusal -- to facilitate --
And help Belief to stretch --

Remorse is cureless -- the Disease
Not even God -- can heal --
For 'tis His institution -- and
The Adequate of Hell --

Emily Dickinson

Remorse—is Memory—awake

744

Remorse—is Memory—awake—
Her Parties all astir—
A Presence of Departed Acts—
At window—and at Door—

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The Adequate of Hell—

Emily Dickinson

Removed from Accident of Loss

424

Removed from Accident of Loss
By Accident of Gain
Befalling not my simple Days—
Myself had just to earn—

Of Riches—as unconscious
As is the Brown Malay
Of Pearls in Eastern Waters,
Marked His—What Holiday
Would stir his slow conception—
Had he the power to dream
That put the Dower's fraction—
Awaited even—Him—

Emily Dickinson

Renunciation

Renunciation -- is a piercing Virtue --
The letting go
A Presence -- for an Expectation --
Not now --
The putting out of Eyes --
Just Sunrise --
Lest Day --
Day's Great Progenitor --
Outvie
Renunciation -- is the Choosing
Against itself --
Itself to justify
Unto itself --
When larger function --
Make that appear --
Smaller -- that Covered Vision -- Here --

Emily Dickinson

Renunciation—is a piercing Virtue

745

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The letting go
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Against itself—
Itself to justify
Unto itself—
When larger function—
Make that appear—
Smaller—that Covered Vision—Here—

Emily Dickinson

Rest at Night

714

Rest at Night
The Sun from shining,
Nature—and some Men—
Rest at Noon—some Men—
While Nature
And the Sun—go on—

Emily Dickinson

Reverse cannot befall

395

Reverse cannot befall
That fine Prosperity
Whose Sources are interior—
As soon—Adversity

A Diamond—overtake
In far—Bolivian Ground—
Misfortune hath no implement
Could mar it—if it found—

Emily Dickinson

Ribbons of the Year

873

Ribbons of the Year—
Multitude Brocade—
Worn to Nature's Party once

Then, as flung aside
As a faded Bead
Or a Wrinkled Pearl
Who shall charge the Vanity
Of the Maker's Girl?

Emily Dickinson

Robbed by Death—but that was easy

971

Robbed by Death—but that was easy—
To the failing Eye
I could hold the latest Glowing—
Robbed by Liberty

For Her Jugular Defences—
This, too, I endured—
Hint of Glory—it afforded—
For the Brave Beloved—

Fraud of Distance—Fraud of Danger,
Fraud of Death—to bear—
It is Bounty—to Suspense's
Vague Calamity—

Stalking our entire Possession
On a Hair's result—
Then—seesawing—coolly—on it—
Trying if it split—

Emily Dickinson

Robbed by Death—but that was easy

971

Robbed by Death—but that was easy—
To the failing Eye
I could hold the latest Glowing—
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Vague Calamity—

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On a Hair's result—
Then—seesawing—coolly—on it—
Trying if it split—

Emily Dickinson

Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers --
Untouched by Morning
And untouched by Noon --
Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection --
Rafter of satin,
And Roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze
In her Castle above them --
Babbles the Bee in a stolid Ear,
Pipe the Sweet Birds in ignorant cadence --
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

Emily Dickinson

Safe in their alabaster chambers,

Safe in their alabaster chambers,
Untouched by morning and untouched by noon,
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,
Rafter of satin, and roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze in her castle of sunshine;
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear;
Pipe the sweet birds in ignorant cadences, --
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

Grand go the years in the crescent above them;
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,
Soundless as dots on a disk of snow.

Emily Dickinson

Savior! I've no one else to tell

217

Savior! I've no one else to tell—
And so I trouble thee.
I am the one forgot thee so—
Dost thou remember me?
Nor, for myself, I came so far—
That were the little load—
I brought thee the imperial Heart
I had not strength to hold—
The Heart I carried in my own—
Till mine too heavy grew—
Yet—strangest—heavier since it went—
Is it too large for you?

Emily Dickinson

Severer Service of myself

786

Severer Service of myself
I—hastened to demand
To fill the awful Vacuum
Your life had left behind—

I worried Nature with my Wheels
When Hers had ceased to run—
When she had put away Her Work
My own had just begun.

I strove to weary Brain and Bone—
To harass to fatigue
The glittering Retinue of nerves—
Vitality to clog

To some dull comfort Those obtain
Who put a Head away
They knew the Hair to—
And forget the color of the Day—

Affliction would not be appeased—
The Darkness braced as firm
As all my stratagem had been
The Midnight to confirm—

No Drug for Consciousness—can be—
Alternative to die
Is Nature's only Pharmacy
For Being's Malady—

Emily Dickinson

Sexton! My Master's sleeping here

96

Sexton! My Master's sleeping here.
Pray lead me to his bed!
I came to build the Bird's nest,
And sow the Early seed—

That when the snow creeps slowly
From off his chamber door—
Daisies point the way there—
And the Troubadour.

Emily Dickinson

She bore it till the simple veins

144

She bore it till the simple veins
Traced azure on her hand—
Til pleading, round her quiet eyes
The purple Crayons stand.

Till Daffodils had come and gone
I cannot tell the sum,
And then she ceased to bear it—
And with the Saints sat down.

No more her patient figure
At twilight soft to meet—
No more her timid bonnet
Upon the village street—

But Crowns instead, and Courtiers—
And in the midst so fair,
Whose but her shy—immortal face
Of whom we're whispering here?

Emily Dickinson

She dealt her pretty words like Blades

479

She dealt her pretty words like Blades—
How glittering they shone—
And every One unbared a Nerve
Or wantoned with a Bone—

She never deemed—she hurt—
That—is not Steel's Affair—
A vulgar grimace in the Flesh—
How ill the Creatures bear—

To Ache is human—not polite—
The Film upon the eye
Mortality's old Custom—
Just locking up—to Die.

Emily Dickinson

She died at play

75

She died at play,
Gambolled away
Her lease of spotted hours,
Then sank as gaily as a Turn
Upon a Couch of flowers.

Her ghost strolled softly o'er the hill
Yesterday, and Today,
Her vestments as the silver fleece—
Her countenance as spray.

Emily Dickinson

She died—this was the way she died

150

She died—this was the way she died.
And when her breath was done
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.
Her little figure at the gate
The Angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.

Emily Dickinson

She died—this was the way she died

150

She died—this was the way she died.
And when her breath was done
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.
Her little figure at the gate
The Angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.

Emily Dickinson

She dwelleth in the Ground

671

She dwelleth in the Ground—
Where Daffodils—abide—
Her Maker—Her Metropolis—
The Universe—Her Maid—

To fetch Her Grace—and Hue—
And Fairness—and Renown—
The Firmament's—To Pluck Her—
And fetch Her Thee—be mine—

Emily Dickinson

She hideth Her the last

557

She hideth Her the last—
And is the first, to rise—
Her Night doth hardly recompense
The Closing of Her eyes—

She doth Her Purple Work—
And putteth Her away
In low Apartments in the Sod -
As worthily as We.

To imitate her life
As impotent would be
As make of Our imperfect Mints,
The Julep—of the Bee—

Emily Dickinson

She lay as if at play

369

She lay as if at play
Her life had leaped away—
Intending to return—
But not so soon—

Her merry Arms, half dropt—
As if for lull of sport—
An instant had forgot—
The Trick to start—

Her dancing Eyes—ajar—
As if their Owner were
Still sparkling through
For fun—at you—

Her Morning at the door—
Devising, I am sure—
To force her sleep—
So light—so deep—

Emily Dickinson

She rose to His Requirement

732

She rose to His Requirement—dropt
The Playthings of Her Life
To take the honorable Work
Of Woman, and of Wife—

If ought She missed in Her new Day,
Of Amplitude, or Awe—
Or first Prospective—Or the Gold
In using, wear away,

It lay unmentioned—as the Sea
Develop Pearl, and Weed,
But only to Himself—be known
The Fathoms they abide—

Emily Dickinson

She rose to His Requirement - dropt

She rose to His Requirement - dropt
The playthings of her Life
To take the honorable Work
Of Woman, and of Wife -

If aught She missed in Her new Day,
Of Amplitude or Awe -
Or first Prospective - Or the Gold
In using, wear away,

It lay unmentioned - as the Sea
Develop Pearl, and Weed,
But only to Himself - be known
The Fathoms they abide -

Emily Dickinson

She rose to his requirement, dropped

She rose to his requirement, dropped
The playthings of her life
To take the honorable work
Of woman and of wife.

If aught she missed in her new day
Of amplitude, or awe,
Or first prospective, or the gold
In using wore away,

It lay unmentioned, as the sea
Develops pearl and weed,
But only to himself is known
The fathoms they abide.

Emily Dickinson

She sights a Bird—she chuckles

507

She sights a Bird—she chuckles—
She flattens—then she crawls—
She runs without the look of feet—
Her eyes increase to Balls—

Her Jaws stir—twitching—hungry—
Her Teeth can hardly stand—
She leaps, but Robin leaped the first—
Ah, Pussy, of the Sand,

The Hopes so juicy ripening—
You almost bather your Tongue—
When Bliss disclosed a hundred Toes—
And fled with every one—

Emily Dickinson

She sights a Bird—she chuckles

507

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You almost bather your Tongue—
When Bliss disclosed a hundred Toes—
And fled with every one—

Emily Dickinson

She slept beneath a tree

25

She slept beneath a tree—
Remembered but by me.
I touched her Cradle mute—
She recognized the foot—
Put on her carmine suit
    And see!

Emily Dickinson

She sped as Petals of a Rose

991

She sped as Petals of a Rose
Offended by the Wind—
A frail Aristocrat of Time
Indemnity to find—
Leaving on nature—a Default
As Cricket or as Bee—
But Andes in the Bosoms where
She had begun to lie—

Emily Dickinson

She staked her Feathers—Gained an Arc

798

She staked her Feathers—Gained an Arc—
Debated—Rose again—
This time—beyond the estimate
Of Envy, or of Men—

And now, among Circumference—
Her steady Boat be seen—
At home—among the Billows—As
The Bough where she was born—

Emily Dickinson

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798

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At home—among the Billows—As
The Bough where she was born—

Emily Dickinson

She sweeps with many-colored Brooms

219

She sweeps with many-colored Brooms—
And leaves the Shreds behind—
Oh Housewife in the Evening West—
Come back, and dust the Pond!

You dropped a Purple Ravelling in—
You dropped an Amber thread—
And how you've littered all the East
With duds of Emerald!

And still, she plies her spotted Brooms,
And still the Aprons fly,
Till Brooms fade softly into stars—
And then I come away—

Emily Dickinson

She sweeps with many-colored brooms,

She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
And leaves the shreds behind;
Oh, housewife in the evening west,
Come back, and dust the pond!

You dropped a purple ravelling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!

And still she plies her spotted brooms,
And still the aprons fly,
Till brooms fade softly into stars --
And then I come away.

Emily Dickinson

She went as quiet as the Dew

149

She went as quiet as the Dew
From an Accustomed flower.
Not like the Dew, did she return
At the Accustomed hour!

She dropt as softly as a star
From out my summer's Eve—
Less skillful than Le Verriere
It's sorer to believe!

Emily Dickinson

Shells from the Coast mistaking

693

Shells from the Coast mistaking—
I cherished them for All—
Happening in After Ages
To entertain a Pearl—

Wherefore so late—I murmured—
My need of Thee—be done—
Therefore—the Pearl responded—
My Period begin

Emily Dickinson

She's happy, with a new Content

535

She's happy, with a new Content—
That feels to her—like Sacrament—
She's busy—with an altered Care—
As just apprenticed to the Air—

She's tearful—if she weep at all—
For blissful Causes—Most of all
That Heaven permit so meek as her—
To such a Fate—to Minister.

Emily Dickinson

Should you but fail at—Sea

226

Should you but fail at—Sea—
In sight of me—
Or doomed lie—
Next Sun—to die—
Or rap—at Paradise—unheard
I'd harass God
Until he let you in!

Emily Dickinson

Should you but fail at—Sea

226

Should you but fail at—Sea—
In sight of me—
Or doomed lie—
Next Sun—to die—
Or rap—at Paradise—unheard
I'd harass God
Until he let you in!

Emily Dickinson

Sic transit gloria mundi

3

"Sic transit gloria mundi,"
  "How doth the busy bee,"
"Dum vivimus vivamus,"
  I stay mine enemy!

Oh "veni, vidi, vici!"
  Oh caput cap-a-pie!
And oh "memento mori"
  When I am far from thee!

Hurrah for Peter Parley!
  Hurrah for Daniel Boone!
Three cheers, sir, for the gentleman
  Who first observed the moon!

Peter, put up the sunshine;
  Patti, arrange the stars;
Tell Luna, tea is waiting,
  And call your brother Mars!

Put down the apple, Adam,
  And come away with me,
So shalt thou have a pippin
  From off my father's tree!

I climb the "Hill of Science,"
  I "view the landscape o'er;"
Such transcendental prospect,
  I ne'er beheld before!

Unto the Legislature
  My country bids me go;
I'll take my india rubbers,
  In case the wind should blow!

During my education,
  It was announced to me
That gravitation, stumbling,
  Fell from an apple tree!

The earth upon an axis
  Was once supposed to turn,
By way of a gymnastic
  In honor of the sun!

It was the brave Columbus,
  A sailing o'er the tide,
Who notified the nations
  Of where I would reside!

Mortality is fatal—
  Gentility is fine,
Rascality, heroic,
  Insolvency, sublime!

Our Fathers being weary,
  Laid down on Bunker Hill;
And tho' full many a morning,
  Yet they are sleeping still,—

The trumpet, sir, shall wake them,
  In dreams I see them rise,
Each with a solemn musket
  A marching to the skies!

A coward will remain, Sir,
  Until the fight is done;
But an immortal hero
  Will take his hat, and run!

Good bye, Sir, I am going;
  My country calleth me;
Allow me, Sir, at parting,
  To wipe my weeping e'e.

In token of our friendship
  Accept this "Bonnie Doon,"
And when the hand that plucked it
  Hath passed beyond the moon,

The memory of my ashes
  Will consolation be;
Then, farewell, Tuscarora,
  And farewell, Sir, to thee!

Emily Dickinson

Size circumscribes—it has no room

641

Size circumscribes—it has no room
For petty furniture—
The Giant tolerates no Gnat
For Ease of Gianture—

Repudiates it, all the more—
Because intrinsic size
Ignores the possibility
Of Calumnies—or Flies.

Emily Dickinson

Size circumscribes—it has no room

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Emily Dickinson

Sleep is supposed to be

13

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which, on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree
The breaking of the Day.

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be—
East of Eternity—
One with the banner gay—
One in the red array—
That is the break of Day!

Emily Dickinson

Smiling back from Coronation

385

Smiling back from Coronation
May be Luxury—
On the Heads that started with us—
Being's Peasantry—

Recognizing in Procession
Ones We former knew—
When Ourselves were also dusty—
Centuries ago—

Had the Triumph no Conviction
Of how many be—
Stimulated—by the Contrast—
Unto Misery—

Emily Dickinson

Snow beneath whose chilly softness

942

Snow beneath whose chilly softness
Some that never lay
Make their first Repose this Winter
I admonish Thee

Blanket Wealthier the Neighbor
We so new bestow
Than thine acclimated Creature
Wilt Thou, Austere Snow?

Emily Dickinson

Snow flakes

36

Snow flakes.

I counted till they danced so
Their slippers leaped the town,
And then I took a pencil
To note the rebels down.
And then they grew so jolly
I did resign the prig,
And ten of my once stately toes
Are marshalled for a jig!

Emily Dickinson

So bashful when I spied her!

91

So bashful when I spied her!
So pretty—so ashamed!
So hidden in her leaflets
Lest anybody find—

So breathless till I passed here—
So helpless when I turned
And bore her struggling, blushing,
Her simple haunts beyond!

For whom I robbed the Dingle—
For whom I betrayed the Dell—
Many, will doubtless ask me,
But I shall never tell!

Emily Dickinson

So bashful when I spied her,

So bashful when I spied her,
So pretty, so ashmed!
So hidden in her leaflets,
Lest anybody find;

So breathless till I passed her,
So helpless when I turned
And bore her, struggling, blushing,
Her simple haunts beyond!

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For whom betrayed the dell,
Many will doubtless ask me,
But I shall never tell!

Emily Dickinson

So from the mould

66

So from the mould
Scarlet and Gold
Many a Bulb will rise—
Hidden away, cunningly, From sagacious eyes.

So from Cocoon
Many a Worm
Leap so Highland gay,
Peasants like me,
Peasants like Thee
Gaze perplexedly!

Emily Dickinson

So glad we are—a Stranger'd deem

329

So glad we are—a Stranger'd deem
'Twas sorry, that we were—
For where the Holiday should be
There publishes a Tear—
Nor how Ourselves be justified—
Since Grief and Joy are done
So similar—An Optizan
Could not decide between—

Emily Dickinson

So glad we are—a Stranger'd deem

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So similar—An Optizan
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Emily Dickinson

So has a Daisy vanished

28

So has a Daisy vanished
From the fields today—
So tiptoed many a slipper
To Paradise away—

Oozed so in crimson bubbles
Day's departing tide—
Blooming—tripping—flowing
Are ye then with God?

Emily Dickinson

So much Summer

651

So much Summer
Me for showing
Illegitimate—
Would a Smile's minute bestowing
Too exorbitant

To the Lady
With the Guinea
Look—if She should know
Crumb of Mine
A Robin's Larder
Would suffice to stow—

Emily Dickinson

So proud she was to die

So proud she was to die
   It made us all ashamed
That what we cherished, so unknown
   To her desire seemed.

So satisfied to go
   Where none of us should be,
Immediately, that anguish stooped
   Almost to jealousy.

Emily Dickinson

So set its Sun in Thee

808

So set its Sun in Thee
What Day be dark to me—
What Distance—far—
So I the Ships may see
That touch—how seldomly—
Thy Shore?

Emily Dickinson

So the Eyes accost—and sunder

752

So the Eyes accost—and sunder
In an Audience—
Stamped—occasionally—forever—
So may Countenance

Entertain—without addressing
Countenance of One
In a Neighboring Horizon—
Gone—as soon as known—

Emily Dickinson

So the Eyes accost—and sunder

752

So the Eyes accost—and sunder
In an Audience—
Stamped—occasionally—forever—
So may Countenance

Entertain—without addressing
Countenance of One
In a Neighboring Horizon—
Gone—as soon as known—

Emily Dickinson

So well that I can live without

456

So well that I can live without—
I love thee—then How well is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me
That He—loved Men—
As I—love thee—

Emily Dickinson

Soil of Flint, if steady tilled

681

Soil of Flint, if steady tilled—
Will refund by Hand—
Seed of Palm, by Libyan Sun
Fructified in Sand—

Emily Dickinson

Some Keep the Sabbath Going to Church

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church --
I keep it, staying at Home --
With a Bobolink for a Chorister --
And an Orchard, for a Dome --

Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice --
I just wear my Wings --
And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church,
Our little Sexton -- sings.

God preaches, a noted Clergyman --
And the sermon is never long,
So instead of getting to Heaven, at least --
I'm going, all along.

Emily Dickinson

Some Rainbow—coming from the Fair!

64

Some Rainbow—coming from the Fair!
Some Vision of the World Cashmere—
I confidently see!
Or else a Peacock's purple Train
Feather by feather—on the plain
Fritters itself away!

The dreamy Butterflies bestir!
Lethargic pools resume the whir
Of last year's sundered tune!
From some old Fortress on the sun
Baronial Bees—march—one by one—
In murmuring platoon!

The Robins stand as thick today
As flakes of snow stood yesterday—
On fence—and Roof—and Twig!
The Orchis binds her feather on
For her old lover - Don the Sun!
Revisiting the Bog!

Without Commander! Countless! Still!
The Regiments of Wood and Hill
In bright detachment stand!
Behold! Whose Multitudes are these?
The children of whose turbaned seas—
Or what Circassian Land?

Emily Dickinson

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The children of whose turbaned seas—
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Emily Dickinson

Some such Butterfly be seen

541

Some such Butterfly be seen
On Brazilian Pampas—
Just at noon—no later—Sweet—
Then—the License closes—

Some such Spice—express and pass—
Subject to Your Plucking—
As the Stars—You knew last Night—
Foreigners—This Morning—

Emily Dickinson

Some things that fly there be

89

Some things that fly there be—
Birds—Hours—the Bumblebee—
Of these no Elegy.

Some things that stay there be—
Grief—Hills—Eternity—
Nor this behooveth me.

There are that resting, rise.
Can I expound the skies?
How still the Riddle lies!

Emily Dickinson

Some—Work for Immortality

406

Some—Work for Immortality—
The Chiefer part, for Time—
He—Compensates—immediately—
The former—Checks—on Fame—

Slow Gold—but Everlasting—
The Bullion of Today—
Contrasted with the Currency
Of Immortality—

A Beggar—Here and There—
Is gifted to discern
Beyond the Broker's insight—
One's—Money—One's—the Mine—

Emily Dickinson

Some, too fragile for winter winds

141

Some, too fragile for winter winds
The thoughtful grave encloses—
Tenderly tucking them in from frost
Before their feet are cold.

Never the treasures in her nest
The cautious grave exposes,
Building where schoolboy dare not look,
And sportsman is not bold.

This covert have all the children
Early aged, and often cold,
Sparrow, unnoticed by the Father—
Lambs for whom time had not a fold.

Emily Dickinson

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406

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Emily Dickinson

Soto! Explore thyself!

832

Soto! Explore thyself!
Therein thyself shalt find
The "Undiscovered Continent"—
No Settler had the Mind.

Emily Dickinson

Soul, Wilt thou toss again?

139

Soul, Wilt thou toss again?
By just such a hazard
Hundreds have lost indeed—
But tens have won an all—

Angel's breathless ballot
Lingers to record thee—
Imps in eager Caucus
Raffle for my Soul!

Emily Dickinson

South Winds jostle them

86

South Winds jostle them—
Bumblebees come—
Hover—hesitate—
Drink, and are gone—

Butterflies pause
On their passage Cashmere—
I—softly plucking,
Present them here!

Emily Dickinson

Sown in dishonor

62

"Sown in dishonor"!
Ah! Indeed!
May this "dishonor" be?
If I were half so fine myself
I'd notice nobody!

"Sown in corruption"!
Not so fast!
Apostle is askew!
Corinthians 1. 15. narrates
A Circumstance or two!

Emily Dickinson

Speech—is a prank of Parliament—

"Speech"—is a prank of Parliament—
"Tears"—is a trick of the nerve—
But the Heart with the heaviest freight on—
Doesn't—always—move—

Emily Dickinson

Split the Lark

Split the Lark -- and you'll find the Music --
Bulb after Bulb, in Silver rolled --
Scantilly dealt to the Summer Morning
Saved for your Ear when Lutes be old.

Loose the Flood -- you shall find it patent --
Gush after Gush, reserved for you --
Scarlet Experiment! Sceptic Thomas!
Now, do you doubt that your Bird was true?

Emily Dickinson

Split the Lark—and you'll find the Music

861

Split the Lark—and you'll find the Music—
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Emily Dickinson

Spring is the Period

844

Spring is the Period
Express from God.
Among the other seasons
Himself abide,

But during March and April
None stir abroad
Without a cordial interview
With God.

Emily Dickinson

Strong Draughts of Their Refreshing Minds

711

Strong Draughts of Their Refreshing Minds
To drink—enables Mine
Through Desert or the Wilderness
As bore it Sealed Wine—

To go elastic—Or as One
The Camel's trait—attained—
How powerful the Stimulus
Of an Hermetic Mind—

Emily Dickinson

Struck, was I, not yet by Lightning

925

Struck, was I, not yet by Lightning—
Lightning—lets away
Power to perceive His Process
With Vitality.

Maimed—was I—yet not by Venture—
Stone of stolid Boy—
Nor a Sportsman's Peradventure—
Who mine Enemy?

Robbed—was I—intact to Bandit—
All my Mansion torn—
Sun—withdrawn to Recognition—
Furthest shining—done—

Yet was not the foe—of any—
Not the smallest Bird
In the nearest Orchard dwelling
Be of Me—afraid.

Most—I love the Cause that slew Me.
Often as I die
Its beloved Recognition
Holds a Sun on Me—

Best—at Setting—as is Nature's—
Neither witnessed Rise
Till the infinite Aurora
In the other's eyes.

Emily Dickinson

Success is Counted Sweetest

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today
Can tell the definition
So clear of Victory

As he defeated--dying--
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!

Emily Dickinson

Such is the Force of Happiness

787

Such is the Force of Happiness—
The Least—can lift a Ton
Assisted by its stimulus—

Who Misery—sustain—
No Sinew can afford—
The Cargo of Themselves—
Too infinite for Consciousness'
Slow capabilities.

Emily Dickinson

Summer for thee, grant I may be

31

Summer for thee, grant I may be
When Summer days are flown!
Thy music still, when Whipporwill
And Oriole—are done!

For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb
And row my blossoms o'er!
Pray gather me—
Anemone—
Thy flower—forevermore!

Emily Dickinson

Summer Shower

A drop fell on the apple tree,
Another on the roof;
A half a dozen kissed the eaves,
And made the gables laugh.

A few went out to help the brook,
That went to help the sea.
Myself conjectured, Were they pearls,
What necklaces could be!

The dust replaced in hoisted roads,
The birds jocoser sung;
The sunshine threw his hat away,
The orchards spangles hung.

The breezes brought dejected lutes,
And bathed them in the glee;
The East put out a single flag,
And signed the fete away.

Emily Dickinson

Sunset at Night—is natural

415

Sunset at Night—is natural—
But Sunset on the Dawn
Reverses Nature—Master—
So Midnight's—due—at Noon.

Eclipses be—predicted—
And Science bows them in—
But do one face us suddenly—
Jehovah's Watch—is wrong.

Emily Dickinson

Sunset at Night—is natural

415

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Jehovah's Watch—is wrong.

Emily Dickinson

Superfluous were the Sun

999

Superfluous were the Sun
When Excellence be dead
He were superfluous every Day
For every Day be said

That syllable whose Faith
Just saves it from Despair
And whose "I'll meet You" hesitates
If Love inquire "Where"?

Upon His dateless Fame
Our Periods may lie
As Stars that drop anonymous
From an abundant sky.

Emily Dickinson

Surgeons must be very careful

108

Surgeons must be very careful
When they take the knife!
Underneath their fine incisions
Stirs the Culprit—Life!

Emily Dickinson

Suspense—is Hostiler than Death

705

Suspense—is Hostiler than Death—
Death—tho'soever Broad,
Is Just Death, and cannot increase—
Suspense—does not conclude—

But perishes—to live anew—
But just anew to die—
Annihilation—plated fresh
With Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

Suspense—is Hostiler than Death

705

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Is Just Death, and cannot increase—
Suspense—does not conclude—

But perishes—to live anew—
But just anew to die—
Annihilation—plated fresh
With Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

Sweet Mountains—Ye tell Me no lie

722

Sweet Mountains—Ye tell Me no lie—
Never deny Me—Never fly—
Those same unvarying Eyes
Turn on Me—when I fail—or feign,
Or take the Royal names in vain—
Their far—slow—Violet Gaze—

My Strong Madonnas—Cherish still—
The Wayward Nun—beneath the Hill—
Whose service—is to You—
Her latest Worship—When the Day
Fades from the Firmament away—
To lift Her Brows on You—

Emily Dickinson

Sweet Mountains—Ye tell Me no lie

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Fades from the Firmament away—
To lift Her Brows on You—

Emily Dickinson

Sweet—safe—Houses

457

Sweet—safe—Houses—
Glad—gay—Houses—
Sealed so stately tight—
Lids of Steel—on Lids of Marble—
Locking Bare feet out—

Brooks of Plush—in Banks of Satin
Not so softly fall
As the laughter—and the whisper—
From their People Pearl—

No Bald Death—affront their Parlors—
No Bold Sickness come
To deface their Stately Treasures—
Anguish—and the Tomb—

Hum by—in Muffled Coaches—
Lest they—wonder Why—
Any—for the Press of Smiling—
Interrupt—to die—

Emily Dickinson

Sweet—You forgot—but I remembered

523

Sweet—You forgot—but I remembered
Every time—for Two—
So that the Sum be never hindered
Through Decay of You—

Say if I erred? Accuse my Farthings—
Blame the little Hand
Happy it be for You—a Beggar's—
Seeking More—to spend—

Just to be Rich—to waste my Guineas
On so Best a Heart—
Just to be Poor—for Barefoot Vision
You—Sweet—Shut me out—

Emily Dickinson

Sweet, to have had them lost

901

Sweet, to have had them lost
For news that they be saved—
The nearer they departed Us
The nearer they, restored,

Shall stand to Our Right Hand—
Most precious and the Dead—
Next precious
Those that rose to go—
Then thought of Us, and stayed.

Emily Dickinson

Sweet—safe—Houses

457

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Glad—gay—Houses—
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On so Best a Heart—
Just to be Poor—for Barefoot Vision
You—Sweet—Shut me out—

Emily Dickinson

T was just this time last year I died.

'T was just this time last year I died.
   I know I heard the corn,
When I was carried by the farms,--
   It had the tassels on.

I thought how yellow it would look
   When Richard went to mill;
And then I wanted to get out,
   But something held my will.

I thought just how red apples wedged
   The stubble's joints between;
And carts went stooping round the fields
   To take the pumpkins in.

I wondered which would miss me least,
   And when Thanksgiving came,
If father'd multiply the plates
   To make an even sum.

And if my stocking hung too high,
   Would it blur the Christmas glee,
That not a Santa Claus could reach
   The altitude of me?

But this sort grieved myself, and so
   I thought how it would be
When just this time, some perfect year,
   Themselves should come to me.

Emily Dickinson

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When I was carried by the farms,--
   It had the tassels on.

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I wondered which would miss me least,
   And when Thanksgiving came,
If father'd multiply the plates
   To make an even sum.

And if my stocking hung too high,
   Would it blur the Christmas glee,
That not a Santa Claus could reach
   The altitude of me?

But this sort grieved myself, and so
   I thought how it would be
When just this time, some perfect year,
   Themselves should come to me.

Emily Dickinson

Take your Heaven further on

388

Take your Heaven further on—
This—to Heaven divine Has gone—
Had You earlier blundered in
Possibly, e'en You had seen
An Eternity—put on—
Now—to ring a Door beyond
Is the utmost of Your Hand—
To the Skies—apologize—
Nearer to Your Courtesies
Than this Sufferer polite—
Dressed to meet You—
See—in White!

Emily Dickinson

Taking up the fair Ideal

428

Taking up the fair Ideal,
Just to cast her down
When a fracture—we discover—
Or a splintered Crown—
Makes the Heavens portable—
And the Gods—a lie—
Doubtless—"Adam"—scowled at Eden—
For his perjury!

Cherishing—our pool Ideal—
Till in purer dress—
We behold her—glorified—
Comforts—search—like this—
Till the broken creatures—
We adored—for whole—
Stains—all washed—
Transfigured—mended—
Meet us—with a smile—

Emily Dickinson

Talk with prudence to a Beggar

119

Talk with prudence to a Beggar
Of "Potose," and the mines!
Reverently, to the Hungry
Of your viands, and your wines!

Cautious, hint to any Captive
You have passed enfranchised feet!
Anecdotes of air in Dungeons
Have sometimes proved deadly sweet!

Emily Dickinson

Teach Him—When He makes the names

227

Teach Him—When He makes the names—
Such an one—to say—
On his babbling—Berry—lips—
As should sound—to me—
Were my Ear—as near his nest—
As my thought—today—
As should sound—
"Forbid us not"—
Some like "Emily."

Emily Dickinson

Teach Him—When He makes the names

227

Teach Him—When He makes the names—
Such an one—to say—
On his babbling—Berry—lips—
As should sound—to me—
Were my Ear—as near his nest—
As my thought—today—
As should sound—
"Forbid us not"—
Some like "Emily."

Emily Dickinson

Tell All The Truth

Tell all the truth but tell it slant,
Success in circuit lies,
Too bright for our infirm delight
The truth's superb surprise;

As lightning to the children eased
With explanation kind,
The truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind.

Emily Dickinson

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant

1129

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant—
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise

As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind—

Emily Dickinson

That after Horror—that 'twas us

286

That after Horror—that 'twas us—
That passed the mouldering Pier—
Just as the Granite Crumb let go—
Our Savior, by a Hair—

A second more, had dropped too deep
For Fisherman to plumb—
The very profile of the Thought
Puts Recollection numb—

The possibility—to pass
Without a Moment's Bell—
Into Conjecture's presence—
Is like a Face of Steel—
That suddenly looks into ours
With a metallic grin—
The Cordiality of Death—
Who drills his Welcome in—

Emily Dickinson

That after Horror—that 'twas us

286

That after Horror—that 'twas us—
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Just as the Granite Crumb let go—
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Is like a Face of Steel—
That suddenly looks into ours
With a metallic grin—
The Cordiality of Death—
Who drills his Welcome in—

Emily Dickinson

That Distance was between Us

863

That Distance was between Us
That is not of Mile or Main—
The Will it is that situates—
Equator—never can—

Emily Dickinson

That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet

659

That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet,
And said that I was strong—
And could be mighty, if I liked—
That Day—the Days among—

Glows Central—like a Jewel
Between Diverging Golds—
The Minor One—that gleamed behind—
And Vaster—of the World's.

Emily Dickinson

That I did always love

549

That I did always love
I bring thee Proof
That till I loved
I never lived—Enough—

That I shall love alway—
I argue thee
That love is life—
And life hath Immortality—

This—dost thou doubt—Sweet—
Then have I
Nothing to show
But Calvary—

Emily Dickinson

That is solemn we have ended

934

That is solemn we have ended
Be it but a Play
Or a Glee among the Garret
Or a Holiday

Or a leaving Home, or later,
Parting with a World
We have understood for better
Still to be explained.

Emily Dickinson

The Admirations—and Contempts—of time

906

The Admirations—and Contempts—of time—
Show justest—through an Open Tomb—
The Dying—as it were a Height
Reorganizes Estimate
And what We saw not
We distinguish clear—
And mostly—see not
What We saw before—

'Tis Compound Vision—
Light—enabling Light—
The Finite—furnished
With the Infinite—
Convex—and Concave Witness—
Back—toward Time—
And forward—
Toward the God of Him—

Emily Dickinson

The Admirations—and Contempts—of time

906

The Admirations—and Contempts—of time—
Show justest—through an Open Tomb—
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Convex—and Concave Witness—
Back—toward Time—
And forward—
Toward the God of Him—

Emily Dickinson

The Angle of a Landscape

375

The Angle of a Landscape—
That every time I wake—
Between my Curtain and the Wall
Upon an ample Crack—

Like a Venetian—waiting—
Accosts my open eye—
Is just a Bough of Apples—
Held slanting, in the Sky—

The Pattern of a Chimney—
The Forehead of a Hill—
Sometimes—a Vane's Forefinger—
But that's—Occasional—

The Seasons—shift—my Picture—
Upon my Emerald Bough,
I wake—to find no—Emeralds—
Then—Diamonds—which the Snow

From Polar Caskets—fetched me—
The Chimney—and the Hill—
And just the Steeple's finger—
These—never stir at all—

Emily Dickinson

The Battle fought between the Soul

594

The Battle fought between the Soul
And No Man—is the One
Of all the Battles prevalent—
By far the Greater One—

No News of it is had abroad—
Its Bodiless Campaign
Establishes, and terminates—
Invisible—Unknown—

Nor History—record it—
As Legions of a Night
The Sunrise scatters—These endure—
Enact—and terminate—

Emily Dickinson

The Bee is not afraid of me

111

The Bee is not afraid of me.
I know the Butterfly.
The pretty people in the Woods
Receive me cordially—

The Brooks laugh louder when I come—
The Breezes madder play;
Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists,
Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

Emily Dickinson

The Beggar Lad—dies early

717

The Beggar Lad—dies early—
It's Somewhat in the Cold—
And Somewhat in the Trudging feet—
And haply, in the World—

The Cruel—smiling—bowing World—
That took its Cambric Way—
Nor heard the timid cry for "Bread"—
"Sweet Lady—Charity"—

Among Redeemed Children
If Trudging feet may stand
The Barefoot time forgotten—so—
The Sleet—the bitter Wind—

The Childish Hands that teased for Pence
Lifted adoring—them—
To Him whom never Ragged—Coat
Did supplicate in vain—

Emily Dickinson

The Beggar Lad—dies early

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Emily Dickinson

The Bible is an antique Volume

1545

The Bible is an antique Volume—
Written by faded men
At the suggestion of Holy Spectres—
Subjects—Bethlehem—
Eden—the ancient Homestead—
Satan—the Brigadier—
Judas—the Great Defaulter—
David—the Troubador—
Sin—a distinguished Precipice
Others must resist—
Boys that "believe" are very lonesome—
Other Boys are "lost"—
Had but the Tale a warbling Teller—
All the Boys would come—
Orpheus' Sermon captivated—
It did not condemn—

Emily Dickinson

The Bird must sing to earn the Crumb

880

The Bird must sing to earn the Crumb
What merit have the Tune
No Breakfast if it guaranty

The Rose content may bloom
To gain renown of Lady's Drawer
But if the Lady come
But once a Century, the Rose
Superfluous become—

Emily Dickinson

The Birds begun at Four o'clock

783

The Birds begun at Four o'clock—
Their period for Dawn—
A Music numerous as space—
But neighboring as Noon—

I could not count their Force—
Their Voices did expend
As Brook by Brook bestows itself
To multiply the Pond.

Their Witnesses were not—
Except occasional man—
In homely industry arrayed—
To overtake the Morn—

Nor was it for applause—
That I could ascertain—
But independent Ecstasy
Of Deity and Men—

By Six, the Flood had done—
No Tumult there had been
Of Dressing, or Departure—
And yet the Band was gone—

The Sun engrossed the East—
The Day controlled the World—
The Miracle that introduced
Forgotten, as fulfilled.

Emily Dickinson

The Birds reported from the South

743

The Birds reported from the South—
A News express to Me—
A spicy Charge, My little Posts—
But I am deaf—Today—

The Flowers—appealed—a timid Throng—
I reinforced the Door—
Go blossom for the Bees—I said—
And trouble Me—no More—

The Summer Grace, for Notice strove—
Remote—Her best Array—
The Heart—to stimulate the Eye
Refused too utterly—

At length, a Mourner, like Myself,
She drew away austere—
Her frosts to ponder—then it was
I recollected Her—

She suffered Me, for I had mourned—
I offered Her no word—
My Witness—was the Crape I bore—
Her—Witness—was Her Dead—

Thenceforward—We—together dwelt—
I never questioned Her—
Our Contract
A Wiser Sympathy

Emily Dickinson

The Black Berry—wears a Thorn in his side

554

The Black Berry—wears a Thorn in his side—
But no Man heard Him cry—
He offers His Berry, just the same
To Partridge—and to Boy—

He sometimes holds upon the Fence—
Or struggles to a Tree—
Or clasps a Rock, with both His Hands—
But not for Sympathy—

We—tell a Hurt—to cool it—
This Mourner—to the Sky
A little further reaches—instead—
Brave Black Berry—

Emily Dickinson

The Black Berry—wears a Thorn in his side

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We—tell a Hurt—to cool it—
This Mourner—to the Sky
A little further reaches—instead—
Brave Black Berry—

Emily Dickinson

The Body grows without

578

The Body grows without—
The more convenient way—
That if the Spirit—like to hide
Its Temple stands, alway,

Ajar—secure—inviting—
It never did betray
The Soul that asked its shelter
In solemn honesty

Emily Dickinson

The Brain—is wider than the Sky

632

The Brain—is wider than the Sky—
For—put them side by side—
The one the other will contain
With ease—and You—beside—

The Brain is deeper than the sea—
For—hold them—Blue to Blue—
The one the other will absorb—
As Sponges—Buckets—do—

The Brain is just the weight of God—
For—Heft them—Pound for Pound—
And they will differ—if they do—
As Syllable from Sound—

Emily Dickinson

The Brain, within its Groove

556

The Brain, within its Groove
Runs evenly—and true—
But let a Splinter swerve—
'Twere easier for You—

To put a Current back—
When Floods have slit the Hills—
And scooped a Turnpike for Themselves—
And trodden out the Mills—

Emily Dickinson

The braind within its groove

The brain within its groove
Runs evenly and true;
But let a splinter swerve,
'T were easier for you
To put the water back
When floods have slit the hills,
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,
And blotted out the mills!

Emily Dickinson

The Brain—is wider than the Sky

632

The Brain—is wider than the Sky—
For—put them side by side—
The one the other will contain
With ease—and You—beside—

The Brain is deeper than the sea—
For—hold them—Blue to Blue—
The one the other will absorb—
As Sponges—Buckets—do—

The Brain is just the weight of God—
For—Heft them—Pound for Pound—
And they will differ—if they do—
As Syllable from Sound—

Emily Dickinson

The bustle in a house

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth,--

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

Emily Dickinson

The Chemical conviction

954

The Chemical conviction
That Nought be lost
Enable in Disaster
My fractured Trust—

The Faces of the Atoms
If I shall see
How more the Finished Creatures
Departed me!

Emily Dickinson

The Child's faith is new

637

The Child's faith is new—
Whole—like His Principle—
Wide—like the Sunrise
On fresh Eyes—
Never had a Doubt—
Laughs—at a Scruple—
Believes all sham
But Paradise—

Credits the World—
Deems His Dominion
Broadest of Sovereignties—
And Caesar—mean—
In the Comparison—
Baseless Emperor—
Ruler of Nought—
Yet swaying all—

Grown bye and bye
To hold mistaken
His pretty estimates
Of Prickly Things
He gains the skill
Sorrowful—as certain—
Men—to anticipate
Instead of Kings—

Emily Dickinson

The Color of a Queen, is this

776

The Color of a Queen, is this—
The Color of a Sun
At setting—this and Amber—
Beryl—and this, at Noon—

And when at night—Auroran widths
Fling suddenly on men—
'Tis this—and Witchcraft—nature keeps
A Rank—for Iodine—

Emily Dickinson

The Color of the Grave is Green

411

The Color of the Grave is Green—
The Outer Grave—I mean—
You would not know it from the Field—
Except it own a Stone—

To help the fond—to find it—
Too infinite asleep
To stop and tell them where it is—
But just a Daisy—deep—

The Color of the Grave is white—
The outer Grave—I mean—
You would not know it from the Drifts—
In Winter—till the Sun—

Has furrowed out the Aisles—
Then—higher than the Land
The little Dwelling Houses rise
Where each—has left a friend—

The Color of the Grave within—
The Duplicate—I mean—
Not all the Snows could make it white—
Not all the Summers—Green—

You've seen the Color—maybe—
Upon a Bonnet bound—
When that you met it with before—
The Ferret—cannot find—

Emily Dickinson

The Court is far away

235

The Court is far away—
No Umpire—have I—
My Sovereign is offended—
To gain his grace—I'd die!

I'll seek his royal feet—
I'll say—Remember—King—
Thou shalt—thyself—one day—a Child—
Implore a larger—thing—

That Empire—is of Czars—
As small—they say—as I—
Grant me—that day—the royalty—
To intercede—for Thee—

Emily Dickinson

The cricket sang,

The cricket sang,
And set the sun,
And workmen finished, one by one,
   Their seam the day upon.

The low grass loaded with the dew,
The twilight stood as strangers do
With hat in hand, polite and new,
   To stay as if, or go.

A vastness, as a neighbor, came,--
A wisdom without face or name,
A peace, as hemispheres at home,--
   And so the night became.

Emily Dickinson

The Daisy follows soft the Sun

106

The Daisy follows soft the Sun—
And when his golden walk is done—
Sits shyly at his feet—
He—waking—finds the flower there—
Wherefore—Marauder—art thou here?
Because, Sir, love is sweet!

We are the Flower—Thou the Sun!
Forgive us, if as days decline—
We nearer steal to Thee!
Enamored of the parting West—
The peace—the flight—the Amethyst—
Night's possibility!

Emily Dickinson

The Day Came Slow

The day came slow, till five o'clock,
Then sprang before the hills,
Like hindered rubies, or the light,
A sudden musket spills.

The purple could not keep the east.
The sunrise shook from fold.
Like breadths of topaz, packed a night,
The lady just unrolled.

The happy winds their timbrels took;
The birds in docile rows,
Arranged themselves around their prince.
(The wind is prince of those.)

The orchard sparkled like a Jew,---
How mighty 'twas to stay,
A guest in this stupendous place,
The parlor of the day.

Emily Dickinson

The Day came slow—till Five o'clock

304

The Day came slow—till Five o'clock—
Then sprang before the Hills
Like Hindered Rubies—or the Light
A Sudden Musket—spills—

The Purple could not keep the East—
The Sunrise shook abroad
Like Breadths of Topaz—packed a Night—
The Lady just unrolled—

The Happy Winds—their Timbrels took—
The Birds—in docile Rows
Arranged themselves around their Prince
The Wind—is Prince of Those—

The Orchard sparkled like a Jew—
How mighty 'twas—to be
A Guest in this stupendous place—
The Parlor—of the Day—

Emily Dickinson

The day came slow, till five o' clock

The day came slow, till five o'clock
Then sprang before the hills
Like hindered rubies, or the light
A sudden musket spills

The purple could not keep the east,
The sunrise shook from fold,
Like breadths of topaz, packed a night,
The lady just unrolled.

The happy winds their timbrels took;
The birds, in docile rows,
Arranged themselves around their prince
(The wind is prince of those).

The orchard sparkled like a Jew, --
How mighty 't was, to stay
A guest in this stupendous place,
The parlor of the day!

Emily Dickinson

The Day that I was crowned

356

The Day that I was crowned
Was like the other Days—
Until the Coronation came—
And then—'twas Otherwise—

As Carbon in the Coal
And Carbon in the Gem
Are One—and yet the former
Were dull for Diadem—

I rose, and all was plain—
But when the Day declined
Myself and It, in Majesty
Were equally—adorned—

The Grace that I—was chose—
To Me—surpassed the Crown
That was the Witness for the Grace—
'Twas even that 'twas Mine—

Emily Dickinson

The Day undressed—Herself

716

The Day undressed—Herself—
Her Garter—was of Gold—
Her Petticoat—of Purple plain—
Her Dimities—as old

Exactly—as the World—
And yet the newest Star—
Enrolled upon the Hemisphere
Be wrinkled—much as Her—

Too near to God—to pray—
Too near to Heaven—to fear—
The Lady of the Occident
Retired without a care—

Her Candle so expire
The flickering be seen
On Ball of Mast in Bosporus—
And Dome—and Window Pane—

Emily Dickinson

The Definition of Beauty is

988

The Definition of Beauty is
That Definition is none—
Of Heaven, easing Analysis,
Since Heaven and He are one.

Emily Dickinson

The difference between Despair

305

The difference between Despair
And Fear—is like the One
Between the instant of a Wreck
And when the Wreck has been—

The Mind is smooth—no Motion—
Contented as the Eye
Upon the Forehead of a Bust—
That knows—it cannot see—

Emily Dickinson

The Doomed—regard the Sunrise

294

The Doomed—regard the Sunrise
With different Delight—
Because—when next it burns abroad
They doubt to witness it—

The Man—to die—tomorrow—
Harks for the Meadow Bird—
Because its Music stirs the Axe
That clamors for his head—

Joyful—to whom the Sunrise
Precedes Enamored—Day—
Joyful—for whom the Meadow Bird
Has ought but Elegy!

Emily Dickinson

The Doomed—regard the Sunrise

294

The Doomed—regard the Sunrise
With different Delight—
Because—when next it burns abroad
They doubt to witness it—

The Man—to die—tomorrow—
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Because its Music stirs the Axe
That clamors for his head—

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Precedes Enamored—Day—
Joyful—for whom the Meadow Bird
Has ought but Elegy!

Emily Dickinson

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea

284

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea—
Forgets her own locality—
As I—toward Thee—

She knows herself an incense small—
Yet small—she sighs—if All—is All—
How larger—be?

The Ocean—smiles—at her Conceit—
But she, forgetting Amphitrite—
Pleads—"Me"?

Emily Dickinson

The Dust behind I strove to join

992

The Dust behind I strove to join
Unto the Disk before—
But Sequence ravelled out of Sound
Like Balls upon a Floor—

Emily Dickinson

The dying need but little, dear,--

The dying need but little, dear,--
   A glass of water's all,
A flower's unobtrusive face
   To punctuate the wall,

A fan, perhaps, a friend's regret,
   And certainly that one
No color in the rainbow
   Perceives when you are gone.

Emily Dickinson

The face I carry with me—last

336

The face I carry with me—last—
When I go out of Time—
To take my Rank—by—in the West—
That face—will just be thine—

I'll hand it to the Angel—
That—Sir—was my Degree—
In Kingdoms—you have heard the Raised—
Refer to—possibly.

He'll take it—scan it—step aside—
Return—with such a crown
As Gabriel—never capered at—
And beg me put it on—

And then—he'll turn me round and round—
To an admiring sky—
As one that bore her Master's name—
Sufficient Royalty!

Emily Dickinson

The face I carry with me—last

336

The face I carry with me—last—
When I go out of Time—
To take my Rank—by—in the West—
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And then—he'll turn me round and round—
To an admiring sky—
As one that bore her Master's name—
Sufficient Royalty!

Emily Dickinson

The feet of people walking home

7

The feet of people walking home
With gayer sandals go—
The Crocus— til she rises
The Vassal of the snow—
The lips at Hallelujah
Long years of practise bore
Til bye and bye these Bargemen
Walked singing on the shore.

Pearls are the Diver's farthings
Extorted from the Sea—
Pinions— the Seraph's wagon
Pedestrian once— as we—
Night is the morning's Canvas
Larceny— legacy—
Death, but our rapt attention
To Immortality.

My figures fail to tell me
How far the Village lies—
Whose peasants are the Angels—
Whose Cantons dot the skies—
My Classics veil their faces—
My faith that Dark adores—
Which from its solemn abbeys
Such ressurection pours.

Emily Dickinson

The Fingers of the Light

1000

The Fingers of the Light
Tapped soft upon the Town
With "I am great and cannot wait
So therefore let me in."

"You're soon," the Town replied,
"My Faces are asleep—
But swear, and I will let you by,
You will not wake them up."

The easy Guest complied
But once within the Town
The transport of His Countenance
Awakened Maid and Man

The Neighbor in the Pool
Upon His Hip elate
Made loud obeisance and the Gnat
Held up His Cup for Light.

Emily Dickinson

The first Day that I was a Life

902

The first Day that I was a Life
I recollect it—How still—
That last Day that I was a Life
I recollect it—as well—

'Twas stiller—though the first
Was still—
"Twas empty—but the first
Was full—

This—was my finallest Occasion—
But then
My tenderer Experiment
Toward Men—

"Which choose I"?
That—I cannot say—
"Which choose They"?
Question Memory!

Emily Dickinson

The first Day's Night had come

410

The first Day's Night had come—
And grateful that a thing
So terrible—had been endured—
I told my Soul to sing—

She said her Strings were snapt—
Her Bow—to Atoms blown—
And so to mend her—gave me work
Until another Morn—

And then—a Day as huge
As Yesterdays in pairs,
Unrolled its horror in my face—
Until it blocked my eyes—

My Brain—begun to laugh—
I mumbled—like a fool—
And tho' 'tis Years ago—that Day—
My Brain keeps giggling—still.

And Something's odd—within—
That person that I was—
And this One—do not feel the same—
Could it be Madness—this?

Emily Dickinson

The Flower must not blame the Bee

206

The Flower must not blame the Bee—
That seeketh his felicity
Too often at her door—

But teach the Footman from Vevay—
Mistress is "not at home"—to say—
To people—any more!

Emily Dickinson

The Future—never spoke

672

The Future—never spoke—
Nor will He—like the Dumb—
Reveal by sign—a syllable
Of His Profound To Come—

But when the News be ripe—
Presents it—in the Act—
Forestalling Preparation—
Escape—or Substitute—

Indifference to Him—
The Dower—as the Doom—
His Office—but to execute
Fate's—Telegram—to Him—

Emily Dickinson

The Future—never spoke

672

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Nor will He—like the Dumb—
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The Dower—as the Doom—
His Office—but to execute
Fate's—Telegram—to Him—

Emily Dickinson

The Gentian weaves her fringes

18

The Gentian weaves her fringes—
The Maple's loom is red—
My departing blossoms
    Obviate parade.

A brief, but patient illness—
An hour to prepare,
And one below this morning
Is where the angels are—
It was a short procession,
The Bobolink was there—
An aged Bee addressed us—
And then we knelt in prayer—
We trust that she was willing—
We ask that we may be.
Summer—Sister—Seraph!
Let us go with thee!

In the name of the Bee—
And of the Butterfly—
And of the Breeze—Amen!

Emily Dickinson

The good Will of a Flower

849

The good Will of a Flower
The Man who would possess
Must first present
Certificate
Of minted Holiness.

Emily Dickinson

The Grace—Myself—might not obtain

707

The Grace—Myself—might not obtain—
Confer upon My flower—
Refracted but a Countenance—
For I—inhabit Her—

Emily Dickinson

The Grace—Myself—might not obtain

707

The Grace—Myself—might not obtain—
Confer upon My flower—
Refracted but a Countenance—
For I—inhabit Her—

Emily Dickinson

The Grass so little has to do

The Grass so little has to do –
A Sphere of simple Green –
With only Butterflies to brood
And Bees to entertain –
And stir all day to pretty Tunes
The Breezes fetch along –
And hold the Sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything –

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls –
And make itself so fine
A Duchess were too common
For such a noticing –

And even when it dies – to pass
In Odors so divine –
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep –
Or Spikenards, perishing –

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell –
And dream the Days away,
The Grass so little has to do
I wish I were a Hay –

Emily Dickinson

The Guest is gold and crimson

15

The Guest is gold and crimson—
An Opal guest and gray—
Of Ermine is his doublet—
His Capuchin gay—

He reaches town at nightfall—
He stops at every door—
Who looks for him at morning
I pray him too—explore
The Lark's pure territory—
Or the Lapwing's shore!

Emily Dickinson

The hallowing of Pain

772

The hallowing of Pain
Like hallowing of Heaven,
Obtains at a corporeal cost—
The Summit is not given

To Him who strives severe
At middle of the Hill—
But He who has achieved the Top—
All—is the price of All—

Emily Dickinson

The heart asks pleasure first

The heart asks pleasure first
And then, excuse from pain-
And then, those little anodynes
That deaden suffering;

And then, to go to sleep;
And then, if it should be
The will of its Inquisitor,
The liberty to die.

Emily Dickinson

The Heart asks Pleasure—first

536

The Heart asks Pleasure—first—
And then—Excuse from Pain—
And then—those little Anodyness
That deaden suffering—

And then—to go to sleep—
And then—if it should be
The will of its Inquisitor
The privilege to die—

Emily Dickinson

The Heart has narrow Banks

928

The Heart has narrow Banks
It measures like the Sea
In mighty—unremitting Bass
And Blue Monotony

Till Hurricane bisect
And as itself discerns
Its sufficient Area
The Heart convulsive learns

That Calm is but a Wall
Of unattempted Gauze
An instant's Push demolishes
A Questioning—dissolves.

Emily Dickinson

The Heaven vests for Each

694

The Heaven vests for Each
In that small Deity
It craved the grace to worship
Some bashful Summer's Day—

Half shrinking from the Glory
It importuned to see
Till these faint Tabernacles drop
In full Eternity—

How imminent the Venture—
As one should sue a Star—
For His mean sake to leave the Row
And entertain Despair—

A Clemency so common—
We almost cease to fear—
Enabling the minutest—
And furthest—to adore—

Emily Dickinson

The Himmaleh was known to stoop

481

The Himmaleh was known to stoop
Unto the Daisy low—
Transported with Compassion
That such a Doll should grow
Where Tent by Tent—Her Universe
Hung out its Flags of Snow—

Emily Dickinson

The Hollows round His eager Eyes

955

The Hollows round His eager Eyes
Were Pages where to read
Pathetic Histories—although
Himself had not complained.
Biography to All who passed
Of Unobtrusive Pain
Except for the italic Face
Endured, unhelped—unknown.

Emily Dickinson

The Judge is like the Owl

699

The Judge is like the Owl—
I've heard my Father tell—
And Owls do build in Oaks—
So here's an Amber Sill—

That slanted in my Path—
When going to the Barn—
And if it serve You for a House—
Itself is not in vain—

About the price—'tis small—
I only ask a Tune
At Midnight—Let the Owl select
His favorite Refrain.

Emily Dickinson

The Juggler's Hat her Country is

330

The Juggler's Hat her Country is—
The Mountain Gorse—the Bee's!

Emily Dickinson

The Lady feeds Her little Bird

941

The Lady feeds Her little Bird
At rarer intervals—
The little Bird would not dissent
But meekly recognize

The Gulf between the Hand and Her
And crumbless and afar
And fainting, on Her yellow Knee
Fall softly, and adore—

Emily Dickinson

The Lamp burns sure—within

233

The Lamp burns sure—within—
Tho' Serfs—supply the Oil—
It matters not the busy Wick—
At her phosphoric toil!

The Slave—forgets—to fill—
The Lamp—burns golden—on—
Unconscious that the oil is out—
As that the Slave—is gone.

Emily Dickinson

The Lamp burns sure—within

233

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It matters not the busy Wick—
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Unconscious that the oil is out—
As that the Slave—is gone.

Emily Dickinson

The last Night that She lived

1100

The last Night that She lived
It was a Common Night
Except the Dying—this to Us
Made Nature different

We noticed smallest things—
Things overlooked before
By this great light upon our Minds
Italicized—as 'twere.

As We went out and in
Between Her final Room
And Rooms where Those to be alive
Tomorrow were, a Blame

That Others could exist
While She must finish quite
A Jealousy for Her arose
So nearly infinite—

We waited while She passed—
It was a narrow time—
Too jostled were Our Souls to speak
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot—
Then lightly as a Reed
Bent to the Water, struggled scarce—
Consented, and was dead—

And We—We placed the Hair—
And drew the Head erect—
And then an awful leisure was
Belief to regulate—

Emily Dickinson

The Leaves like Women interchange

987

The Leaves like Women interchange
Exclusive Confidence—
Somewhat of nods and somewhat
Portentous inference.

The Parties in both cases
Enjoining secrecy—
Inviolable compact
To notoriety.

Emily Dickinson

The Lightning playeth—all the while

630

The Lightning playeth—all the while—
But when He singeth—then—
Ourselves are conscious He exist—
And we approach Him—stern—

With Insulators—and a Glove—
Whose short—sepulchral Bass
Alarms us—tho' His Yellow feet
May pass—and counterpass—

Upon the Ropes—above our Head—
Continual—with the News—
Nor We so much as check our speech—
Nor stop to cross Ourselves—

Emily Dickinson

The Lightning playeth—all the while

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Emily Dickinson

The Loneliness One dare not sound

777

The Loneliness One dare not sound—
And would as soon surmise
As in its Grave go plumbing
To ascertain the size—

The Loneliness whose worst alarm
Is lest itself should see—
And perish from before itself
For just a scrutiny—

The Horror not to be surveyed—
But skirted in the Dark—
With Consciousness suspended—
And Being under Lock—

I fear me this—is Loneliness—
The Maker of the soul
Its Caverns and its Corridors
Illuminate—or seal—

Emily Dickinson

The lonesome for they know not What

262

The lonesome for they know not What—
The Eastern Exiles—be—
Who strayed beyond the Amber line
Some madder Holiday—

And ever since—the purple Moat
They strive to climb—in vain—
As Birds—that tumble from the clouds
Do fumble at the strain—

The Blessed Ether—taught them—
Some Transatlantic Morn—
When Heaven—was too common—to miss—
Too sure—to dote upon!

Emily Dickinson

The Love a Life can show Below

673

The Love a Life can show Below
Is but a filament, I know,
Of that diviner thing
That faints upon the face of Noon—
And smites the Tinder in the Sun—
And hinders Gabriel's Wing—

'Tis this—in Music—hints and sways—
And far abroad on Summer days—
Distils uncertain pain—
'Tis this enamors in the East—
And tints the Transit in the West
With harrowing Iodine—

'Tis this—invites—appalls—endows—
Flits—glimmers—proves—dissolves—
Returns—suggests—convicts—enchants—
Then—flings in Paradise—

Emily Dickinson

The Luxury to apprehend

815

The Luxury to apprehend
The Luxury 'twould be
To look at Thee a single time
An Epicure of Me

In whatsoever Presence makes
Till for a further Food
I scarcely recollect to starve
So first am I supplied—

The Luxury to meditate
The Luxury it was
To banquet on thy Countenance
A Sumptuousness bestows

On plainer Days, whose Table far
As Certainty can see
Is laden with a single Crumb
The Consciousness of Thee.

Emily Dickinson

The Malay—took the Pearl

452

The Malay—took the Pearl—
Not—I—the Earl—
I—feared the Sea—too much
Unsanctified—to touch—

Praying that I might be
Worthy—the Destiny—
The Swarthy fellow swam—
And bore my Jewel—Home—

Home to the Hut! What lot
Had I—the Jewel—got—
Borne on a Dusky Breasty—
I had not deemed a Vest
Of Amber—fit—

The Negro never knew
I—wooed it—too—
To gain, or be undone—
Alike to Him—One—

Emily Dickinson

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452

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To gain, or be undone—
Alike to Him—One—

Emily Dickinson

The Manner of its Death

468

The Manner of its Death
When Certain it must die—
'Tis deemed a privilege to choose—
'Twas Major Andre's Way—

When Choice of Life—is past—
There yet remains a Love
Its little Fate to stipulate—

How small in those who live—

The Miracle to tease
With Bable of the styles—
How "they are Dying mostly—now"—
And Customs at "St. James"!

Emily Dickinson

The Martyr Poets—did not tell

544

The Martyr Poets—did not tell—
But wrought their Pang in syllable—
That when their mortal name be numb—
Their mortal fate—encourage Some—

The Martyr Painters—never spoke—
Bequeathing—rather—to their Work—
That when their conscious fingers cease—
Some seek in Art—the Art of Peace—

Emily Dickinson

The Martyr Poets—did not tell

544

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Some seek in Art—the Art of Peace—

Emily Dickinson

The Missing All—prevented Me

985

The Missing All—prevented Me
From missing minor Things.
If nothing larger than a World's
Departure from a Hinge—
Or Sun's extinction, be observed—
'Twas not so large that I
Could lift my Forehead from my work
For Curiosity.

Emily Dickinson

The Missing All—prevented Me

985

The Missing All—prevented Me
From missing minor Things.
If nothing larger than a World's
Departure from a Hinge—
Or Sun's extinction, be observed—
'Twas not so large that I
Could lift my Forehead from my work
For Curiosity.

Emily Dickinson

The Months have ends—the Years—a knot

423

The Months have ends—the Years—a knot—
No Power can untie
To stretch a little further
A Skein of Misery—

The Earth lays back these tired lives
In her mysterious Drawers—
Too tenderly, that any doubt
An ultimate Repose—

The manner of the Children—
Who weary of the Day—
Themself—the noisy Plaything
They cannot put away—

Emily Dickinson

The Months have ends—the Years—a knot

423

The Months have ends—the Years—a knot—
No Power can untie
To stretch a little further
A Skein of Misery—

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In her mysterious Drawers—
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The manner of the Children—
Who weary of the Day—
Themself—the noisy Plaything
They cannot put away—

Emily Dickinson

The Moon is distant from the Sea

429

The Moon is distant from the Sea—
And yet, with Amber Hands—
She leads Him—docile as a Boy—
Along appointed Sands—

He never misses a Degree—
Obedient to Her Eye
He comes just so far—toward the Town—
Just so far—goes away—

Oh, Signor, Thine, the Amber Hand—
And mine—the distant Sea—
Obedient to the least command
Thine eye impose on me—

Emily Dickinson

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold

737

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold
A Night or two ago—
And now she turns Her perfect Face
Upon the World below—

Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde—
Her Cheek—a Beryl hewn—
Her Eye unto the Summer Dew
The likest I have known—

Her Lips of Amber never part—
But what must be the smile
Upon Her Friend she could confer
Were such Her Silver Will—

And what a privilege to be
But the remotest Star—
For Certainty She take Her Way
Beside Your Palace Door—

Her Bonnet is the Firmament—
The Universe—Her Shoe—
The Stars—the Trinkets at Her Belt—
Her Dimities—of Blue—

Emily Dickinson

The Morning after Woe

364

The Morning after Woe—
'Tis frequently the Way—
Surpasses all that rose before—
For utter Jubilee—

As Nature did not care—
And piled her Blossoms on—
And further to parade a Joy
Her Victim stared upon—

The Birds declaim their Tunes—
Pronouncing every word
Like Hammers—Did they know they fell
Like Litanies of Lead—

On here and there—a creature—
They'd modify the Glee
To fit some Crucifixal Clef—
Some Key of Calvary—

Emily Dickinson

The morns are meeker than they were

12

The morns are meeker than they were—
The nuts are getting brown—
The berry's cheek is plumper—
The Rose is out of town.

The Maple wears a gayer scarf—
The field a scarlet gown—
Lest I should be old fashioned
I'll put a trinket on.

Emily Dickinson

The Mountain sat upon the Plain

975

The Mountain sat upon the Plain
In his tremendous Chair—
His observation omnifold,
His inquest, everywhere—

The Seasons played around his knees
Like Children round a sire—
Grandfather of the Days is He
Of Dawn, the Ancestor—

Emily Dickinson

The Mountains—grow unnoticed

757

The Mountains—grow unnoticed—
Their Purple figures rise
Without attempt—Exhaustion—
Assistance—or Applause—

In Their Eternal Faces
The Sun—with just delight
Looks long—and last—and golden—
For fellowship—at night—

Emily Dickinson

The Mountains—grow unnoticed

757

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Their Purple figures rise
Without attempt—Exhaustion—
Assistance—or Applause—

In Their Eternal Faces
The Sun—with just delight
Looks long—and last—and golden—
For fellowship—at night—

Emily Dickinson

The Murmur of a Bee

155

The Murmur of a Bee
A Witchcraft—yieldeth me—
If any ask me why—
'Twere easier to die—
Than tell—

The Red upon the Hill
Taketh away my will—
If anybody sneer—
Take care—for God is here—
That's all.

The Breaking of the Day
Addeth to my Degree—
If any ask me how—
Artist—who drew me so—
Must tell!

Emily Dickinson

The Mystery of Pain

Pain has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there were
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain.

Emily Dickinson

The name—of it—is "Autumn"

656

The name—of it—is "Autumn"—
The hue—of it—is Blood—
An Artery—upon the Hill—
A Vein—along the Road—

Great Globules—in the Alleys—
And Oh, the Shower of Stain—
When Winds—upset the Basin—
And spill the Scarlet Rain—

It sprinkles Bonnets—far below—
It gathers ruddy Pools—
Then—eddies like a Rose—away—
Upon Vermilion Wheels—

Emily Dickinson

The name—of it—is

656

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Then—eddies like a Rose—away—
Upon Vermilion Wheels—

Emily Dickinson

The nearest Dream recedes—unrealized

319

The nearest Dream recedes—unrealized—
The Heaven we chase,
Like the June Bee—before the School Boy,
Invites the Race—
Stoops—to an easy Clover—
Dips—evades—teases—deploys—
Then—to the Royal Clouds
Lifts his light Pinnace—
Heedless of the Boy—
Staring—bewildered—at the mocking sky—
Homesick for steadfast Honey—
Ah, the Bee flies not
That brews that rare variety!

Emily Dickinson

The nearest dream recedes, unrealized

The nearest dream recedes, unrealized.
    The heaven we chase
    Like the June bee
    Before the school-boy
    Invites the race;
    Stoops to an easy clover
Dips--evades--teases--deploys;
    Then to the royal clouds
    Lifts his light pinnace
    Heedless of the boy
Staring, bewildered, at the mocking sky.

    Homesick for steadfast honey,
    Ah! the bee flies not
That brews that rare variety.

Emily Dickinson

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That brews that rare variety.

Emily Dickinson

The nearest Dream recedes—unrealized

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Staring—bewildered—at the mocking sky—
Homesick for steadfast Honey—
Ah, the Bee flies not
That brews that rare variety!

Emily Dickinson

The Night was wide, and furnished scant

589

The Night was wide, and furnished scant
With but a single Star—
That often as a Cloud it met—
Blew out itself—for fear—

The Wind pursued the little Bush—
And drove away the Leaves
November left—then clambered up
And fretted in the Eaves—

No Squirrel went abroad—
A Dog's belated feet
Like intermittent Plush, he heard
Adown the empty Street—

To feel if Blinds be fast—
And closer to the fire—
Her little Rocking Chair to draw—
And shiver for the Poor—

The Housewife's gentle Task—
How pleasanter—said she
Unto the Sofa opposite—
The Sleet—than May, no Thee—

Emily Dickinson

The One who could repeat the Summer day

307

The One who could repeat the Summer day—
Were greater than itself—though He
Minutest of Mankind should be—

And He—could reproduce the Sun—
At period of going down—
The Lingering—and the Stain—I mean—

When Orient have been outgrown
And Occident—become Unknown—
His Name—remain—

Emily Dickinson

The only ghost I ever saw

The only ghost I ever saw
Was dressed in mechlin, --so;
He wore no sandal on his foot,
And stepped like flakes of snow.
His gait was soundless, like the bird,
But rapid, like the roe;
His fashions quaint, mosaic,
Or, haply, mistletoe.

Hi conversation seldom,
His laughter like the breeze
That dies away in dimples
Among the pensive trees.
Our interview was transient, --
Of me, himself was shy;
And God forbid I look behind
Since that appalling day!

Emily Dickinson

The Only News I know

827

The Only News I know
Is Bulletins all Day
From Immortality.

The Only Shows I see—
Tomorrow and Today—
Perchance Eternity—

The Only One I meet
Is God—The Only Street—
Existence—This traversed

If Other News there be—
Or Admirable Show—
I'll tell it You—

Emily Dickinson

The Outer—from the Inner

451

The Outer—from the Inner
Derives its Magnitude—
'Tis Duke, or Dwarf, according
As is the Central Mood—

The fine—unvarying Axis
That regulates the Wheel—
Though Spokes—spin—more conspicuous
And fling a dust—the while.

The Inner—paints the Outer—
The Brush without the Hand—
Its Picture publishes—precise—
As is the inner Brand—

On fine—Arterial Canvas—
A Cheek—perchance a Brow—
The Star's whole Secret—in the Lake—
Eyes were not meant to know.

Emily Dickinson

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The Star's whole Secret—in the Lake—
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Emily Dickinson

The pedigree of honey

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

Emily Dickinson

The Poets light but Lamps

883

The Poets light but Lamps—
Themselves—go out—
The Wicks they stimulate—
If vital Light

Inhere as do the Suns—
Each Age a Lens
Disseminating their
Circumference—

Emily Dickinson

The power to be true to You

464

The power to be true to You,
Until upon my face
The Judgment push his Picture—
Presumptuous of Your Place—

Of This—Could Man deprive Me—
Himself—the Heaven excel—
Whose invitation—Yours reduced
Until it showed too small—

Emily Dickinson

The Province of the Saved

539

The Province of the Saved
Should be the Art—To save—
Through Skill obtained in Themselves—
The Science of the Grave

No Man can understand
But He that hath endured
The Dissolution—in Himself—
That Man—be qualified

To qualify Despair
To Those who failing new—
Mistake Defeat for Death—Each time—
Till acclimated—to—

Emily Dickinson

The Railway Train

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down the hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop - docile and omnipotent -
At its own stable door.

Emily Dickinson

The rainbow never tells me

97

The rainbow never tells me
That gust and storm are by,
Yet is she more convincing
Than Philosophy.

My flowers turn from Forums—
Yet eloquent declare
What Cato couldn't prove me
Except the birds were here!

Emily Dickinson

The Red—Blaze—is the Morning

469

The Red—Blaze—is the Morning—
The Violet—is Noon—
The Yellow—Day—is falling—
And after that—is none—

But Miles of Sparks—at Evening—
Reveal the Width that burned—
The Territory Argent—that
Never yet—consumed—

Emily Dickinson

The Red—Blaze—is the Morning

469

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The Yellow—Day—is falling—
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Reveal the Width that burned—
The Territory Argent—that
Never yet—consumed—

Emily Dickinson

The Robin for the Crumb

864

The Robin for the Crumb
Returns no syllable
But long records the Lady's name
In Silver Chronicle.

Emily Dickinson

The Robin is the One

828

The Robin is the One
That interrupt the Morn
With hurried—few—express Reports
When March is scarcely on—

The Robin is the One
That overflow the Noon
With her cherubic quantity—
An April but begun—

The Robin is the One
That speechless from her Nest
Submit that Home—and Certainty
And Sanctity, are best

Emily Dickinson

The Robin's my Criterion for Tune

285

The Robin's my Criterion for Tune—
Because I grow—where Robins do—
But, were I Cuckoo born—
I'd swear by him—
The ode familiar—rules the Noon—
The Buttercup's, my Whim for Bloom—
Because, we're Orchard sprung—
But, were I Britain born,
I'd Daisies spurn—
None but the Nut—October fit—
Because, through dropping it,
The Seasons flit—I'm taught—
Without the Snow's Tableau
Winter, were lie—to me—
Because I see—New Englandly—
The Queen, discerns like me—
Provincially—

Emily Dickinson

The Rose did caper on her cheek

208

The Rose did caper on her cheek—
Her Bodice rose and fell—
Her pretty speech—like drunken men—
Did stagger pitiful—

Her fingers fumbled at her work—
Her needle would not go—
What ailed so smart a little Maid—
It puzzled me to know—

Till opposite—I spied a cheek
That bore another Rose—
Just opposite—Another speech
That like the Drunkard goes—

A Vest that like her Bodice, danced—
To the immortal tune—
Till those two troubled—little Clocks
Ticked softly into one.

Emily Dickinson

The Service without Hope

779

The Service without Hope—
Is tenderest, I think—
Because 'tis unsustained
By stint—Rewarded Work—

Has impetus of Gain—
And impetus of Goal—
There is no Diligence like that
That knows not an Until—

Emily Dickinson

The show is not the show,

The show is not the show,
But they that go.
Menagerie to me
My neighbor be.
Fair play--
Both went to see.

Emily Dickinson

The Skies can't keep their secret!

191

The Skies can't keep their secret!
They tell it to the Hills—
The Hills just tell the Orchards—
And they—the Daffodils!

A Bird—by chance—that goes that way—
Soft overhears the whole—
If I should bribe the little Bird—
Who knows but she would tell?

I think I won't—however—
It's finer—not to know—
If Summer were an Axiom—
What sorcery had Snow?

So keep your secret—Father!
I would not—if I could,
Know what the Sapphire Fellows, do,
In your new-fashioned world!

Emily Dickinson

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

Emily Dickinson

The Soul has Bandaged moments

512

The Soul has Bandaged moments—
When too appalled to stir—
She feels some ghastly Fright come up
And stop to look at her—

Salute her—with long fingers—
Caress her freezing hair—
Sip, Goblin, from the very lips
The Lover—hovered—o'er—
Unworthy, that a thought so mean
Accost a Theme—so—fair—

The soul has moments of Escape—
When bursting all the doors—
She dances like a Bomb, abroad,
And swings upon the Hours,

As do the Bee—delirious borne—
Long Dungeoned from his Rose—
Touch Liberty—then know no more,
But Noon, and Paradise—

The Soul's retaken moments—
When, Felon led along,
With shackles on the plumed feet,
And staples, in the Song,

The Horror welcomes her, again,
These, are not brayed of Tongue—

Emily Dickinson

The Soul Selects Her Own Society

The Soul selects her own Society --
Then -- shuts the Door --
To her divine Majority --
Present no more --

Unmoved -- she notes the Chariots -- pausing --
At her low Gate --
Unmoved -- an Emperor be kneeling
Upon her Mat --

I've known her -- from an ample nation --
Choose One --
Then -- close the Valves of her attention --
Like Stone --

Emily Dickinson

The Soul that hath a Guest

674

The Soul that hath a Guest
Doth seldom go abroad—
Diviner Crowd at Home—
Obliterate the need—

And Courtesy forbid
A Host's departure when
Upon Himself be visiting
The Emperor of Men—

Emily Dickinson

The Soul unto itself

683

The Soul unto itself
Is an imperial friend—
Or the most agonizing Spy—
An Enemy—could send—

Secure against its own—
No treason it can fear—
Itself—its Sovereign—of itself
The Soul should stand in Awe—

Emily Dickinson

The Soul unto itself (683)

The Soul unto itself
Is an imperial friend --
Or the most agonizing Spy --
An Enemy -- could send --

Secure against its own --
No treason it can fear --
Itself -- its Sovereign -- of itself
The Soul should stand in Awe --

Emily Dickinson

The Soul's distinct connection

974

The Soul's distinct connection
With immortality
Is best disclosed by Danger
Or quick Calamity—

As Lightning on a Landscape
Exhibits Sheets of Place—
Not yet suspected—but for Flash—
And Click—and Suddenness.

Emily Dickinson

The Soul's Superior instants

306

The Soul's Superior instants
Occur to Her—alone—
When friend—and Earth's occasion
Have infinite withdrawn—

Or She—Herself—ascended
To too remote a Height
For lower Recognition
Than Her Omnipotent—

This Mortal Abolition
Is seldom—but as fair
As Apparition—subject
To Autocratic Air—

Eternity's disclosure
To favorites—a few—
Of the Colossal substance
Of Immortality

Emily Dickinson

The Spider holds a Silver Ball

The spider holds a Silver Ball
In unperceived Hands--
And dancing softly to Himself
His Yarn of Pearl--unwinds--

He plies from Nought to Nought--
In unsubstantial Trade--
Supplants our Tapestries with His--
In half the period--

An Hour to rear supreme
His Continents of Light--
Then dangle from the Housewife's Broom--
His Boundaries--forgot--

Emily Dickinson

The Spirit is the Conscious Ear

733

The Spirit is the Conscious Ear.
We actually Hear
When We inspect—that's audible—
That is admitted—Here—

For other Services—as Sound—
There hangs a smaller Ear
Outside the Castle—that Contain—
The other—only—Hear—

Emily Dickinson

The Sun and Moon must make their haste

871

The Sun and Moon must make their haste—
The Stars express around
For in the Zones of Paradise
The Lord alone is burned—

His Eye, it is the East and West—
The North and South when He
Do concentrate His Countenance
Like Glow Worms, flee away—

Oh Poor and Far—
Oh Hindred Eye
That hunted for the Day—
The Lord a Candle entertains
Entirely for Thee—

Emily Dickinson

The Sun is gay or stark

878

The Sun is gay or stark
According to our Deed.
If Merry, He is merrier—
If eager for the Dead

Or an expended Day
He helped to make too bright
His mighty pleasure suits Us not
It magnifies our Freight

Emily Dickinson

The Sun kept setting—setting—still

692

The Sun kept setting—setting—still
No Hue of Afternoon—
Upon the Village I perceived
From House to House 'twas Noon—

The Dusk kept dropping—dropping—still
No Dew upon the Grass—
But only on my Forehead stopped—
And wandered in my Face—

My Feet kept drowsing—drowsing—still
My fingers were awake—
Yet why so little sound—Myself
Unto my Seeming—make?

How well I knew the Light before—
I could see it now—
'Tis Dying—I am doing—but
I'm not afraid to know—

Emily Dickinson

The Sun kept setting—setting—still

692

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Emily Dickinson

The Sun kept stooping—stooping

152

The Sun kept stooping—stooping—low!
The Hills to meet him rose!
On his side, what Transaction!
On their side, what Repose!

Deeper and deeper grew the stain
Upon the window pane—
Thicker and thicker stood the feet
Until the Tyrian

Was crowded dense with Armies—
So gay, so Brigadier—
That I felt martial stirrings
Who once the Cockade wore—

Charged from my chimney corner—
But Nobody was there!

Emily Dickinson

The Sun kept stooping—stooping

152

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Emily Dickinson

The Sun—just touched the Morning

232

The Sun—just touched the Morning—
The Morning—Happy thing—
Supposed that He had come to dwell—
And Life would all be Spring!

She felt herself supremer—
A Raised—Ethereal Thing!
Henceforth—for Her—What Holiday!
Meanwhile—Her wheeling King—
Trailed—slow—along the Orchards—
His haughty—spangled Hems—
Leaving a new necessity!
The want of Diadems!

The Morning—fluttered—staggered—
Felt feebly—for Her Crown—
Her unanointed forehead—
Henceforth—Her only One!

Emily Dickinson

The Sun—just touched the Morning

232

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Her unanointed forehead—
Henceforth—Her only One!

Emily Dickinson

The Sunrise runs for Both

710

The Sunrise runs for Both—
The East—Her Purple Troth
Keeps with the Hill—
The Noon unwinds Her Blue
Till One Breadth cover Two—
Remotest—still—

Nor does the Night forget
A Lamp for Each—to set—
Wicks wide away—
The North—Her blazing Sign
Erects in Iodine—
Till Both—can see—

The Midnight's Dusky Arms
Clasp Hemispheres, and Homes
And so
Upon Her Bosom—One—
And One upon Her Hem—
Both lie—

Emily Dickinson

The Sunset stopped on Cottages

950

The Sunset stopped on Cottages
Where Sunset hence must be
For treason not of His, but Life's,
Gone Westerly, Today—

The Sunset stopped on Cottages
Where Morning just begun—
What difference, after all, Thou mak'st
Thou supercilious Sun?

Emily Dickinson

The sweetest Heresy received

387

The sweetest Heresy received
That Man and Woman know—
Each Other's Convert—
Though the Faith accommodate but Two—

The Churches are so frequent—
The Ritual—so small—
The Grace so unavoidable—
To fail—is Infidel—

Emily Dickinson

The Test of Love—is Death

573

The Test of Love—is Death—
Our Lord—"so loved"—it saith—
What Largest Lover—hath
Another—doth—

If smaller Patience—be—
Through less Infinity—
If Bravo, sometimes swerve—
Through fainter Nerve—

Accept its Most—
And overlook—the Dust—
Last—Least—
The Cross'—Request—

Emily Dickinson

The Test of Love—is Death

573

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Another—doth—

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Through less Infinity—
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And overlook—the Dust—
Last—Least—
The Cross'—Request—

Emily Dickinson

The thought beneath so slight a film

The thought beneath so slight a film
Is more distincly seen, --
As laces just reveal the surge,
Or mists the Apennine.

Emily Dickinson

The Tint I cannot take—is best

627

The Tint I cannot take—is best—
The Color too remote
That I could show it in Bazaar—
A Guinea at a sight—

The fine—impalpable Array—
That swaggers on the eye
Like Cleopatra's Company—
Repeated—in the sky—

The Moments of Dominion
That happen on the Soul
And leave it with a Discontent
Too exquisite—to tell—

The eager look—on Landscapes—
As if they just repressed
Some Secret—that was pushing
Like Chariots—in the Vest—

The Pleading of the Summer—
That other Prank—of Snow—
That Cushions Mystery with Tulle,
For fear the Squirrels—know.

Their Graspless manners—mock us—
Until the Cheated Eye
Shuts arrogantly—in the Grave—
Another way—to see—

Emily Dickinson

The Tint I cannot take—is best

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Another way—to see—

Emily Dickinson

The Trees like Tassels—hit—and swung

606

The Trees like Tassels—hit—and swung—
There seemed to rise a Tune
From Miniature Creatures
Accompanying the Sun—

Far Psalteries of Summer—
Enamoring the Ear
They never yet did satisfy—
Remotest—when most fair

The Sun shone whole at intervals—
Then Half—then utter hid—
As if Himself were optional
And had Estates of Cloud

Sufficient to enfold Him
Eternally from view—
Except it were a whim of His
To let the Orchards grow—

A Bird sat careless on the fence—
One gossipped in the Lane
On silver matters charmed a Snake
Just winding round a Stone—

Bright Flowers slit a Calyx
And soared upon a Stem
Like Hindered Flags—Sweet hoisted—
With Spices—in the Hem—

'Twas more—I cannot mention—
How mean—to those that see—
Vandyke's Delineation
Of Nature's—Summer Day!

Emily Dickinson

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606

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Vandyke's Delineation
Of Nature's—Summer Day!

Emily Dickinson

The Truth—is stirless

780

The Truth—is stirless—
Other force—may be presumed to move—
This—then—is best for confidence—
When oldest Cedars swerve—

And Oaks untwist their fists—
And Mountains—feeble—lean—
How excellent a Body, that
Stands without a Bone—

How vigorous a Force
That holds without a Prop—
Truth stays Herself—and every man
That trusts Her—boldly up—

Emily Dickinson

The Truth—is stirless

780

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Emily Dickinson

The Veins of other Flowers

811

The Veins of other Flowers
The Scarlet Flowers are
Till Nature leisure has for Terms
As "Branch," and "Jugular."

We pass, and she abides.
We conjugate Her Skill
While She creates and federates
Without a syllable.

Emily Dickinson

The Way I read a Letter's—this

636

The Way I read a Letter's—this—
'Tis first—I lock the Door—
And push it with my fingers—next—
For transport it be sure—

And then I go the furthest off
To counteract a knock—
Then draw my little Letter forth
And slowly pick the lock—

Then—glancing narrow, at the Wall—
And narrow at the floor
For firm Conviction of a Mouse
Not exorcised before—

Peruse how infinite I am
To no one that You—know—
And sigh for lack of Heaven—but not
The Heaven God bestow—

Emily Dickinson

The Way I read a Letter's—this

636

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The Heaven God bestow—

Emily Dickinson

The White Heat

Dare you see a Soul at the White Heat?
Then crouch within the door --
Red -- is the Fire's common tint --
But when the vivid Ore
Has vanquished Flame's conditions,
It quivers from the Forge
Without a color, but the light
Of unanointed Blaze.
Least Village has its Blacksmith
Whose Anvil's even ring
Stands symbol for the finer Forge
That soundless tugs -- within --
Re[f]ining these impatient Ores
With Hammer, and with Blaze
Untile the Designated Light
Repudiate the Forge

Emily Dickinson

The Whole of it came not at once

762

The Whole of it came not at once—
'Twas Murder by degrees—
A Thrust—and then for Life a chance—
The Bliss to cauterize—

The Cat reprieves the Mouse
She eases from her teeth
Just long enough for Hope to tease—
Then mashes it to death—

'Tis Life's award—to die—
Contenteder if once—
Than dying half—then rallying
For consciouser Eclipse—

Emily Dickinson

The Wind begun to knead the Grass

824

[first version]

The Wind begun to knead the Grass—
As Women do a Dough—
He flung a Hand full at the Plain—
A Hand full at the Sky—
The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—
And started all abroad—
The Dust did scoop itself like Hands—
And throw away the Road—
The Wagons—quickened on the Street—
The Thunders gossiped low—
The Lightning showed a Yellow Head—
And then a livid Toe—
The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—
The Cattle flung to Barns—
Then came one drop of Giant Rain—
And then, as if the Hands
That held the Dams—had parted hold—
The Waters Wrecked the Sky—
But overlooked my Father's House—
Just Quartering a Tree—

[second version]

The Wind begun to rock the Grass
With threatening Tunes and low—
He threw a Menace at the Earth—
A Menace at the Sky.

The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—
And started all abroad
The Dust did scoop itself like Hands
And threw away the Road.

The Wagons quickened on the Streets
The Thunder hurried slow—
The Lightning showed a Yellow Beak
And then a livid Claw.

The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—
The Cattle fled to Barns—
There came one drop of Giant Rain
And then as if the Hands

That held the Dams had parted hold
The Waters Wrecked the Sky,
But overlooked my Father's House—
Just quartering a Tree—

Emily Dickinson

The wind begun to rock the grass

The wind begun to rock the grass
With threatening tunes and low,--
He flung a menace at the earth,
A menace at the sky.

The leaves unhooked themselves from trees
And started all abroad;
The dust did scoop itself like hands
And throw away the road.

The wagons quickened on the streets,
The thunder hurried slow;
The lightning showed a yellow beak,
And then a livid claw.

The birds put up the bars to nests,
The cattle fled to barns;
There came one drop of giant rain,
And then, as if the hands

That held the dams had parted hold,
The waters wrecked the sky
But overlooked my father's house,
lust quartering a tree.

Emily Dickinson

The Wind didn't come from the Orchard—today

316

The Wind didn't come from the Orchard—today—
Further than that—
Nor stop to play with the Hay—
Nor joggle a Hat—
He's a transitive fellow—very—
Rely on that—

If He leave a Bur at the door
We know He has climbed a Fir—
But the Fir is Where—Declare—
Were you ever there?

If He brings Odors of Clovers—
And that is His business—not Ours—
Then He has been with the Mowers—
Whetting away the Hours
To sweet pauses of Hay—
His Way—of a June Day—

If He fling Sand, and Pebble—
Little Boys Hats—and Stubble—
With an occasional Steeple—
And a hoarse "Get out of the way, I say,"
Who'd be the fool to stay?
Would you—Say—
Would you be the fool to stay?

Emily Dickinson

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Who'd be the fool to stay?
Would you—Say—
Would you be the fool to stay?

Emily Dickinson

The wind trapped like a tired man,

The wind tapped like a tired man,
And like a host, 'Come in,'
I boldly answered; entered then
My residence within

A rapid, footless guest,
To offer whom a chair
Were as impossible as hand
A sofa to the air.

No bone had he to bind him,
His speech was like the push
Of numerous humming-birds at once
From a superior bush.

His countenance a billow,
His fingers, if he pass,
Let go a music, as of tunes
Blown tremulous in glass.

He visited, still flitting;
Then, like a timid man,
Again he tapped--'t was flurriedly--
And I became alone.

Emily Dickinson

The Wind—tapped like a tired Man

436

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Again, He tapped—'twas flurriedly—
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Emily Dickinson

The Winters are so short

403

The Winters are so short—
I'm hardly justified
In sending all the Birds away—
And moving into Pod—

Myself—for scarcely settled—
The Phoebes have begun—
And then—it's time to strike my Tent—
And open House—again—

It's mostly, interruptions—
My Summer—is despoiled—
Because there was a Winter—once—
And al the Cattle—starved—

And so there was a Deluge—
And swept the World away—
But Ararat's a Legend—now—
And no one credits Noah—

Emily Dickinson

The Woodpecker

His bill an auger is,
His head, a cap and frill.
He laboreth at every tree,--
A worm his utmost goal.

Emily Dickinson

The World—feels Dusty

715

The World—feels Dusty
When We stop to Die—
We want the Dew—then—
Honors—taste dry—

Flags—vex a Dying face—
But the least Fan
Stirred by a friend's Hand—
Cools—like the Rain—

Mine be the Ministry
When they Thirst comes—
And Hybla Balms—
Dews of Thessaly, to fetch—

Emily Dickinson

The World—stands—solemner—to me

493

The World—stands—solemner—to me—
Since I was wed—to Him—
A modesty befits the soul
That bears another's—name—
A doubt—if it be fair—indeed—
To wear that perfect—pearl—
The Man—upon the Woman—binds—
To clasp her soul—for all—
A prayer, that it more angel—prove—
A whiter Gift—within—
To that munificence, that chose—
So unadorned—a Queen—
A Gratitude—that such be true—
It had esteemed the Dream—
Too beautiful—for Shape to prove—
Or posture—to redeem!

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

The Zeroes—taught us—Phosphorous

689

The Zeroes—taught us—Phosphorous—
We learned to like the Fire
By playing Glaciers—when a Boy—
And Tinder—guessed—by power
Of Opposite—to balance Odd—
If White—a Red—must be!
Paralysis—our Primer—dumb—
Unto Vitality!

Emily Dickinson

The Zeroes—taught us—Phosphorous

689

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And Tinder—guessed—by power
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If White—a Red—must be!
Paralysis—our Primer—dumb—
Unto Vitality!

Emily Dickinson

Their Height in Heaven comforts not

696

Their Height in Heaven comforts not—
Their Glory—nought to me—
'Twas best imperfect—as it was—
I'm finite—I can't see—

The House of Supposition—
The Glimmering Frontier that
Skirts the Acres of Perhaps—
To Me—shows insecure—

The Wealth I had—contented me—
If 'twas a meaner size—
Then I had counted it until
It pleased my narrow Eyes—

Better than larger values—
That show however true—
This timid life of Evidence
Keeps pleading—"I don't know."

Emily Dickinson

There are two Ripenings—one—of sight

332

There are two Ripenings—one—of sight—
Whose forces Spheric wind
Until the Velvet product
Drop spicy to the ground—
A homelier maturing—
A process in the Bur—
That teeth of Frosts alone disclose
In far October Air.

Emily Dickinson

There are two Ripenings—one—of sight

332

There are two Ripenings—one—of sight—
Whose forces Spheric wind
Until the Velvet product
Drop spicy to the ground—
A homelier maturing—
A process in the Bur—
That teeth of Frosts alone disclose
In far October Air.

Emily Dickinson

There came a Day at Summer's full

322

There came a Day at Summer's full,
Entirely for me—
I thought that such were for the Saints,
Where Resurrections—be—

The Sun, as common, went abroad,
The flowers, accustomed, blew,
As if no soul the solstice passed
That maketh all things new—

The time was scarce profaned, by speech—
The symbol of a word
Was needless, as at Sacrament,
The Wardrobe—of our Lord—

Each was to each The Sealed Church,
Permitted to commune this—time—
Lest we too awkward show
At Supper of the Lamb.

The Hours slid fast—as Hours will,
Clutched tight, by greedy hands—
So faces on two Decks, look back,
Bound to opposing lands—

And so when all the time had leaked,
Without external sound
Each bound the Other's Crucifix—
We gave no other Bond—

Sufficient troth, that we shall rise—
Deposed—at length, the Grave—
To that new Marriage,
Justified—through Calvaries of Love—

Emily Dickinson

There came a Wind like a Bugle

There cam a Wind like a Bugle -
It quivered through the Grass
And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the Windows and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost -
The Doom's electric Moccasin
The very instant passed -
On a strange Mob of panting Trees
And Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived - that Day -
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told -
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!

Emily Dickinson

There is a finished feeling

856

There is a finished feeling
Experienced at Graves—
A leisure of the Future—
A Wilderness of Size.

By Death's bold Exhibition
Preciser what we are
And the Eternal function
Enabled to infer.

Emily Dickinson

There is a flower that Bees prefer

380

There is a flower that Bees prefer—
And Butterflies—desire—
To gain the Purple Democrat
The Humming Bird—aspire—

And Whatsoever Insect pass—
A Honey bear away
Proportioned to his several dearth
And her—capacity—

Her face be rounder than the Moon
And ruddier than the Gown
Or Orchis in the Pasture—
Or Rhododendron—worn—

She doth not wait for June—
Before the World be Green—
Her sturdy little Countenance
Against the Wind—be seen—

Contending with the Grass—
Near Kinsman to Herself—
For Privilege of Sod and Sun—
Sweet Litigants for Life—

And when the Hills be full—
And newer fashions blow—
Doth not retract a single spice
For pang of jealousy—

Her Public—be the Noon—
Her Providence—the Sun—
Her Progress—by the Bee—proclaimed—
In sovereign—Swerveless Tune—

The Bravest—of the Host—
Surrendering—the last—
Nor even of Defeat—aware—
What cancelled by the Frost—

Emily Dickinson

There is a June when Corn is cut

930

There is a June when Corn is cut
And Roses in the Seed—
A Summer briefer than the first
But tenderer indeed

As should a Face supposed the Grave's
Emerge a single Noon
In the Vermilion that it wore
Affect us, and return—

Two Seasons, it is said, exist—
The Summer of the Just,
And this of Ours, diversified
With Prospect, and with Frost—

May not our Second with its First
So infinite compare
That We but recollect the one
The other to prefer?

Emily Dickinson

There is a Languor of the Life

396

There is a Languor of the Life
More imminent than Pain—
'Tis Pain's Successor—When the Soul
Has suffered all it can—

A Drowsiness—diffuses—
A Dimness like a Fog
Envelops Consciousness—
As Mists—obliterate a Crag.

The Surgeon—does not blanch—at pain
His Habit—is severe—
But tell him that it ceased to feel—
The Creature lying there—

And he will tell you—skill is late—
A Mightier than He—
Has ministered before Him—
There's no Vitality.

Emily Dickinson

There is a morn by men unseen

24

There is a morn by men unseen—
Whose maids upon remoter green
Keep their Seraphic May—
And all day long, with dance and game,
And gambol I may never name—
Employ their holiday.

Here to light measure, move the feet
Which walk no more the village street—
Nor by the wood are found—
Here are the birds that sought the sun
When last year's distaff idle hung
And summer's brows were bound.

Ne'er saw I such a wondrous scene—
Ne'er such a ring on such a green—
Nor so serene array—
As if the stars some summer night
Should swing their cups of Chrysolite—
And revel till the day—

Like thee to dance—like thee to sing—
People upon the mystic green—
I ask, each new May Morn.
I wait thy far, fantastic bells—
Unto the different dawn!

Emily Dickinson

There is a pain—so utter

599

There is a pain—so utter—
It swallows substance up—
Then covers the Abyss with Trance—
So Memory can step
Around—across—upon it—
As one within a Swoon—
Goes safely—where an open eye—
Would drop Him—Bone by Bone.

Emily Dickinson

There is a pain—so utter

599

There is a pain—so utter—
It swallows substance up—
Then covers the Abyss with Trance—
So Memory can step
Around—across—upon it—
As one within a Swoon—
Goes safely—where an open eye—
Would drop Him—Bone by Bone.

Emily Dickinson

There is a Shame of Nobleness

551

There is a Shame of Nobleness—
Confronting Sudden Pelf—
A finer Shame of Ecstasy—
Convicted of Itself—

A best Disgrace—a Brave Man feels—
Acknowledged—of the Brave—
One More—"Ye Blessed"—to be told—
But that's—Behind the Grave—

Emily Dickinson

There is a word

8

There is a word
Which bears a sword
Can pierce an armed man—
It hurls its barbed syllables
And is mute again—
But where it fell
The saved will tell
On patriotic day,
Some epauletted Brother
Gave his breath away.

Wherever runs the breathless sun—
Wherever roams the day—
There is its noiseless onset—
There is its victory!
Behold the keenest marksman!
The most accomplished shot!
Time's sublimest target
Is a soul "forgot!"

Emily Dickinson

There is an arid Pleasure

782

There is an arid Pleasure—
As different from Joy—
As Frost is different from Dew—
Like element—are they—

Yet one—rejoices Flowers—
And one—the Flowers abhor—
The finest Honey—curdled—
Is worthless—to the Bee—

Emily Dickinson

There is another sky

2

There is another sky,
Ever serene and fair,
And there is another sunshine,
Though it be darkness there;
Never mind faded forests, Austin,
Never mind silent fields—
Here is a little forest,
Whose leaf is ever green;
Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum:
Prithee, my brother,
Into my garden come!

Emily Dickinson

There is no frigate like a book

There is no frigate like a book
   To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
   Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
   Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
   That bears a human soul!

Emily Dickinson

There's a certain Slant of light

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons--
That opresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes--

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us--
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the meanings are--

None may teach it--Any--
'Tis the Seal Despair--
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air--

When it comes, the Landscape listens--
Shadows--hold their breath--
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death--

Emily Dickinson

There's a certain Slant of light (258)

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons--
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes--

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us--
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are--

None may teach it--Any--
'Tis the Seal Despair--
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air--

When it comes, the Landscape listens--
Shadows--hold their breath--
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death--

Emily Dickinson

There's a certain slant of light,

There's a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons
That oppresses, lik the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;
We can find no scar,
But internal difference
Where the meanings, are.

None may teach it anything,
'T is the seal, despair, --
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;
When it goes, 't is like the distance
On the look of death.

Emily Dickinson

There's been a death in the opposite house

There's been a death in the opposite house
   As lately as to-day.
I know it by the numb look
   Such houses have alway.

The neighbors rustle in and out,
   The doctor drives away.
A window opens like a pod,
   Abrupt, mechanically;

Somebody flings a mattress out,--
   The children hurry by;
They wonder if It died on that,--
   I used to when a boy.

The minister goes stiffly in
   As if the house were his,
And he owned all the mourners now,
   And little boys besides;

And then the milliner, and the man
   Of the appalling trade,
To take the measure of the house.
   There'll be that dark parade

Of tassels and of coaches soon;
   It's easy as a sign,--
The intuition of the news
   In just a country town.

Emily Dickinson

There's been a Death, in the Opposite House

389

There's been a Death, in the Opposite House,
As lately as Today—
I know it, by the numb look
Such Houses have—alway—

The Neighbors rustle in and out—
The Doctor—drives away—
A Window opens like a Pod—
Abrupt—mechanically—

Somebody flings a Mattress out—
The Children hurry by—
They wonder if it died—on that—
I used to—when a Boy—

The Minister—goes stiffly in—
As if the House were His—
And He owned all the Mourners—now—
And little Boys—besides—

And then the Milliner—and the Man
Of the Appalling Trade—
To take the measure of the House—

There'll be that Dark Parade—

Of Tassels—and of Coaches—soon—
It's easy as a Sign—
The Intuition of the News—
In just a Country Town—

Emily Dickinson

There's something quieter than sleep

45

There's something quieter than sleep
Within this inner room!
It wears a sprig upon its breast—
And will not tell its name.

Some touch it, and some kiss it—
Some chafe its idle hand—
It has a simple gravity
I do not understand!

I would not weep if I were they—
How rude in one to sob!
Might scare the quiet fairy
Back to her native wood!

While simple-hearted neighbors
Chat of the "Early dead"—
We—prone to periphrasis
Remark that Birds have fled!

Emily Dickinson

These are the days when Birds come back

130

These are the days when Birds come back—
A very few—a Bird or two—
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies resume
The old—old sophistries of June—
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh fraud that cannot cheat the Bee—
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief.

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear—
And softly thro' the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf.

Oh Sacrament of summer days,
Oh Last Communion in the Haze—
Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake—
They consecrated bread to take
And thine immortal wine!

Emily Dickinson

These tested Our Horizon

886

These tested Our Horizon—
Then disappeared
As Birds before achieving
A Latitude.

Our Retrospection of Them
A fixed Delight,
But our Anticipation
A Dice—a Doubt—

Emily Dickinson

These—saw Visions

758

These—saw Visions—
Latch them softly—
These—held Dimples—
Smooth them slow—
This—addressed departing accents—
Quick—Sweet Mouth—to miss thee so—

This—We stroked—
Unnumbered Satin—
These—we held among our own—
Fingers of the Slim Aurora—
Not so arrogant—this Noon—

These—adjust—that ran to meet us—
Pearl—for Stocking—Pearl for Shoe—
Paradise—the only Palace
Fit for Her reception—now—

Emily Dickinson

These—saw Visions

758

These—saw Visions—
Latch them softly—
These—held Dimples—
Smooth them slow—
This—addressed departing accents—
Quick—Sweet Mouth—to miss thee so—

This—We stroked—
Unnumbered Satin—
These—we held among our own—
Fingers of the Slim Aurora—
Not so arrogant—this Noon—

These—adjust—that ran to meet us—
Pearl—for Stocking—Pearl for Shoe—
Paradise—the only Palace
Fit for Her reception—now—

Emily Dickinson

They ask but our Delight

868

They ask but our Delight—
The Darlings of the Soil
And grant us all their Countenance
For a penurious smile.

Emily Dickinson

They called me to the Window, for

628

They called me to the Window, for
" 'Twas Sunset"—Some one said—
I only saw a Sapphire Farm—
And just a Single Herd—

Of Opal Cattle—feeding far
Upon so vain a Hill—
As even while I looked—dissolved—
Nor Cattle were—nor Soil—

But in their stead—a Sea—displayed—
And Ships—of such a size
As Crew of Mountains—could afford—
And Decks—to seat the skies—

This—too—the Showman rubbed away—
And when I looked again—
Nor Farm—nor Opal Herd—was there—
Nor Mediterranean—

Emily Dickinson

They dropped like flakes

They dropped like flakes, they dropped like stars,
   Like petals from a rose,
When suddenly across the lune
   A wind with fingers goes.

They perished in the seamless grass,--
   No eye could find the place;
But God on his repealless list
   Can summon every face

Emily Dickinson

They have a little Odor—that to me

785

They have a little Odor—that to me
Is metre—nay—'tis melody—
And spiciest at fading—indicate—
A Habit—of a Laureate—

Emily Dickinson

They have a little Odor—that to me

785

They have a little Odor—that to me
Is metre—nay—'tis melody—
And spiciest at fading—indicate—
A Habit—of a Laureate—

Emily Dickinson

They have not chosen me, he said,

"They have not chosen me," he said,
"But I have chosen them!"
Brave—Broken hearted statement—
Uttered in Bethlehem!

I could not have told it,
But since Jesus dared—
Sovereign! Know a Daisy
They dishonor shared!

Emily Dickinson

They leave us with the Infinite

350

They leave us with the Infinite.
But He—is not a man—
His fingers are the size of fists—
His fists, the size of men—

And whom he foundeth, with his Arm
As Himmaleh, shall stand—
Gibraltar's Everlasting Shoe
Poised lightly on his Hand,

So trust him, Comrade—
You for you, and I, for you and me
Eternity is ample,
And quick enough, if true.

Emily Dickinson

They put Us far apart

474

They put Us far apart—
As separate as Sea
And Her unsown Peninsula—
We signified "These see"—

They took away our Eyes—
They thwarted Us with Guns—
"I see Thee" each responded straight
Through Telegraphic Signs—

With Dungeons—They devised—
But through their thickest skill—
And their opaquest Adamant—
Our Souls saw—just as well—

They summoned Us to die—
With sweet alacrity
We stood upon our stapled feet—
Condemned—but just—to see—

Permission to recant—
Permission to forget—
We turned our backs upon the Sun
For perjury of that—

Not Either—noticed Death—
Of Paradise—aware—
Each other's Face—was all the Disc
Each other's setting—saw—

Emily Dickinson

They say that "Time assuages"

686

They say that "Time assuages"—
Time never did assuage—
An actual suffering strengthens
As Sinews do, with age—

Time is a Test of Trouble—
But not a Remedy—
If such it prove, it prove too
There was no Malady—

Emily Dickinson

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They say that "Time assuages"—
Time never did assuage—
An actual suffering strengthens
As Sinews do, with age—

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Emily Dickinson

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They say that 'time assuages,'--
   Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens,
   As sinews do, with age.

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   But not a remedy.
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Emily Dickinson

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They say that 'time assuages,'--
   Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens,
   As sinews do, with age.

Time is a test of trouble,
   But not a remedy.
If such it prove, it prove too
   There was no malady.

Emily Dickinson

They Shut Me Up in Prose

They shut me up in Prose --
As when a little Girl
They put me in the Closet --
Because they liked me "still" --

Still! Could themself have peeped --
And seen my Brain -- go round --
They might as wise have lodged a Bird
For Treason -- in the Pound --

Himself has but to will
And easy as a Star
Abolish his Captivity --
And laugh -- No more have I --

Emily Dickinson

They won't frown always—some sweet Day

874

They won't frown always—some sweet Day
When I forget to tease—
They'll recollect how cold I looked
And how I just said "Please."

Then They will hasten to the Door
To call the little Girl
Who cannot thank Them for the Ice
That filled the lisping full.

Emily Dickinson

They won't frown always—some sweet Day

874

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When I forget to tease—
They'll recollect how cold I looked
And how I just said "Please."

Then They will hasten to the Door
To call the little Girl
Who cannot thank Them for the Ice
That filled the lisping full.

Emily Dickinson

This Bauble was preferred of Bees

805

This Bauble was preferred of Bees—
By Butterflies admired
At Heavenly—Hopeless Distances—
Was justified of Bird—

Did Noon—enamel—in Herself
Was Summer to a Score
Who only knew of Universe—
It had created Her.

Emily Dickinson

This Chasm, Sweet, upon my life

858

This Chasm, Sweet, upon my life
I mention it to you,
When Sunrise through a fissure drop
The Day must follow too.

If we demur, its gaping sides
Disclose as 'twere a Tomb
Ourself am lying straight wherein
The Favorite of Doom.

When it has just contained a Life
Then, Darling, it will close
And yet so bolder every Day
So turbulent it grows

I'm tempted half to stitch it up
With a remaining Breath
I should not miss in yielding, though
To Him, it would be Death—

And so I bear it big about
My Burial—before
A Life quite ready to depart
Can harass me no more—

Emily Dickinson

This Consciousness that is aware

822

This Consciousness that is aware
Of Neighbors and the Sun
Will be the one aware of Death
And that itself alone

Is traversing the interval
Experience between
And most profound experiment
Appointed unto Men—

How adequate unto itself
Its properties shall be
Itself unto itself and none
Shall make discovery.

Adventure most unto itself
The Soul condemned to be—
Attended by a single Hound
Its own identity.

Emily Dickinson

This Dust, and its Feature

936

This Dust, and its Feature—
Accredited—Today—
Will in a second Future—
Cease to identify—

This Mind, and its measure—
A too minute Area
For its enlarged inspection's
Comparison—appear—

This World, and its species
A too concluded show
For its absorbed Attention's
Remotest scrutiny—

Emily Dickinson

This heart that broke so long

145

This heart that broke so long—
These feet that never flagged—
This faith that watched for star in vain,
Give gently to the dead—

Hound cannot overtake the Hare
That fluttered panting, here—
Nor any schoolboy rob the nest
Tenderness builded there.

Emily Dickinson

This is a Blossom of the Brain

945

This is a Blossom of the Brain—
A small—italic Seed
Lodged by Design or Happening
The Spirit fructified—

Shy as the Wind of his Chambers
Swift as a Freshet's Tongue
So of the Flower of the Soul
Its process is unknown.

When it is found, a few rejoice
The Wise convey it Home
Carefully cherishing the spot
If other Flower become.

When it is lost, that Day shall be
The Funeral of God,
Upon his Breast, a closing Soul
The Flower of our Lord.

Emily Dickinson

This is My Letter to the World

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me --
The simple News that Nature told --
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see --
For love of Her -- Sweet -- countrymen --
Judge tenderly -- of Me

Emily Dickinson

This is my letter to the world,

This is my letter to the world,
   That never wrote to me,--
The simple news that Nature told,
   With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
   To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
   Judge tenderly of me!

Emily Dickinson

This is the land the sunset washes,

This is the land the sunset washes,
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;
Where it rose, or whither it rushes,
These are the western mystery!

Night after night her purple traffic
Strews the landing with opal bales;
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.

Emily Dickinson

This Merit hath the worst

979

This Merit hath the worst—
It cannot be again—
When Fate hath taunted last
And thrown Her furthest Stone—

The Maimed may pause, and breathe,
And glance securely round—
The Deer attracts no further
Than it resists—the Hound—

Emily Dickinson

This quiet Dust was Gentleman and Ladies

813

This quiet Dust was Gentleman and Ladies
And Lads and Girls—
Was laughter and ability and Sighing
And Frocks and Curls.

This Passive Place a Summer's nimble mansion
Where Bloom and Bees
Exists an Oriental Circuit
Then cease, like these—

Emily Dickinson

This Quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies

This quiet dust was gentlemen and ladies
And lads and girls;
Was laughter and ability and sighing,
And frocks and curls;

This passive place a summer's nimble mansion,
Where bloom and bees
Fulfilled their oriental circuit,
Then ceased like these.

Emily Dickinson

This that would greet—an hour ago

778

This that would greet—an hour ago—
Is quaintest Distance—now—
Had it a Guest from Paradise—
Nor glow, would it, nor bow—

Had it a notice from the Noon
Nor beam would it nor warm—
Match me the Silver Reticence—
Match me the Solid Calm—

Emily Dickinson

This that would greet—an hour ago

778

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Is quaintest Distance—now—
Had it a Guest from Paradise—
Nor glow, would it, nor bow—

Had it a notice from the Noon
Nor beam would it nor warm—
Match me the Silver Reticence—
Match me the Solid Calm—

Emily Dickinson

This was a Poet—It is That

448

This was a Poet—It is That
Distills amazing sense
From ordinary Meanings—
And Attar so immense

From the familiar species
That perished by the Door—
We wonder it was not Ourselves
Arrested it—before—

Of Pictures, the Discloser—
The Poet—it is He—
Entitles Us—by Contrast—
To ceaseless Poverty—

Of portion—so unconscious—
The Robbing—could not harm—
Himself—to Him—a Fortune—
Exterior—to Time—

Emily Dickinson

This was a Poet—It is That

448

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From ordinary Meanings—
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To ceaseless Poverty—

Of portion—so unconscious—
The Robbing—could not harm—
Himself—to Him—a Fortune—
Exterior—to Time—

Emily Dickinson

This was in the White of the Year

995

This was in the White of the Year—
That—was in the Green—
Drifts were as difficult then to think
As Daisies now to be seen—

Looking back is best that is left
Or if it be—before—
Retrospection is Prospect's half,
Sometimes, almost more.

Emily Dickinson

This World is not Conclusion

501

This World is not Conclusion.
A Species stands beyond—
Invisible, as Music—
But positive, as Sound—
It beckons, and it baffles—
Philosophy—don't know—
And through a Riddle, at the last—
Sagacity, must go—
To guess it, puzzles scholars—
To gain it, Men have borne
Contempt of Generations
And Crucifixion, shown—
Faith slips—and laughs, and rallies—
Blushes, if any see—
Plucks at a twig of Evidence—
And asks a Vane, the way—
Much Gesture, from the Pulpit—
Strong Hallelujahs roll—
Narcotics cannot still the Tooth
That nibbles at the soul—

Emily Dickinson

This—is the land—the Sunset washes

266

This—is the land—the Sunset washes—
These—are the Banks of the Yellow Sea—
Where it rose—or whither it rushes—
These—are the Western Mystery!

Night after Night
Her purple traffic
Strews the landing with Opal Bales—
Merchantmen—poise upon Horizons—
Dip—and vanish like Orioles!

Emily Dickinson

This—is the land—the Sunset washes

266

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Merchantmen—poise upon Horizons—
Dip—and vanish like Orioles!

Emily Dickinson

Tho' I get home how late—how late

207

Tho' I get home how late—how late—
So I get home - 'twill compensate—
Better will be the Ecstasy
That they have done expecting me—
When Night—descending—dumb—and dark—
They hear my unexpected knock—
Transporting must the moment be—
Brewed from decades of Agony!

To think just how the fire will burn—
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn—
To wonder what myself will say,
And what itself, will say to me—
Beguiles the Centuries of way!

Emily Dickinson

Tho' I get home how late—how late

207

Tho' I get home how late—how late—
So I get home - 'twill compensate—
Better will be the Ecstasy
That they have done expecting me—
When Night—descending—dumb—and dark—
They hear my unexpected knock—
Transporting must the moment be—
Brewed from decades of Agony!

To think just how the fire will burn—
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn—
To wonder what myself will say,
And what itself, will say to me—
Beguiles the Centuries of way!

Emily Dickinson

Tho' my destiny be Fustian

163

Tho' my destiny be Fustian—
Hers be damask fine—
Tho' she wear a silver apron—
I, a less divine—

Still, my little Gypsy being
I would far prefer,
Still, my little sunburnt bosom
To her Rosier,

For, when Frosts, their punctual fingers
On her forehead lay,
You and I, and Dr. Holland,
Bloom Eternally!

Roses of a steadfast summer
In a steadfast land,
Where no Autumn lifts her pencil—
And no Reapers stand!

Emily Dickinson

Those fair—fictitious People

499

Those fair—fictitious People—
The Women—plucked away
From our familiar Lifetime—
The Men of Ivory—

Those Boys and Girls, in Canvas—
Who stay upon the Wall
In Everlasting Keepsake—
Can Anybody tell?

We trust—in places perfecter—
Inheriting Delight
Beyond our faint Conjecture—
Our dizzy Estimate—

Remembering ourselves, we trust—
Yet Blesseder—than We—
Through Knowing—where We only hope—
Receiving—where we—pray—

Of Expectation—also—
Anticipating us
With transport, that would be a pain
Except for Holiness—

Esteeming us—as Exile—
Themself—admitted Home—
Through easy Miracle of Death—
The Way ourself, must come—

Emily Dickinson

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The Way ourself, must come—

Emily Dickinson

Those who have been in the Grave the longest

922

Those who have been in the Grave the longest—
Those who begin Today—
Equally perish from our Practise—
Death is the other way—

Foot of the Bold did least attempt it—
It—is the White Exploit—
Once to achieve, annuls the power
Once to communicate—

Emily Dickinson

Three times—we parted—Breath—and I

598

Three times—we parted—Breath—and I—
Three times—He would not go—
But strove to stir the lifeless Fan
The Waters—strove to stay.

Three Times—the Billows tossed me up—
Then caught me—like a Ball—
Then made Blue faces in my face—
And pushed away a sail

That crawled Leagues off—I liked to see—
For thinking—while I die—
How pleasant to behold a Thing
Where Human faces—be—

The Waves grew sleepy—Breath—did not—
The Winds—like Children—lulled—
Then Sunrise kissed my Chrysalis—
And I stood up—and lived—

Emily Dickinson

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And I stood up—and lived—

Emily Dickinson

Through lane it lay—through bramble

9

Through lane it lay—through bramble—
Through clearing and through wood—
Banditti often passed us
Upon the lonely road.

The wolf came peering curious—
The owl looked puzzled down—
The serpent's satin figure
Glid stealthily along—

The tempests touched our garments—
The lightning's poinards gleamed—
Fierce from the Crag above us
The hungry Vulture screamed—

The satyr's fingers beckoned—
The valley murmured "Come"—
These were the mates—
This was the road
Those children fluttered home.

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Through the Dark Sod—as Education

392

Through the Dark Sod—as Education—
The Lily passes sure—
Feels her white foot—no trepidation—
Her faith—no fear—

Afterward—in the Meadow—
Swinging her Beryl Bell—
The Mold-life—all forgotten—now—
In Ecstasy—and Dell—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Through the strait pass of suffering

792

Through the strait pass of suffering—
The Martyrs—even—trod.
Their feet—upon Temptations—
Their faces—upon God—

A stately—shriven—Company—
Convulsion—playing round—
Harmless—as streaks of Meteor—
Upon a Planet's Bond—

Their faith—the everlasting troth—
Their Expectation—fair—
The Needle—to the North Degree—
Wades—so—thro' polar Air!

Emily Dickinson

Tie the Strings to my Life, My Lord

279

Tie the Strings to my Life, My Lord,
Then, I am ready to go!
Just a look at the Horses—
Rapid! That will do!

Put me in on the firmest side—
So I shall never fall—
For we must ride to the Judgment—
And it's partly, down Hill—

But never I mind the steeper—
And never I mind the Sea—
Held fast in Everlasting Race—
By my own Choice, and Thee—

Goodbye to the Life I used to live—
And the World I used to know—
And kiss the Hills, for me, just once—
Then—I am ready to go!

Emily Dickinson

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   Then I am ready to go!
Just a look at the horses --
   Rapid! That will do!

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For we must ride to the Judgment,
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   And never I mind the sea;
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   By my own choice and thee.

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   And the world I used to know;
And kiss the hills for me, just once;
   Now I am ready to go!

Emily Dickinson

Till Death—is narrow Loving

907

Till Death—is narrow Loving—
The scantest Heart extant
Will hold you till your privilege
Of Finiteness—be spent—

But He whose loss procures you
Such Destitution that
Your Life too abject for itself
Thenceforward imitate—

Until—Resemblance perfect—
Yourself, for His pursuit
Delight of Nature—abdicate—
Exhibit Love—somewhat—

Emily Dickinson

Till Death—is narrow Loving

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Emily Dickinson

Time feels so vast that were it not

802

Time feels so vast that were it not
For an Eternity—
I fear me this Circumference
Engross my Finity—

To His exclusion, who prepare
By Processes of Size
For the Stupendous Vision
Of his diameters—

Emily Dickinson

'Tis Anguish grander than Delight

984

'Tis Anguish grander than Delight
'Tis Resurrection Pain—
The meeting Bands of smitten Face
We questioned to, again.

'Tis Transport wild as thrills the Graves
When Cerements let go
And Creatures clad in Miracle
Go up by Two and Two.

Emily Dickinson

'Tis customary as we part

440

'Tis customary as we part
A trinket—to confer—
It helps to stimulate the faith
When Lovers be afar—

'Tis various—as the various taste—
Clematis—journeying far—
Presents me with a single Curl
Of her Electric Hair—

Emily Dickinson

'Tis good—the looking back on Grief

660

'Tis good—the looking back on Grief—
To re-endure a Day—
We thought the Mighty Funeral—
Of All Conceived Joy—

To recollect how Busy Grass
Did meddle—one by one—
Till all the Grief with Summer—waved
And none could see the stone.

And though the Woe you have Today
Be larger—As the Sea
Exceeds its Unremembered Drop—
They're Water—equally—

Emily Dickinson

'Tis little I—could care for Pearls

466

'Tis little I—could care for Pearls—
Who own the ample sea—
Or Brooches—when the Emperor—
With Rubies—pelteth me—

Or Gold—who am the Prince of Mines—
Or Diamonds—when have I
A Diadem to fit a Dom—
Continual upon me—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

'Tis not that Dying hurts us so

335

'Tis not that Dying hurts us so—
'Tis Living—hurts us more—
But Dying—is a different way—
A Kind behind the Door—

The Southern Custom—of the Bird—
That ere the Frosts are due—
Accepts a better Latitude—
We—are the Birds—that stay.

The Shrivers round Farmers' doors—
For whose reluctant Crumb—
We stipulate—till pitying Snows
Persuade our Feathers Home.

Emily Dickinson

'Tis One by One—the Father counts

545

'Tis One by One—the Father counts—
And then a Tract between
Set Cypherless—to teach the Eye
The Value of its Ten—

Until the peevish Student
Acquire the Quick of Skill—
Then Numerals are dowered back—
Adorning all the Rule—

'Tis mostly Slate and Pencil—
And Darkness on the School
Distracts the Children's fingers—
Still the Eternal Rule

Regards least Cypherer alike
With Leader of the Band—
And every separate Urchin's Sum—
Is fashioned for his hand—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

'Tis Opposites—entice

355

'Tis Opposites—entice—
Deformed Men—ponder Grace—
Bright fires—the Blanketless—
The Lost—Day's face—

The Blind—esteem it be
Enough Estate—to see—
The Captive—strangles new—
For deeming—Beggars—play—

To lack—enamor Thee—
Tho' the Divinity—
Be only
Me—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

'Tis so appalling—it exhilarates

281

'Tis so appalling—it exhilarates—
So over Horror, it half Captivates—
The Soul stares after it, secure—
A Sepulchre, fears frost, no more—

To scan a Ghost, is faint—
But grappling, conquers it—
How easy, Torment, now—
Suspense kept sawing so—

The Truth, is Bald, and Cold—
But that will hold—
If any are not sure—
We show them—prayer—
But we, who know,
Stop hoping, now—

Looking at Death, is Dying—
Just let go the Breath—
And not the pillow at your Cheek
So Slumbereth—

Others, Can wrestle—
Yours, is done—
And so of Woe, bleak dreaded—come,
It sets the Fright at liberty—
And Terror's free—
Gay, Ghastly, Holiday!

Emily Dickinson

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Gay, Ghastly, Holiday!

Emily Dickinson

'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!

172

'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!
If I should fail, what poverty!
And yet, as poor as I,
Have ventured all upon a throw!
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so—
This side the Victory!

Life is but Life! And Death, but Death!
Bliss is, but Bliss, and Breath but Breath!
And if indeed I fail,
At least, to know the worst, is sweet!
Defeat means nothing but Defeat,
No drearier, can befall!

And if I gain! Oh Gun at Sea!
Oh Bells, that in the Steeples be!
At first, repeat it slow!
For Heaven is a different thing,
Conjectured, and waked sudden in—
And might extinguish me!

Emily Dickinson

'Tis Sunrise—Little Maid—Hast Thou

908

'Tis Sunrise—Little Maid—Hast Thou
No Station in the Day?
'Twas not thy wont, to hinder so—
Retrieve thine industry—

'Tis Noon—My little Maid—
Alas—and art thou sleeping yet?
The Lily—waiting to be Wed—
The Bee—Hast thou forgot?

My little Maid—'Tis Night—Alas
That Night should be to thee
Instead of Morning—Had'st thou broached
Thy little Plan to Die—
Dissuade thee, if I could not, Sweet,
I might have aided—thee—

Emily Dickinson

'Tis Sunrise—Little Maid—Hast Thou

908

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Dissuade thee, if I could not, Sweet,
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Emily Dickinson

'Tis true—They shut me in the Cold

538

'Tis true—They shut me in the Cold—
But then—Themselves were warm
And could not know the feeling 'twas—
Forget it—Lord—of Them—

Let not my Witness hinder Them
In Heavenly esteem—
No Paradise could be—Conferred
Through Their beloved Blame—

The Harm They did—was short—And since
Myself—who bore it—do—
Forgive Them—Even as Myself—
Or else—forgive not me—

Emily Dickinson

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Or else—forgive not me—

Emily Dickinson

To be alive—is Power

677

To be alive—is Power—
Existence—in itself—
Without a further function—
Omnipotence—Enough—

To be alive—and Will!
'Tis able as a God—
The Maker—of Ourselves—be what—
Such being Finitude!

Emily Dickinson

To be alive—is Power

677

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Emily Dickinson

To die

To die--takes just a little while--
They say it doesn't hurt--
It's only fainter--by degrees--
And then--it's out of sight--

A darker Ribbon--for a Day--
A Crape upon the Hat--
And then the pretty sunshine comes--
And helps us to forget--

The absent--mystic--creature--
That but for love of us--
Had gone to sleep--that soundest time--
Without the weariness--

Emily Dickinson

To die—takes just a little while

255

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Emily Dickinson

To fight aloud, is very brave

126

To fight aloud, is very brave—
But gallanter, I know
Who charge within the bosom
The Cavalry of Woe—

Who win, and nations do not see—
Who fall—and none observe—
Whose dying eyes, no Country
Regards with patriot love—

We trust, in plumed procession
For such, the Angels go—
Rank after Rank, with even feet—
And Uniforms of Snow.

Emily Dickinson

To fill a Gap

546

To fill a Gap
Insert the Thing that caused it—
Block it up
With Other—and 'twill yawn the more—
You cannot solder an Abyss
With Air.

Emily Dickinson

To hang our head—ostensibly

105

To hang our head—ostensibly—
And subsequent, to find
That such was not the posture
Of our immortal mind—

Affords the sly presumption
That in so dense a fuzz—
You—too—take Cobweb attitudes
Upon a plane of Gauze!

Emily Dickinson

To hang our head—ostensibly

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Emily Dickinson

To hear an Oriole sing

526

To hear an Oriole sing
May be a common thing—
Or only a divine.

It is not of the Bird
Who sings the same, unheard,
As unto Crowd—

The Fashion of the Ear
Attireth that it hear
In Dun, or fair—

So whether it be Rune,
Or whether it be none
Is of within.

The "Tune is in the Tree—"
The Skeptic—showeth me—
"No Sir! In Thee!"

Emily Dickinson

To interrupt His Yellow Plan

591

To interrupt His Yellow Plan
The Sun does not allow
Caprices of the Atmosphere—
And even when the Snow

Heaves Balls of Specks, like Vicious Boy
Directly in His Eye—
Does not so much as turn His Head
Busy with Majesty—

'Tis His to stimulate the Earth—
And magnetize the Sea—
And bind Astronomy, in place,
Yet Any passing by

Would deem Ourselves—the busier
As the Minutest Bee
That rides—emits a Thunder—
A Bomb—to justify—

Emily Dickinson

To know just how He suffered—would be dear

622

To know just how He suffered—would be dear—
To know if any Human eyes were near
To whom He could entrust His wavering gaze—
Until it settle broad—on Paradise—

To know if He was patient—part content—
Was Dying as He thought—or different—
Was it a pleasant Day to die—
And did the Sunshine face his way—

What was His furthest mind—Of Home—or God—
Or what the Distant say—
At news that He ceased Human Nature
Such a Day—

And Wishes—Had He Any—
Just His Sigh—Accented—
Had been legible—to Me—
And was He Confident until
Ill fluttered out—in Everlasting Well—

And if He spoke—What name was Best—
What last
What One broke off with
At the Drowsiest—

Was He afraid—or tranquil—
Might He know
How Conscious Consciousness—could grow—
Till Love that was—and Love too best to be—
Meet—and the Junction be Eternity

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

To learn the Transport by the Pain

167

To learn the Transport by the Pain
As Blind Men learn the sun!
To die of thirst—suspecting
That Brooks in Meadows run!

To stay the homesick—homesick feet
Upon a foreign shore—
Haunted by native lands, the while—
And blue—beloved air!

This is the Sovereign Anguish!
This—the signal woe!
These are the patient "Laureates"
Whose voices—trained—below—

Ascend in ceaseless Carol—
Inaudible, indeed,
To us—the duller scholars
Of the Mysterious Bard!

Emily Dickinson

To lose one's faith—surpass

377

To lose one's faith—surpass
The loss of an Estate—
Because Estates can be
Replenished—faith cannot—

Inherited with Life—
Belief—but once—can be—
Annihilate a single clause—
And Being's—Beggary—

Emily Dickinson

To lose one's faith—surpass

377

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Belief—but once—can be—
Annihilate a single clause—
And Being's—Beggary—

Emily Dickinson

To love thee Year by Year

434

To love thee Year by Year—
May less appear
Than sacrifice, and cease—
However, dear,
Forever might be short, I thought to show—
And so I pieced it, with a flower, now.

Emily Dickinson

To make a prairie (1755)

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,
One clover, and a bee.
And revery.
The revery alone will do,
If bees are few.

Emily Dickinson

To make One's Toilette—after Death

485

To make One's Toilette—after Death
Has made the Toilette cool
Of only Taste we cared to please
Is difficult, and still—

That's easier—than Braid the Hair—
And make the Bodice gay—
When eyes that fondled it are wrenched
By Decalogues—away—

Emily Dickinson

To my quick ear the leaves conferred;

To my quick ear the leaves conferred;
   The bushes they were bells;
I could not find a privacy
   From Nature's sentinels.

In cave if I presumed to hide,
   The walls began to tell;
Creation seemed a mighty crack
   To make me visible.

Emily Dickinson

To my quick ear the Leaves—conferred

891

To my quick ear the Leaves—conferred—
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Creation seemed a mighty Crack—
To make me visible—

Emily Dickinson

To my small Hearth His fire came

638

To my small Hearth His fire came—
And all my House aglow
Did fan and rock, with sudden light—
'Twas Sunrise—'twas the Sky—

Impanelled from no Summer brief—
With limit of Decay—
'Twas Noon—without the News of Night—
Nay, Nature, it was Day—

Emily Dickinson

To offer brave assistance

767

To offer brave assistance
To Lives that stand alone—
When One has failed to stop them—
Is Human—but Divine

To lend an Ample Sinew
Unto a Nameless Man—
Whose Homely Benediction
No other—stopped to earn—

Emily Dickinson

To One denied the drink

490

To One denied the drink
To tell what Water is
Would be acuter, would it not
Than letting Him surmise?

To lead Him to the Well
And let Him hear it drip
Remind Him, would it not, somewhat
Of His condemned lip?

Emily Dickinson

To own the Art within the Soul

855

To own the Art within the Soul
The Soul to entertain
With Silence as a Company
And Festival maintain

Is an unfurnished Circumstance
Possession is to One
As an Estate perpetual
Or a reduceless Mine.

Emily Dickinson

To put this World down, like a Bundle

527

To put this World down, like a Bundle—
And walk steady, away,
Requires Energy—possibly Agony—
'Tis the Scarlet way

Trodden with straight renunciation
By the Son of God—
Later, his faint Confederates
Justify the Road—

Flavors of that old Crucifixion—
Filaments of Bloom, Pontius Pilate sowed—
Strong Clusters, from Barabbas' Tomb—

Sacrament, Saints partook before us—
Patent, every drop,
With the Brand of the Gentile Drinker
Who indorsed the Cup—

Emily Dickinson

To this World she returned

830

To this World she returned.
But with a tinge of that—
A Compound manner,
As a Sod
Espoused a Violet,
That chiefer to the Skies
Than to himself, allied,
Dwelt hesitating, half of Dust,
And half of Day, the Bride.

Emily Dickinson

To venerate the simple days

57

To venerate the simple days
Which lead the seasons by,
Needs but to remember
That from you or I,
They may take the trifle
Termed mortality!

Emily Dickinson

To wait an Hour—is long

781

To wait an Hour—is long—
If Love be just beyond—
To wait Eternity—is short—
If Love reward the end—

Emily Dickinson

To wait an Hour—is long

781

To wait an Hour—is long—
If Love be just beyond—
To wait Eternity—is short—
If Love reward the end—

Emily Dickinson

Too little way the House must lie

911

Too little way the House must lie
From every Human Heart
That holds in undisputed Lease
A white inhabitant—

Too narrow is the Right between—
Too imminent the chance—
Each Consciousness must emigrate
And lose its neighbor once—

Emily Dickinson

Train

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down the hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop - docile and omnipotent -
At its own stable door.

Emily Dickinson

Triumph—may be of several kinds

455

Triumph—may be of several kinds—
There's Triumph in the Room
When that Old Imperator—Death—
By Faith

Emily Dickinson

Triumph—may be of several kinds

455

Triumph—may be of several kinds—
There's Triumph in the Room
When that Old Imperator—Death—
By Faith

Emily Dickinson

Trust in the Unexpected

555

Trust in the Unexpected—
By this—was William Kidd
Persuaded of the Buried Gold—
As One had testified—

Through this—the old Philosopher—
His Talismanic Stone
Discernéd—still withholden
To effort undivine—

'Twas this—allured Columbus—
When Genoa—withdrew
Before an Apparition
Baptized America—

The Same—afflicted Thomas—
When Deity assured
'Twas better—the perceiving not—
Provided it believed—

Emily Dickinson

Truth—is as old as God

836

Truth—is as old as God—
His Twin identity
And will endure as long as He
A Co-Eternity—

And perish on the Day
Himself is borne away
From Mansion of the Universe
A lifeless Deity.

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

'Twas a long Parting—but the time

625

'Twas a long Parting—but the time
For Interview—had Come—
Before the Judgment Seat of God—
The last—and second time

These Fleshless Lovers met—
A Heaven in a Gaze—
A Heaven of Heavens—the Privilege
Of one another's Eyes—

No Lifetime—on Them—
Appareled as the new
Unborn—except They had beheld—
Born infiniter—now—

Was Bridal—e'er like This?
A Paradise—the Host—
And Cherubim—and Seraphim—
The unobtrusive Guest—

Emily Dickinson

'Twas a long Parting—but the time

625

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The unobtrusive Guest—

Emily Dickinson

'Twas awkward, but it fitted me

973

'Twas awkward, but it fitted me—
An Ancient fashioned Heart—
Its only lore—its Steadfastness—
In Change—unerudite—

It only moved as do the Suns—
For merit of Return—
Or Birds—confirmed perpetual
By Alternating Zone—

I only have it not Tonight
In its established place—
For technicality of Death—
Omitted in the Lease—

Emily Dickinson

'Twas Crisis—All the length had passed

948

'Twas Crisis—All the length had passed—
That dull—benumbing time
There is in Fever or Event—
And now the Chance had come—

The instant holding in its claw
The privilege to live
Or warrant to report the Soul
The other side the Grave.

The Muscles grappled as with leads
That would not let the Will—
The Spirit shook the Adamant—
But could not make it feel.

The Second poised—debated—shot—
Another had begun—
And simultaneously, a Soul
Escaped the House unseen—

Emily Dickinson

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Escaped the House unseen—

Emily Dickinson

'Twas just this time, last year, I died

445

'Twas just this time, last year, I died.
I know I heard the Corn,
When I was carried by the Farms—
It had the Tassels on—

I thought how yellow it would look—
When Richard went to mill—
And then, I wanted to get out,
But something held my will.

I thought just how Red—Apples wedged
The Stubble's joints between—
And the Carts stooping round the fields
To take the Pumpkins in—

I wondered which would miss me, least,
And when Thanksgiving, came,
If Father'd multiply the plates—
To make an even Sum—

And would it blur the Christmas glee
My Stocking hang too high
For any Santa Claus to reach
The Altitude of me—

But this sort, grieved myself,
And so, I thought the other way,
How just this time, some perfect year—
Themself, should come to me—

Emily Dickinson

'Twas like a Maelstrom, with a notch

414

'Twas like a Maelstrom, with a notch,
That nearer, every Day,
Kept narrowing its boiling Wheel
Until the Agony

Toyed coolly with the final inch
Of your delirious Hem—
And you dropt, lost,
When something broke—
And let you from a Dream—

As if a Goblin with a Gauge—
Kept measuring the Hours—
Until you felt your Second
Weigh, helpless, in his Paws—

And not a Sinew—stirred—could help,
And sense was setting numb—
When God—remembered—and the Fiend
Let go, then, Overcome—

As if your Sentence stood—pronounced—
And you were frozen led
From Dungeon's luxury of Doubt
To Gibbets, and the Dead—

And when the Film had stitched your eyes
A Creature gasped "Reprieve"!
Which Anguish was the utterest—then—
To perish, or to live?

Emily Dickinson

'Twas Love—not me

394

'Twas Love—not me—
Oh punish—pray—
The Real one died for Thee—
Just Him—not me—

Such Guilt—to love Thee—most!
Doom it beyond the Rest—
Forgive it—last—
'Twas base as Jesus—most!

Let Justice not mistake—
We Two—looked so alike—
Which was the Guilty Sake—
'Twas Love's—Now Strike!

Emily Dickinson

'Twas Love—not me

394

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Emily Dickinson

Twas such a little—little boat

107

'Twas such a little—little boat
That toddled down the bay!
'Twas such a gallant—gallant sea
That beckoned it away!

'Twas such a greedy, greedy wave
That licked it from the Coast—
Nor ever guessed the stately sails
My little craft was lost!

Emily Dickinson

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107

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Emily Dickinson

'Twas the old—road—through pain

344

'Twas the old—road—through pain—
That unfrequented—one—
With many a turn—and thorn—
That stops—at Heaven—

This—was the Town—she passed—
There—where she—rested—last—
Then—stepped more fast—
The little tracks—close prest—
Then—not so swift—
Slow—slow—as feet did weary—grow—
Then—stopped—no other track!

Wait! Look! Her little Book—
The leaf—at love—turned back—
Her very Hat—
And this worn shoe just fits the track—
Herself—though—fled!

Another bed—a short one—
Women make—tonight—
In Chambers bright—
Too out of sight—though—
For our hoarse Good Night—
To touch her Head!

Emily Dickinson

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To touch her Head!

Emily Dickinson

'Twas warm—at first—like Us

519

'Twas warm—at first—like Us—
Until there crept upon
A Chill—like frost upon a Glass—
Till all the scene—be gone.

The Forehead copied Stone—
The Fingers grew too cold
To ache—and like a Skater's Brook—
The busy eyes—congealed—

It straightened—that was all—
It crowded Cold to Cold—
It multiplied indifference—
As Pride were all it could—

And even when with Cords—
'Twas lowered, like a Weight—
It made no Signal, nor demurred,
But dropped like Adamant.

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Twice had Summer her fair Verdure

846

Twice had Summer her fair Verdure
Proffered to the Plain—
Twice a Winter's silver Fracture
On the Rivers been—

Two full Autumns for the Squirrel
Bounteous prepared—
Nature, Had'st thou not a Berry
For thy wandering Bird?

Emily Dickinson

Two butterflies went out at noon

Two butterflies went out at noon
And waltzed above a stream,
Then stepped straight through the firmament
And rested on a beam;

And then together bore away
Upon a shining sea,--
Though never yet, in any port
Their coming mentioned be.

If spoken by the distant bird,
If met in ether sea
By frigate or by merchantman,
Report was not to me.

Emily Dickinson

Two swimmers wrestled on the spar

201

Two swimmers wrestled on the spar—
Until the morning sun—
When One—turned smiling to the land—
Oh God! the Other One!

The stray ships—passing—
Spied a face—
Upon the waters borne—
With eyes in death—still begging raised—
And hands—beseeching—thrown!

Emily Dickinson

Two Travellers perishing in Snow

933

Two Travellers perishing in Snow
The Forests as they froze
Together heard them strengthening
Each other with the words

That Heaven if Heaven—must contain
What Either left behind
And then the cheer too solemn grew
For language, and the wind

Long steps across the features took
That Love had touched the Morn
With reverential Hyacinth—
The taleless Days went on

Till Mystery impatient drew
And those They left behind
Led absent, were procured of Heaven
As Those first furnished, said—

Emily Dickinson

Two—were immortal twice

800

Two—were immortal twice—
The privilege of few—
Eternity—obtained—in Time—
Reversed Divinity—

That our ignoble Eyes
The quality conceive
Of Paradise superlative—
Through their Comparative.

Emily Dickinson

'Twould ease—a Butterfly

682

'Twould ease—a Butterfly—
Elate—a Bee—
Thou'rt neither—
Neither—thy capacity—

But, Blossom, were I,
I would rather be
Thy moment
Than a Bee's Eternity—

Content of fading
Is enough for me—
Fade I unto Divinity—

And Dying—Lifetime—
Ample as the Eye—
Her least attention raise on me—

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson

Unable are the Loved to die

809

Unable are the Loved to die
For Love is Immortality,
Nay, it is Deity—

Unable they that love—to die
For Love reforms Vitality
Into Divinity.

Emily Dickinson

Uncertain lease—develops lustre

857

Uncertain lease—develops lustre
On Time
Uncertain Grasp, appreciation
Of Sum—

The shorter Fate—is oftener the chiefest
Because
Inheritors upon a tenure
Prize—

Emily Dickinson

Uncertain lease—develops lustre

857

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Uncertain Grasp, appreciation
Of Sum—

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Because
Inheritors upon a tenure
Prize—

Emily Dickinson

Under the Light, yet under

949

Under the Light, yet under,
Under the Grass and the Dirt,
Under the Beetle's Cellar
Under the Clover's Root,

Further than Arm could stretch
Were it Giant long,
Further than Sunshine could
Were the Day Year long,

Over the Light, yet over,
Over the Arc of the Bird—
Over the Comet's chimney—
Over the Cubit's Head,

Further than Guess can gallop
Further than Riddle ride—
Oh for a Disc to the Distance
Between Ourselves and the Dead!

Emily Dickinson

Undue Significance a starving man attaches

439

Undue Significance a starving man attaches
To Food—
Far off—He sighs—and therefore—Hopeless—
And therefore—Good—

Partaken—it relieves—indeed—
But proves us
That Spices fly
In the Receipt—It was the Distance—
Was Savory—

Emily Dickinson

Unfulfilled to Observation

972

Unfulfilled to Observation—
Incomplete—to Eye—
But to Faith—a Revolution
In Locality—

Unto Us—the Suns extinguish—
To our Opposite—
New Horizons—they embellish—
Fronting Us—with Night.

Emily Dickinson

Unit, like Death, for Whom?

408

Unit, like Death, for Whom?
True, like the Tomb,
Who tells no secret
Told to Him—
The Grave is strict—
Tickets admit
Just two—the Bearer—
And the Borne—
And seat—just One—
The Living—tell—
The Dying—but a Syllable—
The Coy Dead—None—
No Chatter—here—no tea—
So Babbler, and Bohea—stay there—
But Gravity—and Expectation—and Fear—
A tremor just, that All's not sure.

Emily Dickinson

Unto like Story—Trouble has enticed me

295

Unto like Story—Trouble has enticed me—
How Kinsmen fell—
Brothers and Sister—who preferred the Glory—
And their young will
Bent to the Scaffold, or in Dungeons—chanted—
Till God's full time—
When they let go the ignominy—smiling—
And Shame went still—

Unto guessed Crests, my moaning fancy, leads me,
Worn fair
By Heads rejected—in the lower country—
Of honors there—
Such spirit makes her perpetual mention,
That I—grown bold—
Step martial—at my Crucifixion—
As Trumpets—rolled—

Feet, small as mine—have marched in Revolution
Firm to the Drum—
Hands—not so stout—hoisted them—in witness—
When Speech went numb—
Let me not shame their sublime deportments—
Drilled bright—
Beckoning—Etruscan invitation—
Toward Light—

Emily Dickinson

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Toward Light—

Emily Dickinson

Unto Me? I do not know you—

"Unto Me?" I do not know you—
Where may be your House?

"I am Jesus—Late of Judea—
Now—of Paradise"—

Wagons—have you—to convey me?
This is far from Thence—

"Arms of Mine—sufficient Phaeton—
Trust Omnipotence"—

I am spotted—"I am Pardon"—
I am small—"The Least
Is esteemed in Heaven the Chiefest—
Occupy my House"—

Emily Dickinson

Unto my Books—so good to turn

604

Unto my Books—so good to turn—
Far ends of tired Days—
It half endears the Abstinence—
And Pain—is missed—in Praise—

As Flavors—cheer Retarded Guests
With Banquettings to be—
So Spices—stimulate the time
Till my small Library—

It may be Wilderness—without—
Far feet of failing Men—
But Holiday—excludes the night—
And it is Bells—within—

I thank these Kinsmen of the Shelf—
Their Countenances Kid
Enamor—in Prospective—
And satisfy—obtained—

Emily Dickinson

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Enamor—in Prospective—
And satisfy—obtained—

Emily Dickinson

Upon Concluded Lives

735

Upon Concluded Lives
There's nothing cooler falls—
Than Life's sweet Calculations—
The mixing Bells and Palls—

Make Lacerating Tune—
To Ears the Dying Side—
'Tis Coronal—and Funeral—
Saluting—in the Road—

Emily Dickinson

Victory comes late

690

Victory comes late—
And is held low to freezing lips—
Too rapt with frost
To take it—
How sweet it would have tasted—
Just a Drop—
Was God so economical?
His Table's spread too high for Us—
Unless We dine on tiptoe—
Crumbs—fit such little mouths—
Cherries—suit Robbins—
The Eagle's Golden Breakfast strangles—Them—
God keep His Oath to Sparrows—
Who of little Love—know how to starve—

Emily Dickinson

Victory comes late,

Victory comes late,
And is held low to freezing lips
Too rapt with frost
To take it.
How sweet it would have tasted,
Just a drop!
Was God so economical?
His table's spread too high for us
Unless we dine on tip-toe.
Crumbs fit such little mouths,
Cherries suit robins;
The eagle's golden breakfast
Strangles them.
God keeps his oath to sparrows,
Who of little love
Know how to starve!

Emily Dickinson

Wait till the Majesty of Death

171

Wait till the Majesty of Death
Invests so mean a brow!
Almost a powdered Footman
Might dare to touch it now!

Wait till in Everlasting Robes
That Democrat is dressed,
Then prate about "Preferment"—
And "Station," and the rest!

Around this quiet Courtier
Obsequious Angels wait!
Full royal is his Retinue!
Full purple is his state!

A Lord, might dare to lift the Hat
To such a Modest Clay
Since that My Lord, "the Lord of Lords"
Receives unblushingly!

Emily Dickinson

Water, is taught by thirst

135

Water, is taught by thirst.
Land—by the Oceans passed.
Transport—by throe—
Peace—by its battles told—
Love, by Memorial Mold—
Birds, by the Snow.

Emily Dickinson

We can but follow to the Sun

920

We can but follow to the Sun—
As oft as He go down
He leave Ourselves a Sphere behind—
'Tis mostly—following—

We go no further with the Dust
Than to the Earthen Door—
And then the Panels are reversed—
And we behold—no more.

Emily Dickinson

We Cover Thee—Sweet Face

482

We Cover Thee—Sweet Face—
Not that We tire of Thee—
But that Thyself fatigue of Us—
Remember—as Thou go—
We follow Thee until
Thou notice Us—no more—
And then—reluctant—turn away
To Con Thee o'er and o'er—

And blame the scanty love
We were Content to show—
Augmented—Sweet—a Hundred fold—
If Thou would'st take it—now—

Emily Dickinson

We Cover Thee—Sweet Face

482

We Cover Thee—Sweet Face—
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But that Thyself fatigue of Us—
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If Thou would'st take it—now—

Emily Dickinson

We do not play on Graves

467

We do not play on Graves—
Because there isn't Room—
Besides—it isn't even—it slants
And People come—

And put a Flower on it—
And hang their faces so—
We're fearing that their Hearts will drop—
And crush our pretty play—

And so we move as far
As Enemies—away—
Just looking round to see how far
It is—Occasionally—

Emily Dickinson

We don't cry—Tim and I

196

We don't cry—Tim and I,
We are far too grand—
But we bolt the door tight
To prevent a friend—

Then we hide our brave face
Deep in our hand—
Not to cry—Tim and I—
We are far too grand—

Nor to dream—he and me—
Do we condescend—
We just shut our brown eye
To see to the end—

Tim—see Cottages—
But, Oh, so high!
Then—we shake—Tim and I—
And lest I—cry—

Tim—reads a little Hymn—
And we both pray—
Please, Sir, I and Tim—
Always lost the way!

We must die—by and by—
Clergymen say—
Tim—shall—if I—do—
I—too—if he—

How shall we arrange it—
Tim—was—so—shy?
Take us simultaneous—Lord—
I—"Tim"—and Me!

Emily Dickinson

We don't cry—Tim and I

196

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I—"Tim"—and Me!

Emily Dickinson

We dream—it is good we are dreaming

531

We dream—it is good we are dreaming—
It would hurt us—were we awake—
But since it is playing—kill us,
And we are playing—shriek—

What harm? Men die—externally—
It is a truth—of Blood—
But we—are dying in Drama—
And Drama—is never dead—

Cautious—We jar each other—
And either—open the eyes—
Lest the Phantasm—prove the Mistake—
And the livid Surprise

Cool us to Shafts of Granite—
With just an Age—and Name—
And perhaps a phrase in Egyptian—
It's prudenter—to dream—

Emily Dickinson

We dream—it is good we are dreaming

531

We dream—it is good we are dreaming—
It would hurt us—were we awake—
But since it is playing—kill us,
And we are playing—shriek—

What harm? Men die—externally—
It is a truth—of Blood—
But we—are dying in Drama—
And Drama—is never dead—

Cautious—We jar each other—
And either—open the eyes—
Lest the Phantasm—prove the Mistake—
And the livid Surprise

Cool us to Shafts of Granite—
With just an Age—and Name—
And perhaps a phrase in Egyptian—
It's prudenter—to dream—

Emily Dickinson

We Grow Accustomed to the Dark

We grow accustomed to the Dark --
When light is put away --
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp
To witness her Goodbye --

A Moment -- We uncertain step
For newness of the night --
Then -- fit our Vision to the Dark --
And meet the Road -- erect --

And so of larger -- Darkness --
Those Evenings of the Brain --
When not a Moon disclose a sign --
Or Star -- come out -- within --

The Bravest -- grope a little --
And sometimes hit a Tree
Directly in the Forehead --
But as they learn to see --

Either the Darkness alters --
Or something in the sight
Adjusts itself to Midnight --
And Life steps almost straight.

Emily Dickinson

We learned the Whole of Love

568

We learned the Whole of Love—
The Alphabet—the Words—
A Chapter—then the mighty Book—
Then—Revelation closed—

But in Each Other's eyes
An Ignorance beheld—
Diviner than the Childhood's—
And each to each, a Child—

Attempted to expound
What Neither—understood—
Alas, that Wisdom is so large—
And Truth—so manifold!

Emily Dickinson

We like march, his shoes are purple,

We like March, his shoes are purple,
   He is new and high;
Makes he mud for dog and peddler,
   Makes he forest dry;
Knows the adder's tongue his coming,
   And begets her spot.
Stands the sun so close and mighty
   That our minds are hot.
News is he of all the others;
   Bold it were to die
With the blue-birds buccaneering
   On his British sky.

Emily Dickinson

We lose—because we win

21

We lose—because we win—
Gamblers—recollecting which
Toss their dice again!

Emily Dickinson

We lose—because we win

21

We lose—because we win—
Gamblers—recollecting which
Toss their dice again!

Emily Dickinson

We met as Sparks—Diverging Flints

958

We met as Sparks—Diverging Flints
Sent various—scattered ways—
We parted as the Central Flint
Were cloven with an Adze—
Subsisting on the Light We bore
Before We felt the Dark—
A Flint unto this Day—perhaps—
But for that single Spark.

Emily Dickinson

We met as Sparks—Diverging Flints

958

We met as Sparks—Diverging Flints
Sent various—scattered ways—
We parted as the Central Flint
Were cloven with an Adze—
Subsisting on the Light We bore
Before We felt the Dark—
A Flint unto this Day—perhaps—
But for that single Spark.

Emily Dickinson

We miss Her, not because We see

993

We miss Her, not because We see—
The Absence of an Eye—
Except its Mind accompany
Abridge Society

As slightly as the Routes of Stars—
Ourselves—asleep below—
We know that their superior Eyes
Include Us—as they go—

Emily Dickinson

We outgrow love like other things

We outgrow love like other things
   And put it in the drawer,
Till it an antique fashion shows
   Like costumes grandsires wore.

Emily Dickinson

We outgrow love, like other things

887

We outgrow love, like other things
And put it in the Drawer—
Till it an Antique fashion shows—
Like Costumes Grandsires wore.

Emily Dickinson

We play at Paste

320

We play at Paste—
Till qualified, for Pearl—
Then, drop the Paste—
And deem ourself a fool—

The Shapes—though—were similar—
And our new Hands
Learned Gem-Tactics—
Practicing Sands—

Emily Dickinson

We play at paste,

We play at paste,
Till qualified for pearl,
Then drop the paste,
And deem ourself a fool.
The shapes, though, were similar,
And our new hands
Learned gem-tactics
Practising sands.

Emily Dickinson

We pray—to Heaven

489

We pray—to Heaven—
We prate—of Heaven—
Relate—when Neighbors die—
At what o'clock to heaven—they fled—
Who saw them—Wherefore fly?

Is Heaven a Place—a Sky—a Tree?
Location's narrow way is for Ourselves—
Unto the Dead
There's no Geography—

But State—Endowal—Focus—
Where—Omnipresence—fly?

Emily Dickinson

We see—Comparatively

534

We see—Comparatively—
The Thing so towering high
We could not grasp its segment
Unaided—Yesterday—

This Morning's finer Verdict—
Makes scarcely worth the toil—
A furrow—Our Cordillera—
Our Apennine—a Knoll—

Perhaps 'tis kindly—done us—
The Anguish—and the loss—
The wrenching—for His Firmament
The Thing belonged to us—

To spare these Striding Spirits
Some Morning of Chagrin—
The waking in a Gnat's—embrace—
Our Giants—further on—

Emily Dickinson

We should not mind so small a flower

81

We should not mind so small a flower—
Except it quiet bring
Our little garden that we lost
Back to the Lawn again.

So spicy her Carnations nod—
So drunken, reel her Bees—
So silver steal a hundred flutes
From out a hundred trees—

That whoso sees this little flower
By faith may clear behold
The Bobolinks around the throne
And Dandelions gold.

Emily Dickinson

We talked as Girls do

586

We talked as Girls do—
Fond, and late—
We speculated fair, on every subject, but the Grave—
Of ours, none affair—

We handled Destinies, as cool—
As we—Disposers—be—
And God, a Quiet Party
To our Authority—

But fondest, dwelt upon Ourself
As we eventual—be—
When Girls to Women, softly raised
We—occupy—Degree—

We parted with a contract
To cherish, and to write
But Heaven made both, impossible
Before another night.

Emily Dickinson

We thirst at first—'tis Nature's Act

726

We thirst at first—'tis Nature's Act—
And later—when we die—
A little Water supplicate—
Of fingers going by—

It intimates the finer want—
Whose adequate supply
Is that Great Water in the West—
Termed Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

We thirst at first—'tis Nature's Act

726

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And later—when we die—
A little Water supplicate—
Of fingers going by—

It intimates the finer want—
Whose adequate supply
Is that Great Water in the West—
Termed Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

We—Bee and I—live by the quaffing

230

We—Bee and I—live by the quaffing—
'Tisn't all Hock—with us—
Life has its Ale—
But it's many a lay of the Dim Burgundy—
We chant—for cheer—when the Wines—fail—

Do we "get drunk"?
Ask the jolly Clovers!
Do we "beat" our "Wife"?
I—never wed—
Bee—pledges his—in minute flagons—
Dainty—as the trees—on our deft Head—

While runs the Rhine—
He and I—revel—
First—at the vat—and latest at the Vine—
Noon—our last Cup—
"Found dead"—"of Nectar"—
By a humming Coroner—
In a By-Thyme!

Emily Dickinson

We—Bee and I—live by the quaffing

230

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First—at the vat—and latest at the Vine—
Noon—our last Cup—
"Found dead"—"of Nectar"—
By a humming Coroner—
In a By-Thyme!

Emily Dickinson

We'll pass without the parting

996

We'll pass without the parting
So to spare
Certificate of Absence—
Deeming where

I left Her I could find Her
If I tried—
This way, I keep from missing
Those that died.

Emily Dickinson

Went up a year this evening!

93

Went up a year this evening!
I recollect it well!
Amid no bells nor bravoes
The bystanders will tell!
Cheerful—as to the village—
Tranquil—as to repose—
Chastened—as to the Chapel
This humble Tourist rose!
Did not talk of returning!
Alluded to no time
When, were the gales propitious—
We might look for him!
Was grateful for the Roses
In life's diverse bouquet—
Talked softly of new species
To pick another day;
Beguiling thus the wonder
The wondrous nearer drew—
Hands bustled at the moorings—
The crown respectful grew—
Ascended from our vision
To Countenances new!
A Difference—A Daisy—
Is all the rest I knew!

Emily Dickinson

Wert Thou but ill—that I might show thee

961

Wert Thou but ill—that I might show thee
How long a Day I could endure
Though thine attention stop not on me
Nor the least signal, Me assure—

Wert Thou but Stranger in ungracious country—
And Mine—the Door
Thou paused at, for a passing bounty—
No More—

Accused—wert Thou—and Myself—Tribunal—
Convicted—Sentenced—Ermine—not to Me
Half the Condition, thy Reverse—to follow—
Just to partake—the infamy—

The Tenant of the Narrow Cottage, wert Thou—
Permit to be
The Housewife in thy low attendance
Contenteth Me—

No Service hast Thou, I would not achieve it—
To die—or live—
The first—Sweet, proved I, ere I saw thee—
For Life—be Love—

Emily Dickinson

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Though thine attention stop not on me
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To die—or live—
The first—Sweet, proved I, ere I saw thee—
For Life—be Love—

Emily Dickinson

What care the Dead, for Chanticleer

592

What care the Dead, for Chanticleer—
What care the Dead for Day?
'Tis late your Sunrise vex their face—
And Purple Ribaldry—of Morning

Pour as blank on them
As on the Tier of Wall
The Mason builded, yesterday,
And equally as cool—

What care the Dead for Summer?
The Solstice had no Sun
Could waste the Snow before their Gate—
And knew One Bird a Tune—

Could thrill their Mortised Ear
Of all the Birds that be—
This One—beloved of Mankind
Henceforward cherished be—

What care the Dead for Winter?
Themselves as easy freeze—
June Noon—as January Night—
As soon the South—her Breeze

Of Sycamore—or Cinnamon—
Deposit in a Stone
And put a Stone to keep it Warm—
Give Spices—unto Men—

Emily Dickinson

What did They do since I saw Them?

900

What did They do since I saw Them?
Were They industrious?
So many questions to put Them
Have I the eagerness

That could I snatch Their Faces
That could Their lips reply
Not till the last was answered
Should They start for the Sky.

Not if Their Party were waiting,
Not if to talk with Me
Were to Them now, Homesickness
After Eternity.

Not if the Just suspect me
And offer a Reward
Would I restore my Booty
To that Bold Person, God—

Emily Dickinson

What I can do—I will

361

What I can do—I will—
Though it be little as a Daffodil—
That I cannot—must be
Unknown to possibility—

Emily Dickinson

What I can do—I will

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Emily Dickinson

What I see not, I better see

939

What I see not, I better see—
Through Faith—my Hazel Eye
Has periods of shutting—
But, No lid has Memory—

For frequent, all my sense obscured
I equally behold
As someone held a light unto
The Features so beloved—-

And I arise—and in my Dream—
Do Thee distinguished Grace—
Till jealous Daylight interrupt—
And mar thy perfectness—

Emily Dickinson

What if I say I shall not wait!

277

What if I say I shall not wait!
What if I burst the fleshly Gate—
And pass escaped—to thee!

What if I file this Mortal—off—
See where it hurt me—That's enough—
And wade in Liberty!

They cannot take me—any more!
Dungeons can call—and Guns implore
Unmeaning—now—to me—

As laughter—was—an hour ago—
Or Laces—or a Travelling Show—
Or who died—yesterday!

Emily Dickinson

What Inn is this

115

What Inn is this
Where for the night
Peculiar Traveller comes?
Who is the Landlord?
Where the maids?
Behold, what curious rooms!
No ruddy fires on the hearth—
No brimming Tankards flow—
Necromancer! Landlord!
Who are these below?

Emily Dickinson

What is—

215

What is—"Paradise"—
Who live there—
Are they "Farmers"—
Do they "hoe"—
Do they know that this is "Amherst"—
And that I—am coming—too—

Do they wear "new shoes"—in "Eden"—
Is it always pleasant—there—
Won't they scold us—when we're homesick—
Or tell God—how cross we are—

You are sure there's such a person
As "a Father"—in the sky—
So if I get lost—there—ever—
Or do what the Nurse calls "die"—
I shan't walk the "Jasper"—barefoot—
Ransomed folks—won't laugh at me—
Maybe—"Eden" a'n't so lonesome
As New England used to be!

Emily Dickinson

What is—"Paradise"

215

What is—"Paradise"—
Who live there—
Are they "Farmers"—
Do they "hoe"—
Do they know that this is "Amherst"—
And that I—am coming—too—

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As New England used to be!

Emily Dickinson

What shall I do when the Summer troubles

956

What shall I do when the Summer troubles—
What, when the Rose is ripe—
What when the Eggs fly off in Music
From the Maple Keep?

What shall I do when the Skies a'chirrup
Drop a Tune on me—
When the Bee hangs all Noon in the Buttercup
What will become of me?

Oh, when the Squirrel fills His Pockets
And the Berries stare
How can I bear their jocund Faces
Thou from Here, so far?

'Twouldn't afflict a Robin—
All His Goods have Wings—
I—do not fly, so wherefore
My Perennial Things?

Emily Dickinson

What shall I do—it whimpers so

186

What shall I do—it whimpers so—
This little Hound within the Heart
All day and night with bark and start—
And yet, it will not go—
Would you untie it, were you me—
Would it stop whining—if to Thee—
I sent it—even now?

It should not tease you—
By your chair—or, on the mat—
Or if it dare—to climb your dizzy knee—
Or—sometimes at your side to run—
When you were willing—
Shall it come?
Tell Carlo—
He'll tell me!

Emily Dickinson

What shall I do—it whimpers so

186

What shall I do—it whimpers so—
This little Hound within the Heart
All day and night with bark and start—
And yet, it will not go—
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When you were willing—
Shall it come?
Tell Carlo—
He'll tell me!

Emily Dickinson

What Soft—Cherubic Creatures

401

What Soft—Cherubic Creatures—
These Gentlewomen are—
One would as soon assault a Plush—
Or violate a Star—

Such Dimity Convictions—
A Horror so refined
Of freckled Human Nature—
Of Deity—ashamed—

It's such a common—Glory—
A Fisherman's—Degree—
Redemption—Brittle Lady—
Be so—ashamed of Thee—

Emily Dickinson

What Soft—Cherubic Creatures

401

What Soft—Cherubic Creatures—
These Gentlewomen are—
One would as soon assault a Plush—
Or violate a Star—

Such Dimity Convictions—
A Horror so refined
Of freckled Human Nature—
Of Deity—ashamed—

It's such a common—Glory—
A Fisherman's—Degree—
Redemption—Brittle Lady—
Be so—ashamed of Thee—

Emily Dickinson

What would I give to see his face?

247

What would I give to see his face?
I'd give—I'd give my life—of course—
But that is not enough!
Stop just a minute—let me think!
I'd give my biggest Bobolink!
That makes two—Him—and Life!
You know who "June" is—
I'd give her—
Roses a day from Zanzibar—
And Lily tubes—like Wells—
Bees—by the furlong—
Straits of Blue
Navies of Butterflies—sailed thro'—
And dappled Cowslip Dells—

Then I have "shares" in Primrose "Banks"—
Daffodil Dowries—spicy "Stocks"—
Dominions—broad as Dew—
Bags of Doublons—adventurous Bees
Brought me—from firmamental seas—
And Purple—from Peru—

Now—have I bought it—
"Shylock"? Say!
Sign me the Bond!
"I vow to pay
To Her—who pledges this—
One hour—of her Sovereign's face"!
Ecstatic Contract!
Niggard Grace!
My Kingdom's worth of Bliss!

Emily Dickinson

When Bells stop ringing—Church—begins

633

When Bells stop ringing—Church—begins
The Positive—of Bells—
When Cogs—stop—that's Circumference—
The Ultimate—of Wheels.

Emily Dickinson

When Bells stop ringing—Church—begins

633

When Bells stop ringing—Church—begins
The Positive—of Bells—
When Cogs—stop—that's Circumference—
The Ultimate—of Wheels.

Emily Dickinson

When Diamonds are a Legend

397

When Diamonds are a Legend,
And Diadems—a Tale—
I Brooch and Earrings for Myself,
Do sow, and Raise for sale—

And tho' I'm scarce accounted,
My Art, a Summer Day—had Patrons—
Once—it was a Queen—
And once—a Butterfly—

Emily Dickinson

When I count the seeds

40

When I count the seeds
That are sown beneath,
To bloom so, bye and bye—

When I con the people
Lain so low,
To be received as high—

When I believe the garden
Mortal shall not see—
Pick by faith its blossom
And avoid its Bee,
I can spare this summer, unreluctantly.

Emily Dickinson

When I have seen the Sun emerge

888

When I have seen the Sun emerge
From His amazing House—
And leave a Day at every Door
A Deed, in every place—

Without the incident of Fame
Or accident of Noise—
The Earth has seemed to me a Drum,
Pursued of little Boys

Emily Dickinson

When I hoped, I recollect

768

When I hoped, I recollect
Just the place I stood—
At a Window facing West—
Roughest Air—was good—

Not a Sleet could bite me—
Not a frost could cool—
Hope it was that kept me warm—
Not Merino shawl—

When I feared—I recollect
Just the Day it was—
Worlds were lying out to Sun—
Yet how Nature froze—

Icicles upon my soul
Prickled Blue and Cool—
Bird went praising everywhere—
Only Me—was still—

And the Day that I despaired—
This—if I forget
Nature will—that it be Night
After Sun has set—
Darkness intersect her face—
And put out her eye—
Nature hesitate—before
Memory and I—

Emily Dickinson

When I was small, a Woman died

596

When I was small, a Woman died—
Today—her Only Boy
Went up from the Potomac—
His face all Victory

To look at her—How slowly
The Seasons must have turned
Till Bullets clipt an Angle
And He passed quickly round—

If pride shall be in Paradise—
Ourself cannot decide—
Of their imperial Conduct—
No person testified—

But, proud in Apparition—
That Woman and her Boy
Pass back and forth, before my Brain
As even in the sky—

I'm confident that Bravoes—
Perpetual break abroad
For Braveries, remote as this
In Scarlet Maryland—

Emily Dickinson

When Katie walks, this simple pair accompany her side

222

When Katie walks, this simple pair accompany her side,
When Katie runs unwearied they follow on the road,
When Katie kneels, their loving hands still clasp her pious knee—
Ah! Katie! Smile at Fortune, with two so knit to thee!

Emily Dickinson

When Night is almost done

347

When Night is almost done—
And Sunrise grows so near
That we can touch the Spaces—
It's time to smooth the Hair—

And get the Dimples ready—
And wonder we could care
For that old—faded Midnight—
That frightened—but an Hour—

Emily Dickinson

When One has given up One's life

853

When One has given up One's life
The parting with the rest
Feels easy, as when Day lets go
Entirely the West

The Peaks, that lingered last
Remain in Her regret
As scarcely as the Iodine
Upon the Cataract.

Emily Dickinson

When Roses cease to bloom, Sir

32

When Roses cease to bloom, Sir,
And Violets are done—
When Bumblebees in solemn flight
Have passed beyond the Sun—
The hand that paused to gather
Upon this Summer's day
Will idle lie—in Auburn—
Then take my flowers—pray!

Emily Dickinson

When the Astronomer stops seeking

851

When the Astronomer stops seeking
For his Pleiad's Face—
When the lone British Lady
Forsakes the Arctic Race

When to his Covenant Needle
The Sailor doubting turns—
It will be amply early
To ask what treason means.

Emily Dickinson

When we stand on the tops of Things

242

When we stand on the tops of Things—
And like the Trees, look down—
The smoke all cleared away from it—
And Mirrors on the scene—

Just laying light—no soul will wink
Except it have the flaw—
The Sound ones, like the Hills—shall stand—
No Lighting, scares away—

The Perfect, nowhere be afraid—
They bear their dauntless Heads,
Where others, dare not go at Noon,
Protected by their deeds—

The Stars dare shine occasionally
Upon a spotted World—
And Suns, go surer, for their Proof,
As if an Axle, held—

Emily Dickinson

Where bells no more affright the morn

112

Where bells no more affright the morn—
Where scrabble never comes—
Where very nimble Gentlemen
Are forced to keep their rooms—

Where tired Children placid sleep
Thro' Centuries of noon
This place is Bliss—this town is Heaven—
Please, Pater, pretty soon!

"Oh could we climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landscape o'er"
Not Father's bells—nor Factories,
Could scare us any more!

Emily Dickinson

Where I have lost, I softer tread

104

Where I have lost, I softer tread—
I sow sweet flower from garden bed—
I pause above that vanished head
        And mourn.

Whom I have lost, I pious guard
From accent harsh, or ruthless word—
Feeling as if their pillow heard,
        Though stone!

When I have lost, you'll know by this—
A Bonnet black—A dusk surplice—
A little tremor in my voice
        Like this!

Why, I have lost, the people know
Who dressed in flocks of purest snow
Went home a century ago
        Next Bliss!

Emily Dickinson

Where Ships of Purple—gently toss

265

Where Ships of Purple—gently toss—
On Seas of Daffodil—
Fantastic Sailors—mingle—
And then—the Wharf is still!

Emily Dickinson

Where Ships of Purple—gently toss

265

Where Ships of Purple—gently toss—
On Seas of Daffodil—
Fantastic Sailors—mingle—
And then—the Wharf is still!

Emily Dickinson

Where Thou art—that—is Home

725

Where Thou art—that—is Home—
Cashmere—or Calvary—the same—
Degree—or Shame—
I scarce esteem Location's Name—
So I may Come—

What Thou dost—is Delight—
Bondage as Play—be sweet—
Imprisonment—Content—
And Sentence—Sacrament—
Just We two—meet—

Where Thou art not—is Woe—
Tho' Bands of Spices—row—
What Thou dost not—Despair—
Tho' Gabriel—praise me—Sire—

Emily Dickinson

Where Thou art—that—is Home

725

Where Thou art—that—is Home—
Cashmere—or Calvary—the same—
Degree—or Shame—
I scarce esteem Location's Name—
So I may Come—

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Bondage as Play—be sweet—
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Tho' Bands of Spices—row—
What Thou dost not—Despair—
Tho' Gabriel—praise me—Sire—

Emily Dickinson

Whether my bark went down at sea

52

Whether my bark went down at sea—
Whether she met with gales—
Whether to isles enchanted
She bent her docile sails—

By what mystic mooring
She is held today—
This is the errand of the eye
Out upon the Bay.

Emily Dickinson

While Asters—

331

While Asters—
On the Hill—
Their Everlasting fashions—set—
And Covenant Gentians—Frill!

Emily Dickinson

While Asters—

331

While Asters—
On the Hill—
Their Everlasting fashions—set—
And Covenant Gentians—Frill!

Emily Dickinson

While it is alive

491

While it is alive
Until Death touches it
While it and I lap one Air
Dwell in one Blood
Under one Sacrament
Show me Division can split or pare—

Love is like Life—merely longer
Love is like Death, during the Grave
Love is the Fellow of the Resurrection
Scooping up the Dust and chanting "Live"!

Emily Dickinson

Who Court obtain within Himself

803

Who Court obtain within Himself
Sees every Man a King—
And Poverty of Monarchy
Is an interior thing—

No Man depose
Whom Fate Ordain—
And Who can add a Crown
To Him who doth continual
Conspire against His Own

Emily Dickinson

Who Giants know, with lesser Men

796

Who Giants know, with lesser Men
Are incomplete, and shy—
For Greatness, that is ill at ease
In minor Company—

A Smaller, could not be perturbed—
The Summer Gnat displays—
Unconscious that his single Fleet
Do not comprise the skies—

Emily Dickinson

Who never lost, are unprepared

73

Who never lost, are unprepared
A Coronet to find!
Who never thirsted
Flagons, and Cooling Tamarind!

Who never climbed the weary league—
Can such a foot explore
The purple territories
On Pizarro's shore?

How many Legions overcome—
The Emperor will say?
How many Colors taken
On Revolution Day?

How many Bullets bearest?
Hast Thou the Royal scar?
Angels! Write "Promoted"
On this Soldier's brow!

Emily Dickinson

Who occupies this House?

892

Who occupies this House?
A Stranger I must judge
Since No one know His Circumstance—
'Tis well the name and age

Are writ upon the Door
Or I should fear to pause
Where not so much as Honest Dog
Approach encourages.

It seems a curious Town—
Some Houses very old,
Some—newly raised this Afternoon,
Were I compelled to build

It should not be among
Inhabitants so still
But where the Birds assemble
And Boys were possible.

Before Myself was born
'Twas settled, so they say,
A Territory for the Ghosts—
And Squirrels, formerly.

Until a Pioneer, as
Settlers often do
Liking the quiet of the Place
Attracted more unto—

And from a Settlement
A Capital has grown
Distinguished for the gravity
Of every Citizen.

The Owner of this House
A Stranger He must be—
Eternity's Acquaintances
Are mostly so—to me.

Emily Dickinson

Whole Gulfs—of Red, and Fleets—of Red

658

Whole Gulfs—of Red, and Fleets—of Red—
And Crews—of solid Blood—
Did place upon the West—Tonight—
As 'twere specific Ground—

And They—appointed Creatures—
In Authorized Arrays—
Due—promptly—as a Drama—
That bows—and disappears—

Emily Dickinson

Whole Gulfs—of Red, and Fleets—of Red

658

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And Crews—of solid Blood—
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In Authorized Arrays—
Due—promptly—as a Drama—
That bows—and disappears—

Emily Dickinson

Whose are the little beds, I asked

142

Whose are the little beds, I asked
Which in the valleys lie?
Some shook their heads, and others smiled—
And no one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear, I said,
I will inquire again—
Whose are the beds—the tiny beds
So thick upon the plain?

'Tis Daisy, in the shortest—
A little further on—
Nearest the door—to wake the Ist—
Little Leontoden.

'Tis Iris, Sir, and Aster—
Anemone, and Bell—
Bartsia, in the blanket red—
And chubby Daffodil.

Meanwhile, at many cradles
Her busy foot she plied—
Humming the quaintest lullaby
That ever rocked a child.

Hush! Epigea wakens!
The Crocus stirs her lids—
Rhodora's cheek is crimson,
She's dreaming of the woods!

Then turning from them reverent—
Their bedtime 'tis, she said—
The Bumble bees will wake them
When April woods are red.

Emily Dickinson

Whose cheek is this?

82

Whose cheek is this?
What rosy face
Has lost a blush today?
I found her—"pleiad"—in the woods
And bore her safe away.

Robins, in the tradition
Did cover such with leaves,
But which the cheek—
And which the pall
My scrutiny deceives.

Emily Dickinson

Why do I love You, Sir?

"Why do I love" You, Sir?
Because—
The Wind does not require the Grass
To answer—Wherefore when He pass
She cannot keep Her place.

Because He knows—and
Do not You—
And We know not—
Enough for Us
The Wisdom it be so—

The Lightning—never asked an Eye
Wherefore it shut—when He was by—
Because He knows it cannot speak—
And reasons not contained—
—Of Talk—
There be—preferred by Daintier Folk—

The Sunrise—Sire—compelleth Me—
Because He's Sunrise—and I see—
Therefore—Then—
I love Thee—

Emily Dickinson

Why make it doubt—it hurts it so

462

Why make it doubt—it hurts it so—
So sick—to guess—
So strong—to know—
So brave—upon its little Bed
To tell the very last They said
Unto Itself—and smile—And shake—
For that dear—distant—dangerous—Sake—
But—the Instead—the Pinching fear
That Something—it did do—or dare—
Offend the Vision—and it flee—
And They no more remember me—
Nor ever turn to tell me why—
Oh, Master, This is Misery—

Emily Dickinson

Why make it doubt—it hurts it so

462

Why make it doubt—it hurts it so—
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So strong—to know—
So brave—upon its little Bed
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And They no more remember me—
Nor ever turn to tell me why—
Oh, Master, This is Misery—

Emily Dickinson

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?

248

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing—too loud?
But—I can say a little "Minor"
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me—
Just—once—more—
Just—see—if I troubled them—
But don't—shut the door!

Oh, if I—were the Gentleman
In the "White Robe"—
And they—were the little Hand—that knocked—
Could—I—forbid?

Emily Dickinson

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?

248

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And they—were the little Hand—that knocked—
Could—I—forbid?

Emily Dickinson

Wild Nights - Wild Nights!

Wild nights - wild nights!
Were I with thee,
Wild nights should be
Our luxury.

Futile the winds
To a heart in port
Done with the compass,
Done with the chart.

Rowing in Eden -
Ah, the sea!
Might I but moor tonight
In thee.

Emily Dickinson

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Wild Nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile the winds
To a heart in port, --
Done with the compass,
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden!
Ah! the sea!
Might I but moor
To-night in Thee!

Emily Dickinson

Wild Nights—Wild Nights!

249

Wild Nights—Wild Nights!
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Our luxury!

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To a Heart in port—
Done with the Compass—
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden—
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor—Tonight—
In Thee!

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a

101

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a "Morning"?

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Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Emily Dickinson

With thee, in the Desert

209

With thee, in the Desert—
With thee in the thirst—
With thee in the Tamarind wood—
Leopard breathes—at last!

Emily Dickinson

Within my Garden, rides a Bird

500

Within my Garden, rides a Bird
Upon a single Wheel—
Whose spokes a dizzy Music make
As 'twere a travelling Mill—

He never stops, but slackens
Above the Ripest Rose—
Partakes without alighting
And praises as he goes,

Till every spice is tasted—
And then his Fairy Gig
Reels in remoter atmospheres—
And I rejoin my Dog,

And He and I, perplex us
If positive, 'twere we—
Or bore the Garden in the Brain
This Curiosity—

But He, the best Logician,
Refers my clumsy eye—
To just vibrating Blossoms!
An Exquisite Reply!

Emily Dickinson

Within my reach!

90

Within my reach!
I could have touched!
I might have chanced that way!
Soft sauntered thro' the village—
Sauntered as soft away!
So unsuspected Violets
Within the meadows go—
Too late for striving fingers
That passed, an hour ago!

Emily Dickinson

Without this—there is nought

655

Without this—there is nought—
All other Riches be
As is the Twitter of a Bird—
Heard opposite the Sea—

I could not care—to gain
A lesser than the Whole—
For did not this include themself—
As Seams—include the Ball?

I wished a way might be
My Heart to subdivide—
'Twould magnify—the Gratitude—
And not reduce—the Gold—

Emily Dickinson

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'Twould magnify—the Gratitude—
And not reduce—the Gold—

Emily Dickinson

Wolfe demanded during dying

678

Wolfe demanded during dying
"Which obtain the Day"?
"General, the British"—"Easy"
Answered Wolfe "to die"

Montcalm, his opposing Spirit
Rendered with a smile
"Sweet" said he "my own Surrender
Liberty's beguile"

Emily Dickinson

Woodpecker, The

His bill an auger is,
His head, a cap and frill.
He laboreth at every tree,--
A worm his utmost goal.

Emily Dickinson

Would you like summer? Taste of ours

691

Would you like summer? Taste of ours.
Spices? Buy here!
Ill! We have berries, for the parching!
Weary! Furloughs of down!
Perplexed! Estates of violet trouble ne'er looked on!
Captive! We bring reprieve of roses!
Fainting! Flasks of air!
Even for Death, a fairy medicine.
But, which is it, sir?

Emily Dickinson

You cannot put a Fire out

530

You cannot put a Fire out—
A Thing that can ignite
Can go, itself, without a Fan—
Upon the slowest Night—

You cannot fold a Flood—
And put it in a Drawer—
Because the Winds would find it out—
And tell your Cedar Floor—

Emily Dickinson

You constituted Time

765

You constituted Time—
I deemed Eternity
A Revelation of Yourself—
'Twas therefore Deity

The Absolute—removed
The Relative away—
That I unto Himself adjust
My slow idolatry—

Emily Dickinson

You know that Portrait in the Moon

504

You know that Portrait in the Moon—
So tell me who 'tis like—
The very Brow—the stooping eyes—
A fog for—Say—Whose Sake?

The very Pattern of the Cheek—
It varies—in the Chin—
But—Ishmael—since we met—'tis long—
And fashions—intervene—

When Moon's at full—'Tis Thou—I say—
My lips just hold the name—
When crescent—Thou art worn—I note—
But—there—the Golden Same—

And when—Some Night—Bold—slashing Clouds
Cut Thee away from Me—
That's easier—than the other film
That glazes Holiday—

Emily Dickinson

You left me—Sire—two Legacies

644

You left me—Sire—two Legacies—
A Legacy of Love
A Heavenly Father would suffice
Had He the offer of—

You left me Boundaries of Pain—
Capacious as the Sea—
Between Eternity and Time—
Your Consciousness—and Me—

Emily Dickinson

You left me, sweet, two legacies,--

You left me, sweet, two legacies,--
A legacy of love
A Heavenly Father would content,
Had He the offer of;

You left me boundaries of pain
Capacious as the sea,
Between eternity and time,
Your consciousness and me.

Emily Dickinson

You left me—Sire—two Legacies

644

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A Heavenly Father would suffice
Had He the offer of—

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Capacious as the Sea—
Between Eternity and Time—
Your Consciousness—and Me—

Emily Dickinson

You love me—you are sure

156

You love me—you are sure—
I shall not fear mistake—
I shall not cheated wake—
Some grinning morn—
To find the Sunrise left—
And Orchards—unbereft—
And Dollie—gone!

I need not start—you're sure—
That night will never be—
When frightened—home to Thee I run—
To find the windows dark—
And no more Dollie—mark—
Quite none?

Be sure you're sure—you know—
I'll bear it better now—
If you'll just tell me so—
Than when—a little dull Balm grown—
Over this pain of mine—
You sting—again!

Emily Dickinson

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156

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Over this pain of mine—
You sting—again!

Emily Dickinson

You love the Lord—you cannot see

487

You love the Lord—you cannot see—
You write Him—every day—
A little note—when you awake—
And further in the Day.

An Ample Letter—How you miss—
And would delight to see—
But then His House—is but a Step—
And Mine's—in Heaven—You see.

Emily Dickinson

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487

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And would delight to see—
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And Mine's—in Heaven—You see.

Emily Dickinson

You said that I

You said that I "was Great"—one Day—
Then "Great" it be—if that please Thee—
Or Small—or any size at all—
Nay—I'm the size suit Thee—

Tall—like the Stag—would that?
Or lower—like the Wren—
Or other heights of Other Ones
I've seen?

Tell which—it's dull to guess—
And I must be Rhinoceros
Or Mouse—
At once—for Thee—

So say—if Queen it be—
Or Page—please Thee—
I'm that—or nought—
Or other thing—if other thing there be—
With just this Stipulus—
I suit Thee—

Emily Dickinson

You said that I "was Great"—one Day

738

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Or other thing—if other thing there be—
With just this Stipulus—
I suit Thee—

Emily Dickinson

You see I cannot see—your lifetime

253

You see I cannot see—your lifetime—
I must guess—
How many times it ache for me—today—Confess—
How many times for my far sake
The brave eyes film—
But I guess guessing hurts—
Mine—got so dim!

Too vague—the face—
My own—so patient—covers—
Too far—the strength—
My timidness enfolds—
Haunting the Heart—
Like her translated faces—
Teasing the want—
It—only—can suffice!

Emily Dickinson

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253

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Haunting the Heart—
Like her translated faces—
Teasing the want—
It—only—can suffice!

Emily Dickinson

You taught me Waiting with Myself

740

You taught me Waiting with Myself—
Appointment strictly kept—
You taught me fortitude of Fate—
This—also—I have learnt—

An Altitude of Death, that could
No bitterer debar
Than Life—had done—before it—
Yet—there is a Science more—

The Heaven you know—to understand
That you be not ashamed
Of Me—in Christ's bright Audience
Upon the further Hand—

Emily Dickinson

You'll find—it when you try to die

610

You'll find—it when you try to die—
The Easier to let go—
For recollecting such as went—
You could not spare—you know.

And though their places somewhat filled—
As did their Marble names
With Moss—they never grew so full—
You chose the newer names—

And when this World—sets further back—
As Dying—say it does—
The former love—distincter grows—
And supersedes the fresh—

And Thought of them—so fair invites—
It looks too tawdry Grace
To stay behind—with just the Toys
We bought—to ease their place—

Emily Dickinson

You'll find—it when you try to die

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Emily Dickinson

You'll know Her—by Her Foot

634

You'll know Her—by Her Foot—
The smallest Gamboge Hand
With Fingers—where the Toes should be—
Would more affront the Sand—

Than this Quaint Creature's Boot—
Adjusted by a Stern—
Without a Button—I could vouch—
Unto a Velvet Limb—

You'll know Her—by Her Vest—
Tight fitting—Orange—Brown—
Inside a Jacket duller—
She wore when she was born—

Her Cap is small—and snug—
Constructed for the Winds—
She'd pass for Barehead—short way off—
But as She Closer stands—

So finer 'tis than Wool—
You cannot feel the Seam—
Nor is it Clasped unto of Band—
Nor held upon—of Brim—

You'll know Her—by Her Voice—
At first—a doubtful Tone—
A sweet endeavor—but as March
To April—hurries on—

She squanders on your Ear
Such Arguments of Pearl—
You beg the Robin in your Brain
To keep the other—still—

Emily Dickinson

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Such Arguments of Pearl—
You beg the Robin in your Brain
To keep the other—still—

Emily Dickinson

You'll know it—as you know 'tis Noon

420

You'll know it—as you know 'tis Noon—
By Glory—
As you do the Sun—
By Glory—
As you will in Heaven—
Know God the Father—and the Son.

By intuition, Mightiest Things
Assert themselves—and not by terms—
"I'm Midnight"—need the Midnight say—
"I'm Sunrise"—Need the Majesty?

Omnipotence—had not a Tongue—
His listp—is Lightning—and the Sun—
His Conversation—with the Sea—
"How shall you know"?
Consult your Eye!

Emily Dickinson

You'll know it—as you know 'tis Noon

420

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Emily Dickinson

Your Riches—taught me—Poverty

299

Your Riches—taught me—Poverty.
Myself—a Millionaire
In little Wealths, as Girls could boast
Till broad as Buenos Ayre—

You drifted your Dominions—
A Different Peru—
And I esteemed All Poverty
For Life's Estate with you—

Of Mines, I little know—myself—
But just the names, of Gems—
The Colors of the Commonest—
And scarce of Diadems—

So much, that did I meet the Queen—
Her Glory I should know—
But this, must be a different Wealth—
To miss it—beggars so—

I'm sure 'tis India—all Day—
To those who look on You—
Without a stint—without a blame,
Might I—but be the Jew—

I'm sure it is Golconda—
Beyond my power to deem—
To have a smile for Mine—each Day,
How better, than a Gem!

At least, it solaces to know
That there exists—a Gold—
Altho' I prove it, just in time
Its distance—to behold—

Its far—far Treasure to surmise—
And estimate the Pearl—
That slipped my simple fingers through—
While just a Girl at School.

Emily Dickinson

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And estimate the Pearl—
That slipped my simple fingers through—
While just a Girl at School.

Emily Dickinson

You're right—

234

You're right—"the way is narrow"—
And "difficult the Gate"—
And "few there be"—Correct again—
That "enter in—thereat"—

'Tis Costly—So are purples!
'Tis just the price of Breath—
With but the "Discount" of the Grave—
Termed by the Brokers—"Death"!

And after that—there's Heaven—
The Good Man's—"Dividend"—
And Bad Men—"go to Jail"—
I guess—

Emily Dickinson

You're right—"the way is narrow"

234

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And "difficult the Gate"—
And "few there be"—Correct again—
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Emily Dickinson

You've seen Balloons set—Haven't You?

700

You've seen Balloons set—Haven't You?
So stately they ascend—
It is as Swans—discarded You,
For Duties Diamond—

Their Liquid Feet go softly out
Upon a Sea of Blonde—
They spurn the Air, as t'were too mean
For Creatures so renowned—

Their Ribbons just beyond the eye—
They struggle—some—for Breath—
And yet the Crowd applaud, below—
They would not encore—Death—

The Gilded Creature strains—and spins—
Trips frantic in a Tree—
Tears open her imperial Veins—
And tumbles in the Sea—

The Crowd—retire with an Oath—
The Dust in Streets—go down—
And Clerks in Counting Rooms
Observe—"'Twas only a Balloon"—

Emily Dickinson

You've seen Balloons set—Haven't You?

700

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They spurn the Air, as t'were too mean
For Creatures so renowned—

Their Ribbons just beyond the eye—
They struggle—some—for Breath—
And yet the Crowd applaud, below—
They would not encore—Death—

The Gilded Creature strains—and spins—
Trips frantic in a Tree—
Tears open her imperial Veins—
And tumbles in the Sea—

The Crowd—retire with an Oath—
The Dust in Streets—go down—
And Clerks in Counting Rooms
Observe—"'Twas only a Balloon"—

Emily Dickinson